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Williams
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THE ARGO.



VOLUME II.

APRIL, 1882—APRIL, 1883.

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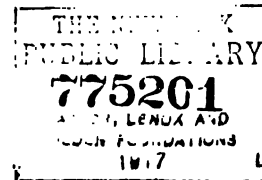
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WILLIAMS COLLEGE.

1883.



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THE ARGO.

VOL. II.

WILLIAMS COLLEGE, APRIL 29, 1882.

No. 1.

THE ARGO.

Published fortnightly during the college year by the students of Williams College.

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Williamstown, Mass.

Students and graduates of Williams are requested to contribute articles, verses, letters, and Alumni notes.

WE enter, and bow. First to the world generally, and nobody in particular, a kind of hullo, good-morn', don't-care-if-I-do salutation. Then to the college—alumni, faculty, and students,—signifying our earnest desire to be of as much real service and value to it, as lies in our power. Then a deep bow to our subscribers, signifying the promise of every possible effort to interest them and keep them informed of all doings, dark or light, about college, while always attempting to give a just and candid discussion of all important college topics,—this ending with an oily smile suggesting an early call on the business editor. Turning once more, we greet our brothers and sisters of the college press, hoping that our relations with them may be as pleasant in the future, as they have been in the past. After a couple of short jerks; one to the new glee club, signifying a request not to sing under our windows; and one to the battered old ball nine, wishing them success in their struggles with the factory hands—we retire to clear the decks for action.

AN arrangement has been effected with the new Editorial Board of the *Athenæum*, whereby the two papers, during the ensuing year, will be issued on alternate weeks, with a few exceptions. The next issue of the ARGO will be three weeks from to-day, and on every other Saturday thereafter until the end of the term. We believe that such an arrangement will be much more satisfactory to the college at large, as it certainly will be to the editors, than if the papers were both issued on the same day.

A WEEK ago Monday Mr. Perry began his course of vocal culture, open to all undergraduates. The rapid increase in the numbers of his pupils, plainly shows the interest taken in the subject, and the satisfaction felt with his instruction. Hitherto among Williams men the lack of graceful and pleasing oratory has been too evident. As a general rule they are well up to the average in the quantity and quality of what they have to say, but this often loses its force from the manner in which it is delivered. The exercises which Mr. Perry gives, are just what is needed to remedy this defect, and most urgently would advise attendance upon them. Let the present number never be less, and not let us allow such opportunities slip by without availing ourselves of them.

THE students who go to New York have been in the habit, the last two or three vacations, of giving the college "yell," following it up with a song immediately upon leaving the cars at the Grand Central Depot. Their performance has done great honor to the college as well as to themselves. Surely the sight of a crowd of young fellows yelling at the top of their lungs, "Rah! rah! rah! Willyrems-yams-yums Williams is a jolly home, fal de ral," etc., is a particularly edifying sight, and one that the quiet citizens of New York should long remember. Keep it up, young men, and if you find you can't attract

enough attention in this way, get a couple of howitzers and fire them off as soon as you reach the city. Any "fresh" trick of that kind will gain the plaudits of an admiring populace.

THE severe criticism passed by one of our most musical professors upon the vocal powers of eighty-four, soon after it entered college, far from having daunted them in the least, seems rather to have spurred them on to the attainment of superior musical ability. To them, as we know, is due the foundation of our famous college orchestra; and now, longing for new triumphs, they have organized a glee club, of sixteen men, who propose to practice until commencement, when they, in connection with the best vocal talent in the other classes, intend to give a concert. The Freshmen have already an organization of this sort, and as a result of the rivalry which will doubtless spring up between the two, we surely ought to enjoy some fine singing this summer; even if the upper classmen do not come forward, as they will feel compelled to do, in order to sustain their reputation. Now, since affairs are so encouraging in this line, let us once, for the sake of novelty, have a few new songs, when we assemble around the monument.

THE project of a series of games between the class nines for the championship of the college must meet the approval of the students generally. From an athletic point of view, it has much to recommend it. To the individual members of the clubs it will furnish most excellent practice, far better than can be ordinarily obtained on the campus. It will also secure that the best players in college are picked out for the college nine, and that when they are brought together in June, but little further drill will be needed before they will be ready to play with outside clubs. It will most certainly be an agreeable diversion to those who are to be spectators of these games, and will greatly increase throughout the college the interest in athletics, which at present is at a very low ebb. It is to be hoped that the prize or medal which will be offered will be one worth striving for, as that would add

much to the success of the plan. If this method of selecting the college nine be successful, it should be adopted every year, and especially would we recommend that the game be played in the autumn, so that the men selected might train in the gymnasium during the winter. Speaking of base ball we are led to notice the often-mentioned defects of our campus. As no generous alumnus has yet attempted to win "the everlasting gratitude of the students" by the presentation of a new field, it seems as if we ought to have the old one in as good a condition as possible. Many improvements have been suggested, and could be carried out with little expense, a part of which, at least, it seems to us, the college should bear. Let the managers of the Base Ball Association see that what can be done is done before the season begins.

IT is not often that we attempt to criticise any action of the Faculty in matters of discipline, but the case of the suspended Freshmen has attracted so much attention in both the daily and college press, that a few words of comment here do not seem to be out of place. The facts of the case are so generally known that it is unnecessary to repeat them. The instructor, who had charge of the examination, certainly deserves some criticism. Doubtless he had a right to give the same questions to both divisions and expect from them honest work, but such a procedure was very unwise, for by doing so he placed before the students an exceedingly strong temptation to make use of whatever assistance they could get, and it would require considerable moral courage to withstand it. We are especially surprised that this was done by one so well acquainted with students and students' tricks as this gentleman must be. But notwithstanding the temptation these Freshmen were, certainly in a moral sense, at fault. Of their own accord they secured copies of the answers to the questions given to the first division, carried them into the examination, and made use of them. What induced them to take these copies can be explained only by the hypothesis that they thought it possible that the same questions might be given to them, although no intimation of that

fact had been given by the instructor. There were, however, extenuating circumstances, and these the Faculty recognized by imposing a sentence which was merely nominal, compared with that which a Sophomore, convicted of the same offense, had received a few days before. We do not see, however, why so severe a sentence should have been pronounced upon the student of the first division from whose paper the copies were taken. Holding in mind that no intimation had been given that the same questions would be used in the second division, it seems as if he had a perfect right to dispose of his paper as he saw fit. What student, however conscientious, would have hesitated to act as he did under similar circumstances? If for other reasons the Faculty sent him away, why do they not make them public, and thus relieve themselves from the charge of injustice? Of the whole subject we would say that too much has been made of it, and accounts given by the public press, with their usual accuracy and candid comments, have far from benefited the college.

L'AUDACE.

Glancing o'er historic pages;
Noting lovers in all ages;
Warlike knights, and grayhaired sages
Bent with care;

Finding in each generation,
Those who loved above their station,
So I dare.

Bowing deep in admiration;
Kneeling low in adoration—
Hear my prayer!

Wise! ah, wiser than all sages!
Fair! ah, fairest of all ages!
Make *me* proudest of all pages,
Princess rare!

—H. S.

A NIHILISTIC VISIT.

A FEW days ago there came a stranger to our door. He entered unceremoniously, and, flinging himself into our only easy chair, greeted us with the astounding statement, "I'm a (hic) Nilist,—Nilist d'rect from Rooshia, I am." We would have recognized him, even if he had not so introduced himself, for he had the huge

beard, the cold blue eye, and mussed-up hair, peculiar to Nihilists. It was necessary to treat him delicately.

"Ah! good afternoon," said we, in an off-hand manner; "come to see the college? Fine old institution, founded, as you know, in—"

"In my 'pinion," interrupted our visitor, "all colleges should be (hic) blown up!"

This was startling; still more suspicious was his subsequent action: he drew from his pocket a black bottle, presumably containing dynamite, and went through some peculiar evolutions, while we fortified ourselves with a table, two chairs, and a file of the *Oberlin Review*. Then we proceeded with our inquiries.

"What is your opinion of the Professors in our educational institution?" "P'fessors," returned the unknown, "P'fessors should be blown up (hic), yes, blown up!"

We hastened to inform him that the Faculty never took part in affairs of that kind, unless some student had committed a misdemeanor, and then it was usually the student, not the Professor, who was "blown up." He did not pay any particular attention to our remarks, but stared with his cold blue eye, until we called in our special bull-dog and unchained our trusty policeman. But one more attempt must be made.

"Williamstown is a lovely place," said we, in a conciliatory tone. "Observe those mountains, forest-crowned, and bearing on their kingly heads—"

"Its my sollem 'pinion," said the stranger, suddenly, "that all mountains should be blown up!"

This was too much! You may insult a Williams man on his college, deride his Faculty, laugh at his institutions, but slight his hills, and the result will be serious. We promptly gave the stranger over to our special policeman: he didn't seem to care much, and went through with some more evolutions with his dynamite bottle, which caused us to retreat under the table, and when we emerged he was walking away with our special, gesticulating violently at him, while wafted gently back on the breeze, came his estimate of us: "It's my 'pinion that all editors should be blown up! yes (hic), blown up!"

THREE CHAPELS.

A SKETCH.

I.

NO, my dear fellow, you need not grow so excited over the title. This paper does not advocate as many chapels a day as you have meals, nor can any one point to a period in the history of the college when the students were burdened with that number. Yet, while we look from the Williams of the present to the Williams of the future, where we have the right to expect so much progress, while we see rising around new and elegant buildings, it surely is pleasant to take a brief glance back over some of the old ones. Of these, the chapels, if not so numerous as the dormitories, are probably as memorable, both to aged alumnus and callow freshman. For if the latter groans wearily over attending prayers now at eight o'clock, how deeply impressed upon the mind of the former must be those gatherings at "early candle-light," concerning which we have all heard so much.

The first chapel that Williams men ever attended, occupied the second and third stories of the south end of West College, so that perhaps some freshman now keeps his coal in the very place where his grandfather used to sit at prayers. On the second floor, at the west end, reached by five wide stairs, was a stage, on which stood the pulpit, with seats behind it for the Faculty, a custom which was continued even in the present chapel, until the organ was obtained. On the same floor sat the upper classmen, while the under classmen, entering from the hall on the third floor, occupied the gallery, the front seat, however, being reserved for the choir. The seats were bare, straight-backed benches, and in the bitter winter weather, the temperature was "Arctic enough for a Nova Zemblan."

There were morning and evening prayers, as at present; but the early hour at which the first was held, although a thorn in the flesh to dwellers in East College, only caused an interruption in the morning nap of some of those in the West. Having attended chapel in slippers, with a camlet cloak over their shoulders to conceal their undress, they returned to bed, too *indisposed* for recitation.

Besides the daily exercises, every Wednesday afternoon, declamations from the three lower classes, and original orations from the Seniors, took place here.

These were at first delivered before the whole college; afterward the upper and lower classes were separated; and finally, each man spoke before his class alone, as in the rhetorical of our own day. There were also the Junior Exhibitions every year; one in May, in which the good speakers of the class took part; and one in December, when the remainder spoke. The latter went by the name of the "Frost-bitten Exhibition," showing a keen appreciation, even then, of the result of a "cold day."

In addition to these compulsory performances, which were attended by the college alone, an entertainment was given in the chapel at the end of the second term, which seems to have been the direct ancestor of the "Junior Dramatics" of to-day. It consisted in the production of an original drama, written by a chosen member of the Junior class, its characters being limited to three by Faculty fiat, and usually impersonated by the author and two favored classmates. To this the villagers, especially those of the feminine gender, were heartily welcomed by their college friends and acquaintances. But the relations between "town and gown" were not always so amicable. At that time, the main walk of the village ran through the ground floor of West College, passing at right angles to the length of the building, and where now the windows are so close to one another. Thus it was jokingly said to be an easy task to go through college; but even this kind of a college course was not without its trials. For the unwary traveler, while peacefully pursuing his way, was apt to get a sound dousing from above; if he returned the compliment by stoning the windows, a lively "row" was soon under way.

But the spirit of mischief did not vent itself upon the villagers alone. The chapel doors, although always kept carefully locked until bell-call to prayers, were once found barred, and remained so for some little time, until entrance was gained by climbing an adjoining woodshed. When admission had been thus obtained, and

when the confusion had been quieted, President Griffin, rising to begin the services, found the Bible missing. On turning over the box on which it usually lay, and under which it had been concealed before, the whitened skull of a horse met his astonished gaze. Access to the chapel had been effected the preceding stormy and blustering night by the woodshed mentioned above.

Another morning, as the East Collegers hurried to chapel, they found a skeleton swaying from the trees. It was the one used by President Griffin in his lectures on anatomy, and had been stolen from its closet sepulcher and suspended over the walk. This strange object arrested the attention and the steps of the Seniors and Juniors, who, at that time, always used to room in East College, and, before long, the whole four classes were joint spectators of the airy wonder. It is said that, as it was being lowered to the ground, one of the wags remarked, "not a hair of his head has been harmed!"

This first chapel, after having been used for forty years from 1788 to 1828, was finally abandoned and changed into students' rooms, when the second chapel, in Griffin Hall, was dedicated. Probably very few men who attended it are now alive.

JUSTIFIABLE HOMIOIDE.

Oh! I once did know a fellow, and he played a yellow 'cello,
And if mellow, made it bellow in a way that I despise;
When the boarders all were sleeping, he began his practice
keeping,
While we listened weeping, heaping curses on his some-
thing eyes.

Now one night about eleven, (he'd been practising since
seven,
While we all were praying Heaven to send lightning from
the sky)
William Simmons, slowly rising, said, "it will not seem
surprising
When I say there's no disguising that that there young man
must die!"

Then we crept up-stairs in slippers, armed with broomsticks,
shovels, nippers,
And we tied him by the flippers, tightly down upon the bed,
And a man for every hour, spite the victim's sour glower,
Sat and sawed with all his power, on the 'cello near his
head.

He assailed our mercies,—purses,—we played on with
smiles like Circe's—
He, with curses, spoke of hearses we would occupy next
day,
But the more he kept on talking, all the louder we kept
squawking,
Thus effectually balking his attempts to get away.

'Twas at four o'clock, with gladness we observed the signs
of madness,
And with sadness for his badness, just at 6 A. M. he died,—
We interred him at our leisure, but with pleasure without
measure,—
Let all 'cello-players treasure the dark warning here im-
plied.

A LEAF FROM THE ADAMABASIS.

IV.—Thence he marches three days marches,
s'teen miles, to the village, Billville by name, small
indeed but of great importance. And there he
waited one day. For there were two hostile tribes,
the Sophoi and the Freshai. These, having en-
gaged in a combat, struggled fiercely for a long
time, but neither were victorious, inasmuch as two-
and-fifty bore down upon them and captured the
disputed property. (Hence-forward the two-and-
fifty were known as invincible.) Having heard this
by tradition, he knew not whether it was true. But
after that he had seen some of the virtuous Fresh-
ai rewarded with six weeks' stay in winter quar-
ters, while the Sophoi "likewise the other Freshai
and all the rest" had to come back for boning,
it seemed best to him to go on.

V.—And having been joined by one of the
Sophoi, he marches four marches, umph miles, to
the Hoosick river, of which the width was not
great. And (this was so) for having attempted
to ford it, he crossed it with one step. The cur-
rent, however, is very swift. And (this is so) for
the Sophos thinking to display much gall, put in
his foot. And then his shoe, though being great
as to its size, was torn off; and when it had floated
some few stades downward, appeared as a Jersey
canal boat.

VI.—Thence they marched two marches, cack-
een stades, to the beautiful village, Blackinton by
name, which though not many miles in extent,
contains many and beautiful maidens. There
they, having met two of these maidens, became
mashed; and, coming to a house, wherein was

much cooling refreshment, all went in and partook thereof. And of the refreshment the maidens did eat much, so that when the master of the house came in and demanded two talents, the Sophos remarked "that the frozen milk had greatly chilled the atmosphere"; and thence he marched very rapidly two marches, magool feet.

VII.—After that in sorrow the other had given to the master of the house the two talents, the girls, fearing further disaster, also fled away. Thence he marches four marches, s'teen stades, and presently overtakes the Sophos. Thereupon, when the Sophos had explained his flight, by stating that he was deceived in regard to the owner of the house, having mistaken him for a professor; they marched unto the large and glorious city of Adams, which lies at the foot of steep and rocky mountains. And there, when the Sophos had borrowed a talent from one of the Freshai, whom they found in search of a cane, they advanced to a large house, whose cellar was full of beer kegs.

VIII.—There they engaged the kegs in a hand to hand contest; and though fighting bravely, were finally overcome. And then, weary from their struggle, they became desirous that they should lie down. But as they were bewildered by the path, which seemed truly unstable, they lay down in the main road. And after they had slumbered sometime, a man, tall as to his stature, armed with a short staff, and clad in a blue tunic, roused them up. Then becoming guide, he led them four parasangs, to a building, broad and high indeed, but very dark within. And there they waited four days.

A RETROSPECT.

SOMEHOW, whenever I recline in gown and slippers before the blazing hearth, and feel its genial glow stealing over me, I always lose myself in dreamy thought. I lead for a few brief moments the charmed life of the lotos eater. But at such moments "Remembrance wakes with all her busy train," and inevitably recalls the circumstances of that memorable night.

Let me see.—Yes, we had quarreled. A thoughtless word—a jealous suspicion—a coldness, and we parted in high displeasure. So that evening,

of course, I avoided her, and devoted myself exclusively to Miss B——. It worked like a charm. Pretty little Miss B—— took occasion to glance frequently in the direction of her discomfited rival, and enjoyed her conquest immensely. As the evening wore away I became doubly attentive. I wore my most winning smile. I used the most extravagant terms of flattery and admiration. In dance and promenade the dark-eyed coquette was my partner.

And Flora? Yes, I was to blame. But I did not know that she would feel the slight so deeply. From the first she seemed depressed. And I, fool that I was, mistook it for pride. But soon I noticed that she avoided the dance, and took little part in the enjoyments of the evening. And finally I saw her withdraw from the ball-room—as she thought, unnoticed. Ah! then I knew that I had wronged her. A thousand times I cursed my folly in engaging in the heartless flirtation that chained me to Miss B——. I longed to flee from the now detestable ball-room, join my darling, and implore her forgiveness. At length the opportunity arrived. I hastily excused myself, and followed in the direction which she had taken.

I stepped out upon the veranda. The landscape was flooded with the pale, calm light of the moon, while the restless ocean was plashing ceaselessly against the rocky cliffs that lined the shore. But I was not prepared to enjoy the beauties of the night. It was to obtain a glimpse of the one, cherished idol of my heart that I gazed anxiously about.

Presently I beheld her walking slowly along the brink of those cliffs.

My first impulse was to hasten to her side. Would that I had obeyed that prompting of the heart! But a something within me—an irresistible desire to gratify my pride by observing the extent of her sorrow, restrained me. I paused one moment in doubt; then yielding to the pretty conceit, I followed her with noiseless footsteps.

How lonely and pensive her pale face seemed to me as she wandered on in the moonlight! Soon she disappeared behind an abrupt angle in the cliff, and was lost to my sight. I then deter-

mined to break the spell, and hastened forward to overtake her. In one moment more I would be at her feet, pleading the forgiveness which I knew she was ready and eager to extend. How my heart bounded within me at the joyful anticipation!

When, just as I was about to turn the point, beyond which all was enveloped in the deep shadow of the overhanging rocks, there was a rushing sound, followed by a dull, heavy splash in the water beneath!

Gracious Heavens! had I really driven her to her death? Why did I waste that one opportunity for reconciliation! But there was not a moment to lose in vain regret. With one desperate plunge I was in the water, endeavoring to rob the waves of their rich prize. I heard a struggling in the water near me, and with cries of encouragement I exerted every muscle to reach her before it should be too late. What an age of anguish I endured in those brief moments! "If I *should* be too late!" The thought drove me to madness. Could I carry about with me through life the consciousness that I had been the unwitting cause of her death? No! If I could not save her, I could at least find a grave with hers. And with that resolve I struggled on.

I beheld a dark object upon the water close by me. She was still struggling for life! Thank Heaven I was not too late! I reached out my hand to grasp her! —

"I'se been a'watchin' ye, ye villain, an' ef ye lay hands on me little b'y, I'll sail right out ter ye, and drownd ye, ye unmannerly brute! Swim right in ter yer mammy, Johnny, he shant tech ye."

Just then the moon peeped mockingly over the brow of the cliff, driving shadow and concealment before it. I saw it all! The "dark object" developed rapidly into a vigorous young Fenian who, obeying the maternal mandate, struck out lustily for the shore. There, upon a ledge of rock, stood a mighty virago of the same tender extraction, pouring out against me a volley of tirade and abuse, while she tenderly extended her brawny arms to receive her offspring. It was too much! I sank back nerveless upon the waves' pitiless bosom.

And as I cast my despairing glance to Heaven the moon, as though determined to eke out to the bitter end her cruel torment, brushed away another cloud and revealed—— Why was I not in pity swallowed up by the grim ocean and spared that sight!

Flora, upon the edge of the cliff, motioning wildly to a *young man*, entreating him to come to my rescue! She had started so suddenly from the rustic seat upon which they had been having a tête-à-tête, that her hair fell loosely about her shoulders, and she looked the picture of tragic grief. While he, with the most provoking coolness, was twirling his dainty moustache, and declining to wet his clothes in so unholy a cause. I closed my eyes to shut out the horrid spectacle! My brain reeled! Grim phantoms and uncouth shapes danced before my distempered vision! I longed to die!

* * * * *

"Why, John, how quiet you have been! You have been dreaming." And as I start suddenly out of my reverie and apologize to my beautiful young wife, with a tell-tale expression on my face, she adds hastily, "No, you hav'nt been dreaming. John, you were brooding again on that forbidden subject. I know you were."

At that I laughingly confess, and she, with an amusing timidity, falters, "You know, dear, I never did like that horrid fellow; I just did it to tease you." Then she steals repentantly to my side and asks, with an arch expression which is strongly blended with real tenderness, "You don't feel *very* badly about it, do you?"

COMMENCEMENT APPOINTMENTS.

THE commencement appointments were issued at half past nine Tuesday night, March 28, and are as follows:

VALEDICTORY.—Franklin Fuller Gunn, Lake George, N. Y.

SALUTATORY.—Thomas Sarsefield Fagan, Troy, N. Y.

PHILOSOPHICAL ORATIONS.—Frank Alexander Erwin, West Point, N. Y.; Edwards Platt Ingersoll, Cleveland, O.; Francis Lockwood Kendall, Ripon, Wis.; Lewis McGregor Thompson, Medi-

na, N. Y.; Nathaniel Fisher Wilcox, Northboro, Mass.

ORATIONS.—Edward Grenville Benedict, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Eli Herbert Botsford, Port Jervis, N. Y.; Frederick William Douner, Jr., New York City; William Frank Gurley, Troy, N. Y.; Rudolph Matz, Chicago, Ill.; William Dana Miller, Dummerston, Vt.; John Tatlock, Jr., Hoosick Falls, N. Y.; John Allen Townsend, New York City.

DISSERTATIONS.—Frank Jones Demond, Montague, Mass.; Robert Dobson, Chicago, Ill.; Ira Jewett Geer, Peru, Mass.; Herman Frank Miner, Homer, N. Y.; David Humphrey Strong, Cole-raine, Mass.; Frank Benjamin Yates, Benning-ton, Vt.

The moonlighters are:

'83.	'84.
H. E. Adriance,	Isaac Adriance,
J. P. Hubbard, Jr.,	J. W. Allen, Jr.,
Horace Ketchum,	L. Y. Gardiner, Jr.,
F. V. Pike,	W. F. Hawkins,
R. S. Smith,	Robert Ramsey,

The winners of the Graves Prizes were announced Thursday afternoon, April 14. They are:

E. G. Benedict, Brooklyn, N. Y., "Recent Archaeological Expeditions"; A. E. Buell, Cleveland, O., "Evelyn's Diary"; I. J. Geer, Peru, Mass., "Bismark"; Rudolph Matz, Chicago, Ill., "Modern Military Establishments"; M. J. Nelligan, South Lee, Mass., "Irish Land Bill"; L. M. Thompson, Medina, N. Y., "Evelyn's Diary." Honorable Mention, H. L. Peeke, Chicago, Ill., "Mendicant Orders."

The speaking for the \$80 prize, will take place the evening of July 2d.

For the Foreign Mail.

BONDEAU.

Ma chère amie;—'tis hard, without
You at my side, to roam about
The old pine grove. I did not guess
That I should feel such loneliness—
(But that will surely make her pout,
And I don't want to scratch it out—
Let's see,—I must sweet nonsense spout,
My secret thoughts I will confess,
Ma chère. Ah me!

How much I fear, at ball or rout,
Your lover's wishes you will scout;
And flirting, cause him deep distress.
Ah! say this is but silliness!
Tell me, I never need to doubt

Ma chère—Amy!

—CARL.

A DOMESTIC COMEDY.

IT was my lot to pass a very pleasant vacation in one of the delightful little villages which nestle in the valleys of Berkshire. I have never seen very much of the country, and I must confess that the little experience which I have had in it on the occasion of the annual Sunday-school picnics, which I used to attend religiously, has not improved my opinion of it. I am much inclined to agree with the poet when he remarks:

Your vine is a nest for flies,
Your milkmaid shocks the graces,
And Simplicity talks of pies!
You lie down to your shady slumber,
And wake with a bug in your ear;
And your damsel that walks in the morning—
Is shod like a mountaineer.

But my stay in this little place—let us call it Nolocia—was remarkably pleasant, with the exception of the little affair which gives the title to this sketch. Nolocia is a fine country town. I've my Dictionary of poetical quotations right at my elbow, and I should like to borrow somebody's rhymes to describe it, but I have just made one loan and must wait a few lines for another. But perhaps you would like to look it up for yourself, my patient gormandizer of nonsense. Goldsmith's description of Auburn will do. Hum! where was I? Fine little country town? Ah, yes! and those beauteous country damsels. Oh! Evangeline, you are a corker, as my friend Sharp would say. Thou wert ever ready for a picnic, a drive, or a huckleberrying. Ah! Jones, hand me my short pipe. And the swains,—what a gallant, gay, and frolicsome set they were! A little business or work of some sort during the day, of course, and at night the whist table, the cosy pipe, and a large bowl of lemonade. Some sticks got in the glasses once, and choked me up a little,—made me feel a little queer, but the lemonade was very good. Then I taught them

to play pedro. The game created great excitement. We played in peanuts. I don't propose to be a bold, bad boy, as Mr. Snobscent calls it, but we did play heavy stakes in peanuts, I tell you, and it was exciting, too, as some gallant gambler, running up to twenty-five, thirty, thirty-six, swept the pot, with glittering eyes and moist chops gathered in a hat full of the delicious fruit. It was one of these nights that was the occasion of the comedy.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Dr. Pullhard—A dentist, and deaf, which was hard for Mrs. Pullhard.

Mrs. Xantippe Pullhard—a near relation to the immortal Mrs. Caudle.

Lightweight—the corner grocer.

Scribble—Town Clerk.

Goldsmith—the jeweler.

Ego—a harmless fellow with a great capacity for sticking his foot in it.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Pullhard's office. (Pull., Light., Scrib., Gold., and Ego, playing pedro.)

Light.—(Looking at watch.) Gracious! boys, pretty near three o'clock.

Scrib.—Never mind. Speak it low. Don't tell Pullhard,—Mrs. Xantippe will make it pleasant for him.

Gold.—(in key of G.) Your play, Pull. The knave catches the thief, Sancho Pedro—ten and the deuce—which latter he'll catch most particularly when he gets home.

SCENE II.—Same.

Pull.—(looking at watch.) Egad, boys! half-past three; must go home,—my wife! oh!

Omnes—Poor devil! (Exeunt.)

ACT II.

SCENE.—Dr. Pullhard's house—Dr. and Mrs. Pullhard.

Mr. Pull.—Now, John, where have you been till this time of night, *I'd* like to know? There, you needn't come sneaking into the room with your boots in your hand. I'm *awake*.

Dr. Pull.—My dear, I was called over to Colton very late to extract a tooth. Had a terrible time of it. Just got back. Dreadfully tired.

Mrs. Pull.—Humph!

ACT III.

(Time, next day.—Scene, Pull's office.—Dr. and Mrs. Pull. and Ego.)

Dr. Pull.—My love! I have been invited up to Mr. Ego's this evening to play pedro.

Mrs. Pull.—Now, John, there I was all alone till half-past three last night.

Dr. Pull.—Well, I'll be in early to-night.

Mrs. Pull.—Fudge!

Ego.—Yes, Mrs. Pullhard; we won't keep him so late as we did last night. (The large cat jumps out of the bag.)

Mrs. Pull.—Eh? What? John? (She sees peanuts shells on the office floor. Pull., pale; Ego, red.) Aha!—villain, I smelled peanuts in your breath last night.

Extract tooth? Pedro?—whoop! Hair!!

(Exeunt.)

SAILOR SONG.

Spread the sail, bend the oar,
Fly o'er the wave.
Heed not the billow's roar,
Hearts true and brave.
Far on the rocking sea,
Boundless and wild and free,
There let me live.

In rock-bound haven fair,
Dream not of rest;
Like ocean's birds of air,
Sleep on her breast.
Shrink not but fearless be,
Life's an eternity
To those who dare.

Deep 'neath the vast expanse,
In the bright west,
Kissed by the sun's last glance
Sinking to rest.
'Mid the red coral sands,
Rocked by soft mermaid hands,
There my grave.

—N. B.

COLLEGE NOTES.

A MAJORITY of the Sophomores have elected classics.

SOUTH COLLEGE seems about to enjoy special privileges.

THE Seniors are now wrestling with Natural Theology under Dr. Carter.

EX-PRESIDENT HOPKINS is now in Washington, where he expects to remain for two months.

Our Continent, Judge Tourgée's illustrated weekly, has been placed in the reading-room.

DEEP into the mysteries of all matter now go the bold Juniors; they commenced with H_2O .

NOTICE.—N. F., the ever kind friend of the Freshmen, has laid in a fine assortment of canes.

DR. HOPKINS' house was entered during the vacation, but nothing of any value was disturbed.

THE competitive examinations for the Benedict Greek and Latin prizes, will take place May 18 and 19.

THE Philotechnians have issued their new constitution in a small pamphlet, bound in neat green covers.

REV. CHAS. HARDING, twenty-five years a missionary in India, addressed the Y. M. C. A., Sunday evening.

MR. GALE'S St. Bernard dog honored the Juniors by his presence at the opening scenes of *Hermann und Dorothea*.

THE Sophomore and Freshman nines are already in training, and all bids fair for an exciting game. Get your horns ready.

SEVERAL of the students "piked" over to White Oaks to hear Rev. W. R. Stocking's lectures on "Persia and the Persians."

NEARLY all the mathematical Sophs were desirous to help Prof. Dodd level East Mountain. Query.—Did they think of arbutus?

NOW is your chance to have your diaphragms expanded. Instructor P-rr's patent Automatic Chest Inflator is in daily operation in Alumni Hall.

MR. ALFRED HOWLAND, the well known artist, together with his family, has arrived in town, and are occupying their summer residence on South Street.

SEVERAL extracts from Prest. Carter's sermon, "The College a Household," were printed by the *New York Observer*, and the whole sermon highly praised.

IT was only the repetition of the story of "Mohamet and the mountain." South College

would not go to the hydrant, so the hydrant went to South College.

DUNLAP AND Co. propose to furnish hat bands in the college colors, for straw hats, this season. C. H. Cutting, their agent in North Adams, will have them on hand.

THE town has again resumed its vernal appearance; the roads are in good condition; life-preservers, safety-lines, and galoshes are no longer in requisition along our streets.

THE Sophomores for once, had a chance to sell old text books to upper class men; '84 was much elated over the unprecedented honor, and for a time the sale was quite brisk.

THE Sophomores complain, and justly, that their examination in Greek under Prof. Smith at the close of last term, requiring four hours, was too severe a strain on both mind and body.

THE new walk cut from the southeast corner of the chapel to where the hydrant used to be, is a great improvement. The turf was so much worn that quadrangle looked very badly in that part.

NOW that the German Juniors have ceased to besiege Antwerp, and have joined the little group at the sign of the "Golden Lion," the Frenchmen are thirsting for fresh fields and pastures green.

THE Freshman elections for Class Supper Committee took place in Alumni Hall last week Wednesday. The successful candidates were, F. S. Talcott, R. M. Kemp, H. A. Garfield, W. J. Squire, C. H. Galt.

ON last Sunday morning there was one more old building, Mr. Mole's barn, to be removed from the dormitory lot. Monday morning there was no need of moving it. Where was it? Ask the fire-fiend.

THERE is a new Billiard Parlor in Adams, over Boland's store, fitted up with the popular Collender tables. The proprietor, Mr. Glover, is a good fellow, and students who pay him a visit are sure of being treated well.

THE College Orchestra played at a concert in Pittsfield, Wednesday evening, and they say the Pittsfield maidens are unequalled. They are going to astonish the Albanians soon, with a little "music of the spheres" on ice.

QUITE a number of new books have been added to the College Library during vacation, among which are twelve vols. of Swedenborg's works, presented by "The American Swedenborg Printing and Publishing Co."

It is difficult to find an '83 man who does not know that "the sun rises in the East and sets in the West," and that "North lies over Mason's hill" and not "behind East Mountain." They have been studying astronomy.

THE work on the new dormitory is progressing rapidly. Twenty-four stone cutters are at work in the ledge. We understand that according to the terms of the contract, the building must be finished in January, 1883.

OUR readers would do well to look over our new advertisements. Only the best firms are represented; Schuyler and Duane, and Pope Mfg. Co., for instance, in bicycles; Pinckney and Young in teachers' agencies.

OPERATIONS on the Campus are assuming their usual third term appearance. Base-ball practice takes place daily, in the presence, however, of a small number of spectators. Our interest in athletics seems to be growing beautifully less.

THERE was some talk last term of giving a Junior Ball about the first of next June, but latterly we have heard nothing of it. Brace up '83! Give us something if it is only a stag dance with music by Prof. Wm. Pratt and the "dorg."

WE earnestly desire that those of our subscribers who have not yet paid for their last year's ARGO, will do so as soon as possible, as the management of the paper has passed into new hands, and it is desirable for all back debts to be canceled.

THE members of the Sophomore Glee Club, are as follows: 1st Tenor—C. E. Greenman, A. G. Butler, F. O. King. 2d Tenor—O. P. Currier, Robert Ramsey, H. P. Dewey. 1st Bass—F. C. Squier, J. D. Colt, C. M. Clark. 2d Bass—W. P. Bradley, G. R. Trowbridge, S. J. White.

'83 has become a class of star-gazers. Observations are taken every clear night at the Observatory, and one of the prominent members of the

class is reported to have seen the cow jump over the moon, the other evening. This phenomenon, it is needless to remark, was witnessed after a return from Adams.

MISS MAY MATHER, of Williamstown, took the part of Serpolette in the "Chimes of Normandy" at the Wilson House Opera House, North Adams, Friday and Saturday evenings, 21st and 22d inst. The company, composed of home talent, was under the able direction of Prof. Roberts, and reflected great credit upon him.

At a meeting of the Junior class in Prof. Perry's room, Monday afternoon, a class supper committee was elected, consisting of L. H. Roberts, J. S. Churchill, S. A. Smith, Thos. Nelson, Jr., and W. H. Johnson. R. S. Smith and H. S. Underwood were elected respectively Choragus and Historian, in place of L. W. Pratt and C. K. Ober who have left college.

PERSONALS.

'13. The N. Y. *Observer* of March 23, says: "The late Charles F. Sedgwick of Sharon, Ct., whose death has been announced, used to be a conspicuous figure at the commencements of his college, which he almost invariably attended. He was about 6 ft. 4 in. in height, and large in proportion. He used to wear a swallow-tail coat on these festive occasions, and brought to the celebrations the enthusiasm of a young man."

'14. Dr. Orville Dewey, the eminent Unitarian divine, died March 21st, in Sheffield, Mass. After graduating from Andover Theological Seminary, he assisted Dr. Channing two years, and was ordained in 1823 in New Bedford, Mass. His ill-health compelled him to lead, for the most part, a retired life. In the great controversy between the Orthodox and Liberal parties in Massachusetts in 1825-35, Dr. Dewey was one of the foremost leaders of the liberals.

'25. The Hon. David Dudley Field made an elaborate argument, April 5th, before the Senate judiciary committee in favor of the new civil code.

'33. Hon. Martin I. Townsend, U. S. District Attorney, visited Oswego last week at the request of the government, in order to see what steps

were necessary to be taken to protect the U. S. in a controversy concerning Oswego harbor.

'44. The Hon. S. W. Bowerman, in a debate April 12, in the State Legislature, upon appropriating \$25,000 for improving the Hoosac Tunnel, spoke strongly against "burying any more money in the Tunnel." The *Republican* speaks of him as "voicing the affliction of the tax-payers of Western Massachusetts."

'45. A year ago the Central church of Toledo was organized with 102 members, and Dr. Henry M. Bacon was made pastor. Its present membership is 160.

'49. The annual address before the Albany Institute was delivered by Hon. P. A. Chadbourne April 11, in the former Senate Chamber in the New Capitol. His subject was: "The Physical Sciences the Product and Promoters of Civilization." It was very highly praised.

'49-'59. Rev. C. S. Robinson has gone abroad for his health. Among those who will supply his pulpit is Rev. Washington Gladden.

'55. C. E. Fitch, of the Rochester (N. Y.) *Democrat and Chronicle*, has just issued a volume entitled, "Life Sketches of the class of 1855." Each man is treated of by a personal friend, which makes the book very interesting. Senator Hitchcock, of Nebraska, contributes a sketch of Senator Ingalls of Kansas; the Editor the one on Prof. W. R. Dimmock; Dr. W. W. Adams, that on the famous missionary, David Coit Scudder.

'72. At the meeting of New York Presbytery, April 11, C. C. Hall, whose sermon on the Day of Prayer is well remembered, was appointed chairman of committee on Church History.

'76. C. W. Huntington preached in the college chapel on the 16th inst. He is now settled at Ellsworth, Me.

'77. Rollo Ogden has been sent by the Presbyterian Board to the city of Mexico as a missionary. He will teach and will endeavor to establish a religious paper in the language of the country.

'79. At a meeting of the Long Island Presbytery, April 14, E. T. Lee, of Yaphank, was

ordained. He has already accepted a call to a church in Oregon.

'79. R. E. Jones has accepted a call to the Episcopal church of this place.

'83. W. J. Taylor has established a shirt factory in Warrensburgh, N. Y. He expects to visit Williams this summer on his bicycle.

'84. Married, Monday, April 17, 1882, to Miss Fargo, of Chicago, J. C. B. Andrews.

'85. Charles A. Palmer is teaching school at Brunswick, N. Y.

EXCHANGES.

FOUR weeks have slipped swiftly by since our predecessor, the famous and venerable Ephriam, bowed himself gracefully from the exchange column of the ARGO. His farewell echoes in the hearts of all its readers, the loss of one who made readable and fascinating that part of a college paper which, by all others than exchange editors, is proverbially denominated "flat, stale, and unprofitable."

The time has come; the feverish nightmare of anticipating the ordeal has passed; we make our humble obeisance, and tremblingly take up the pen where Ephriam let it fall.

The petty strifes of college papers are to the majority of intelligent readers, to say the least, uninteresting; the constant review of such differences in the exchange columns seems to us to lower whatever of dignity that department otherwise may possess. The system of petting and fondling sister college publications with plastic effusions—a system adopted by too many of the college press—that you may have a four inch hose of such effusion returned, must be to the reader, who is comparatively ignorant of outside happenings, decidedly disgusting. It seems to us, as we take up the pen of the exchange sanctum, that the aim and duty of its wielder should be, to faithfully and honestly comment upon the virtue and frailties of sister publications; to avoid the slinging of scholastic mud; to be unmoved by flattery; to be unsparing in criticism; never to be actuated by revenge; and to seek and give what aid in kindly words he may. The one who has

just vacated this sanctum was controlled by all these good motives, and the readers of his columns can bear witness that he was successful in attaining the good end which such motives always assure.

It is with fear and trembling that we plant our infant feet in the generous shoes that Ephraim has left. We cannot hope to fill those shoes—we shall only try to keep them on; and if, in any degree, we shall be as fair a critic as he, we shall feel confident of the respect and good will of our contemporaries. We do not wish to lay down any wise-wrought plot of the course we intend to pursue in conducting this column; nor to map out any great principle underlying the editing of it—we are not a reformer. We have not the daring in our infancy and inexperience to attempt to be one. Unaccustomed to the stream of exchanges, we prefer to drift with the current, and be content with praying the literary gods that we may not flounder on a bar. We bow ourselves into your mighty presence, kind sisters; we know it is an awkward bow; the pin-feathers of literary dignity have not yet bloomed on our infant lips. We crave your indulgence; we pray you to chide us mildly. With this honest expression of meekness, we turn to the burden the mail has brought.

At our feet is an incongruous heap of the representatives of our sisterhood—give us time and we will make your acquaintance.

Close to our ink bottle is the *Columbiad*, for which its editors will please accept our sincere thanks. Favorable notices have been showered by many of the college press upon this most worthy publication. We can but echo their praise. Especially fine are its cuts both in character and in execution. The only criticism we would venture is that the cover is of such material that it has a tendency to crack, and is so stiff that it does not preserve its shape well. Otherwise it is a model, and other colleges will do well to study its many virtues. It shows that money has been expended in its behalf ('83 *Gul* board please weep). This fact we trust our '84 *Gul* board will appreciate and second. To the *Tiger* we give our hearty favor and bespeak for its columns and cuts, beaming with fun and wit, a successful future. It

seems to us that such publications as the *Tiger* and the *Lampoon* are such as the colleges of to-day are much in need of. Students need to be refreshed occasionally. The dull routine of college life ought to be enlivened now and then by the crack of a smile. It is certainly not the right aim of a college journal to fill its columns with dry, weather-beaten, sermonic articles, written by literary dyspeptics. Rather should they be filled with productions over which we may venture a smile without an alarming stretch of conscience. Gush, doggerel, slush, it may be called, yet it is the tonic which cheers and makes light the heart of many a "midnight oiler"; it is the salt which has in it the touch of human nature—especially student nature. We have our North American Reviews, our Scientific Americans; let such consume these so called "solid" articles. In such publications will they be read, but never in a college paper. Yea, give us more *Lampoons* and *Tigers*. May the day soon come when Williams shall have sufficient shekels to push a like paper.

The *Tablet*, for April 1st, has an appropriate and thoughtful article on the "Death of Longfellow," and an interesting story entitled "My Chum," in which the author evinces ability of no mean type, writing as he does gracefully and easily, and showing a quiet wit which is strikingly pleasing. Of our Western exchanges we would put the best three, as regards general merit, in the following rank, *North Western*, *Knox Student*, *Chronicle*. The last, however, has too small type for tender eyes; we would recommend the use of larger. The *Oberlin Review* is proverbially prosy, showing, to her discredit, more lack of "culchaw" than many of her sisters further west than the proud state of Ohio. The *University Magazine* runs a very good exchange column, but in other respects is inferior. The *Colby Echo* follows the fault of the *Oberlin Review*, in a weary article on the "Age of Elizabeth." With all kindness we would say to you, dear *Echo*, if you would succeed, if you would be read, stop publishing such heavy matter. The article is a fair literary production, but out of place in the columns of a live college journal. Such articles will but encumber your pages and win for them but a passing glance.

OTHER COLLEGE NOTES.

COLUMBIA:—Princeton College Glee Club gave a very successful concert at Chickering Hall on March 14th. The singing of the club was good but in some of the numbers very draggy; and the performance, on the whole, lacked life and spirit.—*Spectator*.

—In the Harlem Regatta which takes place on June 19th, the C. C. B. C. will enter in the four-oared and eight-oared races.—*Spectator*.

—The lower classmen who were suspended until the first of April have returned to college, and are once more in the midst of their admiring classmates. So moves the world.—*Acta*.

PRINCETON:—The College Library at present contains 55,000 volumes and 12,000 pamphlets. The Hall Libraries number upwards of 16,000 volumes, making a total of 83,000.—*Ex*.

—By a vote of 43 to 31, the electives in Pol. Sci. decided on an oral examination in preference to a written. A new departure.—*Ex*.

HARVARD:—The Sophomore Class Dinner took place Saturday, April 22, at the Revere House.—*Advocate*.

—**BREAKFAST** is now served at Memorial from 7.30 to 9, and dinner from 6 to 7.—*Advocate*.

—The Yale-Harvard race will probably take place June 30th.—*Advocate*.

VASSAR:—Two fires enlivened the monotony of the First South March 13th. One, caused by the erratic movements of a match-head, destroyed only a wall pocket. The other was not discovered until it had gained considerable headway; and but for the presence of mind of the occupant of the room, who, as she opened her door, saw her table-spread and carpet in flames, it might have proved a serious matter.—*Miscellany*.

YALE:—By Mr. Sheffield's will the Scientific School receives \$500,000, a sum larger than the total amount of previous donations.—*Ex*.

—The new athletic grounds cover thirty acres, with tennis, archery, cricket, and foot-ball fields, three base-ball fields, and a rifle range. The college authorities bear half the expense of the grounds.—*Ex*.

OLIPPINGS.

THE SONG OF THE GRIND.

With fingers all cramped and stiff,
With eyelids heavy and weak,
A Fresh sat in the examining room,
Trying to parse his Greek.
Write! Write! Write!
Confused and troubled in mind,
And still, with a voice deep, smothered, and low,
He sang the song of the "grind."

Flunk! Flunk! Flunk!
While the Sophomore howls outside.
Flunk! Flunk! Flunk!
Because cribbing I never tried.
It's Oh! to be a Fresh,
For many a long, long year,
And have it take up a great part of one's life,
As the froth in a glass of beer.

Flunk! Flunk! Flunk!
Till the brain begins to swim.
Flunk! Flunk! Flunk!
Till the eyes are heavy and dim.
Tense and person and mood,
Mood and person and tense—
Trying in vain, in a difficult part,
To find the slightest sense.

Oh! youths with ponies good,
Oh! youths with ponies and cribs,
Why do you smile and wink at me,
And poke me in the ribs?
Flunk! Flunk! Flunk!
Confused and troubled in mind,
Becoming at once, with a horrible dread,
A "flunker" as well as a "grind."

But, why do I think of flunk,
As over my paper I pore?
Oh! why can I never manage to pass,
And become a Sophomore?
Flunk! Flunk! Flunk!
Till I scarcely can keep alive,
But I will try and take a brace,
And pass in '95.

With fingers all cramped and stiff,
With eyelids heavy and weak,
A Fresh sat in the examining room,
Trying to parse his Greek.
Write! Write! Write!
Confused and troubled in mind,
And still, with a voice deep, smothered, and low,
That seemed from his very heart to go,
He sang the song of the "grind."

—T. Hood Jones, in *Acta*.

THE ARGO.

VOL. II.

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THE ARGO.

Published fortnightly during the college year by the students of Williams College.

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Students and graduates of Williams are requested to contribute articles, verses, letters, and Alumni notes.

WE would inform our readers that for the rest of the term the ARGO sanctum, No. 3 E. C., will be open from two to five o'clock every afternoon, for the benefit of all who may wish to visit it. All the best college journals are on file and are so arranged that they may be easily examined. We hope that many will find it convenient to pay us a visit.

WE take this opportunity to congratulate the editors of our sister journal, the *Athenaeum*, upon the improved typographical appearance of their paper, and also upon the prospect of a successful year which their first issue so surely promises. The policy which they outline is one which we think is demanded of the college journals of to-day, and is in every respect worthy of commendation. The omission of the column of personals and the reports of the literary societies will not be regretted by their readers. We would add the assurance that we entertain nothing but friendly feelings toward them, and hope that any

success either journal may attain may give rise only to friendly competition and not be the cause of hostile jealousy.

WITH the average American love of display, we wail over the fact that the corner-stone of Morgan Hall was not laid with imposing ceremonies. Such an occasion ought never to have been allowed to escape. The county sheriff might have again brought out his yellow vest and long pole; some unfledged student might have soared aloft in airy flights of rhetoric; the Blackinton Band might have played once more; and above all, we might have had a holiday. Never mind, we may still hope for a dedication such as will make full amends for our present loss.

SOME of the best athletes in college are now in constant training with a view to giving a gymnastic exhibition during commencement week. Such an affair is already a very old story to many colleges, but it will be a novel feature at Williams, and in all respects a commendable one. The physical feats performed on Monday may not be as awe-inspiring to the sub-freshman or rural visitors as the mental feats exhibited on Wednesday, but we do not hesitate to say that they will be as interesting. And then they will clearly show that Williams is steadily pursuing her familiar task of "developing the whole man."

In connection with athletics, it is pleasant to see that we are not yet shut out from Intercollegiate athletics. We had one chance—and we "took that chance."

IF there be any game which seems especially adapted to the needs of college men, that game is certainly Lawn Tennis. Free as it is from the liability to over-exertion and physical injury of base ball, the amount of exercise and muscular development which it gives one is at least equally great. The exertion of playing is

steady in comparison with that of base ball, and all the muscles of the body are developed symmetrically, not one at the expense of another. While the interest of the game is great, it is not likely to interfere with college work as base ball often does, as it can be played for a short or long time at the pleasure of the players. Everything about the game seems to mark it as the one best suited to the circumstances of college men. The great popularity of the sport at Harvard, and other colleges where much attention is given to athletics, is strong testimony to its merits. Let the good example set by our societies be followed by other associations, and the athletic training of the college will surely be better.

WE would again urge the importance of taking up modern languages much earlier in the course. The cry of the day is for something practical in our schools and colleges, and this cry is not wholly unreasonable. We do not want to wholly supplant the classics with these studies, nor do we think that the object of the latter is mental discipline merely, but they are needed for use by the modern educated man. The number of scientific works and periodicals printed in Europe demand of one who would study a specialty the ability to read those languages. But to attempt to learn either of them in one year or even with the addition of the Senior elective, is absurd. It is not possible for every one to take the elective, and it is safe to say that at the end of Junior year in this college the average student cannot read the prose with ease. Of what practical good will this knowledge be then? In many of our Eastern colleges some acquaintance with either French or German is required for admission, and we think Williams would do well to imitate their example. College is not the place for such elementary work. Its object should be more liberal, and tend to develop and cultivate rather than drill the mind. Before this change is made—for we think it will surely come in time—would it not be well if more attention were directed to ability to translate than to philological criticism? Would not the students be thus much better satisfied?

IT is a noticeable fact that hundreds of young men are graduated yearly from our American Colleges, whose heads are crammed full of dry facts gathered from their drier text-books, but who are painfully ignorant of the literature of their mother tongue. The little time given to its study while in college is insufficient to awaken in the student that desire for a more thorough knowledge of books which only close application brings. Here in Williams, one term of the Senior year is devoted to English literature. The works of the great authors are mentioned; perhaps some of the most celebrated are skimmed hastily over, and at this point the matter ends unless the student chooses the English Elective for the rest of the year, which consists of the reading of one or two of Shakspeare's plays, a little of Chaucer and selections of like character. This is all good as far as it goes, but it seems to us that this branch of study, which is in an eminent degree a part of a gentleman's education, cannot be entered upon too early in the course, nor continued too long. The taste for good reading, early developed, never forsakes one. A systematic reading of the noted authors, the discussion and criticism of their principal characters, and of the style in which they wrote, would be a study of the utmost advantage and charm, and could safely be carried on even for four years without becoming tiresome. Certain it is that our curriculum is incomplete in this respect, and may the time be not distant when this defect will be remedied.

IT has pleased a certain western paper to insinuate that Williams was influenced by a spirit of "toadyism" in her refusal to join in the college song book which is being gotten up by a western firm. Western papers seem to delight in that sort of talk nowadays, and "anything to amuse the children," say we. Yet it may be well to set this matter at rest by a statement of the reasons for our refusal. The decision was made before any eastern college had declared either for or against the song book, and without reference to their future course in the matter. It was based on the ground that the range of the book was too wide, and consequently the representa-

tion of each college too inadequate. Neither we, nor our friends, would care for the musical effusions of the large number of western colleges to be represented; nor was it thought that four songs would be at all an adequate representation for the larger colleges. This is the point at which we think the book must fail. It requires the purchase of a vast amount of music in which one has no interest in order to secure a few pieces for which he cares. For this reason no college is likely to feel any strong attachment to the book, and its support can be but weak. In view of these facts it did not seem wise to pay the exorbitant price of admission to the book for the sake of joining in so doubtful an enterprise. A book representing only the larger and more musical colleges and giving to each one a liberal amount of space would no doubt have received the hearty support of the college.

AS a rule, students think that enough work is imposed upon them by the curriculum, yet when opportunities are presented to carry into practice some of the theories with which they have become familiar, or to illustrate more fully the subjects under consideration, there are usually many who gladly avail themselves of these advantages. Two methods of carrying out this idea have been proposed. The first is by forming a volunteer class in Practical Astronomy. A more intimate acquaintance with the instruments used in this branch of the science, especially with the new meridian circle which is now being placed in position, and an investigation into the methods used by astronomers in their calculations, will be results which if not strictly of great practical importance, at least will be interesting and instructive. The second method is by the establishment of a historical society, to be under the supervision of the professor of history, and to consist of students from the two upper classes, beginning with the class of eighty-four. The purpose of the society will be to study the principles of original investigation and research, and to make and take charge of a historical collection, for which it is hoped a room will be assigned in Clark Hall. If such an

organization will instill into the minds of its members a stronger attachment to the study of History, if they will acquire a taste for historical inquiry, it will undoubtedly be of very great service. The experiment—for we can regard it now only as an experiment—is worth trying. Might we not recommend to the consideration of the professor the advisability of admitting the present Junior class into a share of whatever benefits may accrue from this scheme?

RESULT OF WILLIAMSTOWN BOARD.

If I were the Sultan of all the East,
I'd order my slaves to prepare a feast,
Fifty and seven courses long;
With delicate meats of Sulambong,
The fruits of Taffi, and Bulbul wine,
Begums with hookah-sauce divine;
Juicy palanquins stewed with ice,
And Maharajahs stuffed with spice.
Then seated in state the board before
I'd eat and eat, till I could no more;
'Till the girths of my waist had a foot increased,
If I were the Sultan of all the East.

IN THE OATHEDRAL.

I used to steal in there for a few moments every afternoon just before dark, to rest from my sight seeing. I had been in and around it several times, and was now quite at home there. It was the best place I ever found to muse in; sitting there in its cool shade one could easily imagine himself in a grand old forest, as the massive pillars rose thickly around him, like majestic oaks. Their strange and fantastic decorations, spreading out in great branches in the vault overhead, filled the arches with a net work of leaves, light sprigs and boughs; while upon all fell the delicate tints of the light, transformed as it shone through the many-colored panes of the painted windows. The solemn feeling that comes over one in the midst of a mighty wood, is felt there; the mind receives a peaceful calm, and thoughts come crowding in, such as are only derived from communing with Nature. Among other reveries, it was a favorite fancy of mine, to close my eyes and fill the church with persons it might have seen before. Now I would

see it crowded with thronging worshipers, nobles and proud dames, peasants and soldiery, tradesmen and beggars, as high mass was celebrated amid tinkling censers and odorous perfumes: again, it was late at night, almost deserted, while at the confessional the humble penitent poured out his sins to the ear of the priest within; now it was visited by some gay marriage party, who broke the quiet with songs and strewed the bride's path with flowers; again, it saw black-robed mourners at the grand funeral of some religious dignitary, listening to the sad wail of the dirge as it ascended through the groined arches to the lofty roof.

It was a pleasure, too, to wake from my musing and gaze in ever new wonder and delight at the grand interior, and sometimes at the visitors or devotees scattered about. The first two or three times I had been in there, I had seen in a distant corner the motionless kneeling figure of a woman; the last time I came in, as it was rather earlier than usual, I had been there but a short time, when I saw her enter. She was very beautiful, but bore deep traces of some great grief. As she knelt in her distant corner, the setting sun sent a few parting rays through the western windows. Falling upon her bowed figure, they revealed her face in all its beauty, wearing an intense look of longing, the image of a despairing, lingering hope. I felt as if intruding in some sacred spot, and crept silently away.

Some time afterward, I learned her story from one of my friends who had also happened to see her, and had inquired of one of the citizens who she was. She was the daughter of a wealthy merchant, and the betrothed of a young noble. He had been a very devoted lover and their future seemed very bright. But on the morning of the day appointed for the wedding, he was missing, and could never be found; and now, every day of her life, she came there and spent an hour in prayer and meditation. I never was in the cathedral after that evening, when I saw her bowed there with the sunlight streaming down upon her motionless figure. But always now, whenever I think of the old cathedral, its massive pillars, its marble statues, delicate carving, and graceful curves, with a feeling of sadness I remem-

ber that pathetic little black-robed figure, knelt in deep devotion in the distant corner, her beautiful appealing face lit up by the setting sun.

A WOODEN SMILE.

TWO years ago this summer vacation, I took my chum, Will Burt, home with me, as I was rather afraid it was going to be dull; for you know that if a couple of fellows are together, each of them is a good deal more apt to enjoy himself, than if one lone fellow has to invent all his amusement by himself,—although I confess that sometimes, any one, no matter who, is rather in the way. Well, nothing of this sort happened to us, and after spending a week in fishing at a neighboring lake, I thought it would be highly appropriate to make him acquainted with some of my lady friends. Among others, we called one afternoon, on a Miss Creamer, whom I had not seen for some time, and whose appearance rather surprised me. As Will was relating one of his numerous adventures, some of which, to be truthful, are not remarkably interesting, I observed a peculiar twitching of her facial muscles, and, on looking again, saw that she was smiling her “wooden smile.”

She had been quite a belle, two or three years before, and in order to seem agreeable, had contracted this horrible habit of forcing a sort of mechanical grin or stony smirk every few moments as she listened to the vapid nonsense of her devotees; while her mind, like that of the Fotheringay when Pen was spouting to her, was concocting schemes for some future day's pleasure or preparing lectures for her dressmaker. The winter that she began this practice, was one of unusual gayety in our little town, and so often and continuously did she employ this smile, that at last, horrible to relate, this fiendful action of the facial muscles became a sort of St. Vitus' dance. Her parents were obliged to withdraw her from society, and summon the best medical treatment while the gossiping townspeople giggled and whispered about Miss Creamer's “wooden smile.” I had quite forgotten it, so long had it been since I had seen her, and (as I afterwards learned) it was only by mistake that we were admitted that

afternoon. She had almost recovered ; but now her malady had come upon her again. And I was to blame for it ! What was I to do ? Greatly alarmed, I made Will leave with me as soon as I could politely, and when outside, was just preparing to tell him the state of the case, when he burst out in raptures over her beauty, in which I joined him readily, as she was still handsome. "But her main charm," said he, "I did not notice until just before we left. What a bewitching smile she had ! such tenderness, piquancy, and energy, I never saw mingled before in any one smile. How peculiar it is !" I burst into a loud laugh, but unmindful of it, he went on until I saw that he was really in earnest. Thought I, if he is so much pleased, I shall not undeceive him, as he will never see her again. So the matter dropped for a time. One hot, sleepy afternoon, as I lay in a hammock out under the trees, dozing over a novel, he came out and asked me to go to walk in the woods. I was not at all anxious to go, and he set off alone. In about two hours I was waked from my nap by some one's roughly grasping my arm, and on starting up I found Will leaning over me. "Why didn't you tell me about Miss Creamer's affliction ?" said he, fiercely ; "in my ignorance of it, I have been up there this afternoon, and set her smile to going again. Let in by that blundering footman—I was fired out by the father." I made what excuses I could, and expressed my regret at such an occurrence, but he seemed inconsolable.

Soon after we returned to college together, but did not occupy the same room. A strange melancholy had taken possession of him, and saying that he wished to be quiet this year, he withdrew to a distant part of the town. After this, of course I saw him but very little, and indeed, this curious seclusion of himself caused no little comment among our classmates. One night, however, he walked into the room, and sitting down in a rocking chair, began to talk in the wildest style about his affection for Miss Creamer. "Little do you know what I have endured this term," said he ; "never for a moment have I ceased to think of her, always with the wildest longing to see her again. But forever in my mind that fascinating smile, the curse of her life, appears upon her face.

Long, long hours have I pondered over this problem, and at last I have found the solution. This term I have employed myself with mastering mesmerism, and now I shall have the reward for my toil. Whenever this contortion, this jumping-jack smirk comes on, I shall mesmerize her until she becomes calm again, and thus all will be well." "But what have you to do with her?" cried I. "Oh, I shall marry her directly," said he coolly, "it is no use for me to stay here any longer ; this affair is of the greatest importance to me." We talked late into the night, and I agreed to see him off the next morning. As I met him at the depot, according to our agreement, he seemed the ghost of his old self, so much was he changed. I hastily inquired how he passed the night, and found that he had had a horrible dream, and feared that he should find sad tidings awaiting him at his journey's end. "That fascinating smile never left me all night," said he, "and continually seemed to bid me farewell. But I hope for the best."

That afternoon I received a telegram saying, "Come quickly, if ever. W." Just catching the express, I arrived only in time to hear his last words, but they were enough to reveal his secret, "She smiled on a book-agent last week, and mashed him," whispered he, faintly ; "they were married to-day."

Why did the smile bid him farewell the night before? No one can know ! It will always remain a dead mystery ! It can never be known any more than why the old gentleman was warned by a ghost on the train that his son's grandmother's niece was going to elope with his footman !

A PORTRAIT OF GARFIELD.

DURING the past week, a fine portrait of President Garfield, in a handsome bronze frame, has been placed in the college library. It is a remarkably good likeness, and is the work of the fair donor, Miss Almira S. Canning, daughter of E. W. B. Canning of the class of 1834. It has been on exhibition at the Union League club for two months, where it received much well earned praise. Surely the college should be grateful to this young lady for such a gift.

VILLANELLE.

When weary eyelids sink in sleep
 Beneath the velvet touch of night,
 And silence falls upon the deep ;
 While gentle wavelets sadly weep
 For all the vanished day's delight ;
 When weary eyelids sink in sleep,—
 Then o'er the sea, o'er vale and steep,
 My dreaming fancies take their flight ;
 And silence falls along the deep,
 Not to disturb them as they sweep
 To where she lies in slumbers light,
 When weary eyelids sink in sleep.
 For Love can scores of miles outleap,
 And Love comes on with triple might,
 When silence falls along the deep ;
 Sweet, does thy heart like dreamings keep ?
 Or dost thou hold Love in despite,
 When weary eyelids sink in sleep,
 And silence falls upon the deep ?

THREE CHAPELS.

A SKETCH.

II.

ANYONE who has visited Griffin Hall to look over the Wilder Collection, or to explain its mysteries to his friends, will remember how delightfully cool it is, even on the hottest summer day. To be sure, this frigidity, to a vivid imagination, might seem to emanate from various souvenirs of Icelandic travel, placed there by Dr. Chadbourne ; but more probable seems it that it is but the lingering remains of the Arctic atmosphere which pervaded this place when it served as a chapel. However this may be, add to its summer temperature the usual condition of the mercury in a New England winter, subtract all signs of a fire, all light but a few tallow dips, ring the bell at six A. M., and you will have some idea of the sufferings of our "pilgrim dads" in the winters of the years 1828-'59.

The building which was the silent witness of the torture inflicted during this period, was built in a time when the future of Williams looked rather gloomy. Although she had successfully resisted, a few years before, all attempts to change her site, a new danger now menaced her. The legislature had just granted a charter to Amherst.

It had already been strongly urged as an argument against this, that Western Massachusetts could not support two colleges, and now, as students began to withdraw, and the number of the incoming class was a great decrease from that of its predecessors, strong doubts of Williams' further existence began to spread. Something must be done, and that immediately. But a man was there who was capable of doing something. Almost solely by President Griffin's efforts, twenty-five thousand dollars were raised, with which a new professorship, that of Rhetoric and Moral Philosophy, was endowed, and Griffin Hall built. The latter "rose from foundation to roof-tree" under his personal supervision ; and he preached the dedication sermon. Externally it stands just as erected, but many changes have taken place within. The chapel occupied the first two floors, extending from the west end to the hall now entered from the east door. The old pulpit was perched high up on a platform, and, together with the seats of the faculty, was fenced in by a plain wooden railing. The space between the seats and the railing was one morning found filled in with freshly-mown grass, large quantities of which lay around East College the night before. The mischievous author of this prank was a gentleman now prominent in educational circles in this state.

The seats of the students were all on the main floor, the small gallery being used only by occasional visitors. The Seniors and Juniors occupied the body seats, as at the present day, thus keeping the Sophomores and Freshmen at a safe distance from one another. There seems to have been no singing during prayers in this place, and exercises were opened with an invocation, which practice, however, ceased with the opening of the new chapel.

The regular Wednesday afternoon rhetoricals were continued here, and on these festal occasions a fire was built, lest the orators might not otherwise warm up to their work. Although the most of each class received an appointment to speak in his turn, some few unfortunates were sometimes left out altogether, and toward these a neat satire was once directed. Just before the bell rang for the exercises, a large stuffed bear was purloined

from the cabinet above and placed on the stage, so that it met the wondering eyes of the students as they entered. Around Bruin's neck hung a placard with these words: "Bear-ly Eligible." Here also took place the Junior exhibitions, and the public exercises of the Adelpic Union, at the end of the first and second terms. Although there were no such affairs as "cane rushes" in those days, something partaking of that nature used to happen, and that, too, at the very doors of the chapel. The Sophomores wishing to tantalize their friends, the Freshmen, would firmly wedge themselves in the doorway, preventing all further egress. Fresh would then naturally do his best to go out, when a genuine rough-and-tumble would begin, only to be stopped by Prof. Albert Hopkins, who would come pushing in to the crowd, and quietly separate the combatants, whereupon they retired, and nothing more was heard of it.

The regular Wednesday afternoon rhetoricals continued to take place here for a year after the removal of the religious exercises, after which time they were held in Alumni Hall. The old chapel was soon after cut up into the rooms now occupied by the natural history collections of the college.

AT TWO P. M.

I slowly climbed Consumption Hill;
It seemed most strangely quiet;
When on my ear there fell a shrill,
Wild, weird, unearthly riot.
It seemed as if the Freshman class
In meeting had assembled,
And with them there, cat, owl, jackass,—
The lamp-posts fairly trembled.
As I drew near Alumni Hall,
There rose a howl—"Kookákoo"—
And then as loud as they could bawl,—
"Whichurchmift" and "yawnyétchew."
"Mba—a—h—" What was that? calf or cow?
"La, la, la, la, la, la, la;"—
But when I heard old "oi, ai, ow"—
No need for more—"la, la, la"—
Naught's been more plain since C— went off
To teach youths agriculture;
And though you laugh, and sneer, and scoff,
Why, it was *Vocal culture!*

THE DOCTOR.

SCENE: *A physician's office. Jack, the doctor's son, just home from college, seated at a desk, writing.*

JACK.—(*Tossing his letter carelessly into an open drawer, and lolling back in his chair.*) Hang it! I can't think of anything to write to the fellows. The Governor's new quarters are awfully dull. Let me see (*taking out watch*), it is now a quarter to nine, and he won't return before eleven. I guess I'll go out. Something may turn up to relieve the monotony of this place. I'll finish my letter at some other time. (*Puts on hat and coat, and after one or two complacent glances at the mirror, a readjustment of the silk hat, and a few twirls of his peerless moustache, he goes to the front door, and is about to open it, when the bell rings, and he ushers a young lady into the hall.*)

MISS SAGE.—(*Greatly surprised to see an Apollo in the gloomy precincts of her family physician, but still mistress of herself*) Is Dr. Young in?

JACK.—(*Who never misses an opportunity.*) That is my name. Will you please step into the office? (*Aside.*) What a fine nerve I have! (*Aloud.*) I shall be with you in a moment. (*She walks into the office and sits down. He remains behind for a moment, to calm himself, and remove his coat and hat.*)

MISS S.—Well did I ever see such impertinence? His presumption actually took me by surprise. *He* the doctor! Oh, the sly fellow! I wonder how far he will attempt to carry out the deceit. (*Blushes, and starts suddenly to her feet with a determined air.*) Why, Carrie Sage, I am surprised at you! you must not stay here another minute! It is decidedly improper! And he is evidently so bold! (*Hesitates a moment, and Jack enters.*)

JACK.—Will you please be seated Miss — hem — a—I beg pardon!

MISS S.—(*Aside.*) Really, he does not look very dangerous, and it will be such fun. (*Aloud.*) Miss Sage.

JACK (*Bowing profoundly*).—Ah, Miss Sage, I am delighted. (*Aside.*) No, that won't do. I must be a doctor. Oh, Jack, I am afraid you are done for! Those eyes! (*Aloud.*) If you will please be seated, then, I shall be happy to

do what I can for you. (*She resumes her chair, though not without a lingering doubt as to the propriety of it. He, encouraged, seats himself near her.*) Now will you be so kind as to let me feel your pulse? (*Aside.*) Yes, that's right. Father always does that the first thing. (*Takes her hand.*)

MISS S.—(*Aside. Blushing and timid.*) Carrie Sage, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. What can you be thinking of, to let this—this very insinuating young man take your hand!

JACK.—The pulse seems to be good. (*Aside.*) Egad, it's devilish good! (*Aloud.*) Have you any fever? (*Places his hand upon her forehead, and puts on an anxious expression. She colors deeply, but submits with a good grace.*) Yes, yes, I see. A slight fever. It is what we call the "*Febris Excitamentis*." (*Aside.*) That was a master-piece. (*Aloud.*) What are the symptoms, Miss Sage? Loss of appetite? (*Aside.*) Father always asks about their appetites.

MISS S.—(*Aside.*) O, this is getting worse and worse. I am to tell him the symptoms of my imaginary illness, am I? I'll puzzle him. (*Aloud.*) On the contrary, I have a most ravenous appetite. I always feel it coming on about this time in the morning. An irresistible desire to take some refreshment.

JACK.—(*Aghast—aside.*) Jaek, she's *hinting*! (*Aloud.*) That is very strange. But no, I believe it does sometimes occur with this fever. It is usually accompanied by extreme languor. Is it not so? Do you not feel listless, and disinclined to all physical exertion?

MISS S.—(*Gaining courage.*) No indeed. In fact, I cannot endure confinement to the house. I long to be constantly in the open air. I enjoy nothing so much as a brisk morning drive. (*Looking full in his face.*)

JACK.—(*Somewhat confused.—Aside.*) O, these girls! They look so sweet and bashful, and yet they always get the better of us poor fellows. By jove! I have it, though! I'll let her see that I am not to be so easily vanquished. (*Aloud.*) A most extraordinary case. And yet, I can remember a similar one with which I dealt successfully some time ago. (*Aside.*) My life was full of romance. (*Aloud.*) I will write you a prescription. (*Goes to desk and writes.*)

MISS S.—(*Aside.*) Dear me! I am afraid I have been very naughty. But it was such a novel adventure. And he is *so* good-looking! What fun I shall have in recounting my experience to the girls!

JACK.—(*Finishing prescription and perusing it.*) Ha! Ha! this is rich! "A brisk drive to-morrow morning with her doctor." Just what she needs. "Essential to her health." What a delightful kind of a fever to have! "Some refreshment at ten." Just the thing. "These directions to be followed implicitly, when the best results may be expected. That settles it. Ha! Ha! (*folding the paper.*) I wonder if father ever wrote a prescription like that. (*Rises and hands the paper to Miss S. The doctor enters. Jack looks about nervously for a means of retreat.*)

MISS S.—(*Hastily thrusting the paper into her pocket, and addressing the doctor.*) Why! Dr. Young! How do you do? I have been waiting ever so long for you. Mother has a troublesome cough, and sent me for you. (*A half-stifled groan from Jack.*)

DR. Y.—(*With a scorching side-glance at Jack.*) Ah! you don't say! I will go right back with you; that is, if you are ready. (*With a significant glare at our hero.*)

(*Miss S. takes Dr.'s arm and they go out.*)

JACK.—(*Recovering himself and indulging in a long, low whistle.*) Whew!!

THE TWO THOUSAND AND FIRST NIGHT.

AS the Sultan still seemed interested, Skehezyrade continued with the tale of—

THE WONDERFUL HORSE AND THE ENCHANTED PROFESSOR.

In one of the large cities of Berseker, where the mud-plant blooms in the spring and it snows on the fourth of July, there once lived a rich merchant, whose brother was a magician. One day this merchant said to his brother, "What shall I do with my son Abuli? He can now play billiards, base-ball, and poker perfectly; what is lacking in his education?" "Let him mingle with learned men," said the magician; "send him to college. Bid him come to me and I will advise him."

That same evening Abuli visited the palace of his uncle, from whom he received a great deal of good counsel, and, at his departure, a richly bound book, upon whose cover were inscribed curious hieroglyphics. "This," said the magician, "is the best and most wonderful horse in the world. It is worth exactly three and one-half libraries of Bohn and Harper. At the wish of the owner it will become the translation of any classical text extant, and at the gaze of a professor will turn to the original text. But beware! Do not let a professor touch it, lest he become enchanted with it, and wish to get it." The youth speedily forgot all the good advice, but rejoiced greatly over the horse, secretly resolving never to sell it or give it away.

Upon his arrival he quickly made many friends by allowing his class-mates to take a ride now and then upon the animal, and was soon elected Vice-President of his class. All went well until one day a professor, with whom he was quite a favorite, asked the loan of his book during the recitation, as he had left his own at home. Not having fully comprehended his uncle's warning, he allowed him to take it, and was dumbfounded at beholding the immediate enchantment of the professor, who was transformed into a mule. The other fellows, however, arousing from their usual recitation nap, supposed that some bright one of their number had concealed a mule in the stove, and he had just now escaped. After amusing themselves for some time with his antics, they made off, too much pleased at having a bolt to inquire further for the professor, who, now, unaccustomed to handling four legs, walked about in a most comical manner until another member of the Faculty, recognizing a pair of spectacles which still remained over the mule's eyes, took him away and safely housed him.

While all manner of experiments were being performed upon the poor animal in order to disenchant him, Abuli, in great dismay at the result of his imprudence, obtained leave of absence on the plea that his grandmother had the mumps, and hurried to his uncle. "Ah," said the magician, "you did not see the double meaning in my words. Always carefully think over my speeches hereafter, and act judiciously. The professor can be disenchanted by licking him."

Abuli, overjoyed at this information, since he thought he would regain his horse, hastened back to college, and again failed to consider his uncle's words. Obtaining a stout stick, he crept softly in to the stable of the quasi-mule at night, and began to beat him soundly. The animal's cries reached the ears of the watchman near by, and Abuli barely escaped detection. Thinking, however, that his plan had failed only on account of too little beating, he continued it the next night, and again failing, was about to give up in despair, as the mule was rapidly becoming aware of his kicking powers; when the thought struck him that it must be the other kind of licking to which his uncle had referred. On trying this he found that the mule bore it very quietly. He had almost finished the transformation, and was just at work upon the mule's hoofs, when he heard some one approaching, and fearing to be nicknamed a bootlick, he fled. The professor was always obliged to wear peculiar shaped boots after this, and always gave Abuli good marks to prevent his becoming angry and giving him away. But the horse has never since been seen.

A CONTRAST.

FAINT HEART.

She is so fair, 'tis my despair!
So blue her eyes, her hair so golden.
Fain would I speak, yet do not dare,
She is so fair. 'Tis my despair
That I can neither cease to care
Nor yet my timid heart embolden.
She is so fair, 'tis my despair!
So blue her eyes, her hair so golden.

UNDAUNTED.

As it rains, and I've an umbrella,
With plenty of room here for two,—
If you please, I'll join you, Miss Ella,
As it rains, and I've an umbrella;
I'll try to shelter you well—ah!
Gone with Jim—I guess I'll ask Sue,
As it rains—and I've an umbrella,
With plenty of room here for two.

BASE BALL.

AT a meeting of the College B. B. Association, Monday, May 8, it was voted that the following series of games be played, weather permitting, for the class-championship, and that

the members of the winning nine receive each a silver medal :

MAY.

Wednesday, 10, Juniors *vs.* Sophomores.
 Saturday, 13, Seniors *vs.* Juniors.
 Saturday, 20, Juniors *vs.* Freshmen.
 Wednesday, 24, Seniors *vs.* Sophomores.
 Saturday, 27, Juniors *vs.* Freshmen.
 Wednesday, 31, Sophomores *vs.* Freshmen.

JUNE.

Saturday, 3, Seniors *vs.* Juniors.
 Wednesday, 7, Seniors *vs.* Freshmen.
 Saturday, 10, Juniors *vs.* Sophomores.
 Wednesday, 14, Seniors *vs.* Freshmen.
 Saturday, 17, Seniors *vs.* Sophomores.
 Wednesday, 21, Sophomores *vs.* Freshmen.

The series opened with a fair game between '83 and '84, in which neither class particularly distinguished itself, and which was stopped by injury to the Sophomore catcher. It was agreed that the game should stand as ended at the close of the sixth inning. The score is as follows :

	1	2	3	4	5	6	
Juniors,	3	0	2	0	3	1	= 9
Sophomores,	3	2	1	0	0	0	= 6

Base Hits, Sophomores 4, Juniors 3.

Errors, Sophomores 17, Juniors 13.

As the Freshmen had arranged a game for Saturday, the 13th, the second game was fixed for Friday, but rain prevented its occurrence. It will be played Monday, the 22d.

The Freshmen-Pittsfield game was very well played, showing much ability on the part of the former, the principal feature of the game being the two fine double plays made by them. The score is as follows :

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Freshmen,	0	1	2	2	1	2	2	2	0	= 12
Pittsfields,	1	0	1	0	1	1	2	0	0	= 6

COLLEGE NOTES.

ONE of the heavy weights of '84, answers to the name of Jumbo.

WHO will rake in the medals?

TIFFANY & Co., do the engraving for the graduating class.

THE college orchestra plays in Albany, Wednesday night.

PROF. SAFFORD has quite a large class optional Astronomy.

BOARD \$2.99½ a week, for the first month, "Paradise Regained."

WAGES and the Tariff are beginning to trouble the Sophomore's brain.

THE Freshmen's game at Bennington, May 10th resulted in a draw 15—15.

THE Seniors are said to be looking forward with great pleasure to Dr. Hall's return.

THE new Sigma Phi house will occupy the same site that the present one now does.

PROF. MEARS expects to translate a German work on Physics for the use of future classes.

THE exercises of the Literary Societies were omitted last week, in courtesy to Mr. Sayford.

THE Juniors now use the genuine Harvard "blue-books," and still they are not contented.

MR. DIXWELL HEWITT, formerly of '85, caught for the visiting nine, in the game last Saturday.

THE Juniors in the French Division are now reading Moliere's comedy, *Le Malade Imaginaire*.

THE feeling seems to be rather against straw hats. Mortar-boards have taught us wisdom.

MR. BULLOCK has kindly given the college the stone needed in the erection of the new dormitory.

SPREADS are to be given this Commencement by the Kappa Alpha, and Alpha Delta Phi fraternities.

PROF. RICE preached in Pittsfield Sunday, and the Juniors took a rest in French and German Monday morning.

THE Sophomore class supper committee consists of Collins, Hayes, Martin, Dewey, Seymour and Woodbridge.

THE Juniors are busily engaged in rehearsing for the June Dramatics. The play will be "Six Waters Run Deep."

F. B. Yates, '82, will represent Williams at the Inter-Collegiate Athletic Meeting at the Polo Grounds, May 27th.

PRESIDENT CARTER has a few lithographs of the new dormitory, which he has been distributing among friends.

CHALLENGES have been received by the business manager of the ball nine, from Union, Wesleyan, and Williston.

MOUNTAIN DAY will be combined with Decoration Day this year, if nothing happens, thus giving nearly three days' vacation.

A HISTORICAL society is to be formed by Prof. Perry next term. It is to consist of Seniors and Juniors, and will do original work.

SOON to be issued by the Cole's Block Pub. Co., "French and German Fables, or Pearls from the Modern Language Room."

THE "Mathematical" Sophs visited Prof. Smith's recitation last week, probably (?) to show remorse at their unfortunate choice of optionals.

THE honesty of '83 is something miraculous. One member recently sent another a five cent piece in a note during recitation, and it arrived safely.

By a mistake the last ARGO stated that the Graves prize speaking would occur on July 2d, which is Sunday. July 1st, Saturday, is the correct date.

MR. KISSAM of '84, will leave his class and sail for Europe the 1st of June. On his return in the fall he will probable enter the Columbia Law School.

How the mountains must have labored! Two communications, "severely censuring," out of one "*ridiculous* muss!" The Sophomore scrap-books are booming.

"DICK" LANSING expects to build immediately a house for himself and family, back of the new dormitory, costing \$6,000. The architect is Mr. Cutter, of Troy, N. Y.

WE notice a statement in the University Magazine that Williams is to be represented in the new song book. We would inquire on what authority they make that statement.

MATZ and Buell '82, were the delegates to the Alpha Delta Phi Convention, held in New York this week, Perkins and Seymour '82, Crowell '83, Squier '84, and Man '85, also attended.

She only said, "I greatly fear he
Is on a bum," she said:
She said, "and if he's very beery,
I'll surely break his head."

WEDNESDAY, May 10th, the Sophomores held a ball and bawl at the new Gym; tripping the light (?) fantastic toe to the inspiring strains of a harp and fiddle. Could the musicians have been members of the Orchestra in disguise?

OUR poetry machine says that he should not consider several "*Rondeaus*" which he has noticed in college journals, legitimately such, as the first word or words of the first verse should be the same as the refrain at the end of the second and third verses.

ONE would imagine, after reading the New York papers, that every "classical" Soph carried a club for the especial purpose of bulldozing the Prof., and that their recitation resembled a "tempest in a teapot." But no, they listen to the philological lectures with the air of lambs.

THERE is a movement being started among the Sophomores to make an expedition next August along the sea shore—as far south as Charleston or Savannah, stopping at Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, etc. A staunch yacht and competent sailors will be procured, and if a sufficient number engage in the enterprise, an enjoyable trip is expected.

TWO PAIRS.

There is a pair of big brown eyes,
Whose sparkling glances thrill me;
Approval from them is a prize,
Though censure would not kill me.
At sight of them my heart beats fast,
My blood bestirs its paces.
I feel as if a look I'd cast
Upon—a pair of aces.

A *Courant* man has made the following compilation of the amounts of matter in various college journals.

	Cols.
The Record (and Supplement,)	26½
Advocate,	23
Crimson,	24
Spectator,	28
ARGO,	28
Acta,	28
Athenæum,	28
Chronicle (4 cols. of Alumni Notes,)	32
Courant,	29

The Freshman bawls in college halls,
And wakes up all the dormitory ;
The Sophomore blows his horn at foes
And longs for combats grim and gory.
Toot, tin horn, toot, set the row a-going,
Toot, tin horn; answer, Freshmen, blowing, blowing, blowing.

PERSONALS.

'24. The *Congregationalist* of May 3d has in its department entitled "Great Subjects," an article on "The Supernatural," by Dr. Hopkins.

'27. Hon. Ashael Foote has just returned from California, and will spend the summer and part of the fall in Williamstown.

'33. It has just been learned by the necrologist that Samuel Day, of Ann Arbor, Mich., died April 3, 1881.

'49. The third volume of "The Public Service of the State of N. Y. under the Administration of Alonzo B. Cornell, Governor," of which Paul A. Chadbourne is Editor-in-Chief, has just been issued. It contains a paper by him upon "Federal Administration."

'49. Rev. Dr. R. R. Booth has just been elected director of the Princeton Theological Seminary; he is also a director of the N. Y. Union Theological Seminary.

'52. About twelve or fourteen men will be present on the 30th anniversary. Rev. Thos. W. Punnett is rector of the Episcopal Church in Catonsville, Md.

'52. Rev. S. C. Pixley, of South Africa, is now in Boston, engaged in translating the Bible into the Zulu tongue.

'55. John P. Hause, for two years professor of Latin in Ripon College, has been, since 1875, principal of the Classical Academy in Janesville, Wis.

'55. Daniel Dewey, a former treasurer of the college, and now a wool merchant in Newton, Mass., has just started on a California trip. He called in Williamstown on the way.

'55. Carswell McLellan is the assistant of Major C. J. Allen, engineer corps, U. S. A., and is engaged upon the Northern Pacific R. R.

'55. Rev. D. J. Holmes has just finished a most successful pastorate at Oshkosh, Wisconsin;

and has now been transferred to the First M. E. Church in Janesville, Wis.

'55. Rev. S. B. Forbes, who has been quite prominent in temperance work for the last three years, was lately installed over the Second Congregational Church at Rockville, Conn.

'58. Rev. E. P. Hammond has an article in the *New York Evangelist* for May 11, entitled "Reminiscences in Erie, Pa."

'61. Hon. E. Rockwood Hoar delivered the address at the funeral of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

'67, '59, '49. In a syllabus of the course of lectures to be delivered before the American Institute of Christian Philosophy, at Warwick Woodlands, Greenwood Lake, occur H. W. Mabie, July 14, evening, "Literature and Popular Life"; Rev. Washington Gladden, July 18, morning, "Christianity and Social Science"; Prest. John Bascom, July 24, morning, "Mind and Matter."

'68. J. P. Truesdell has been spending the winter in Florida, for his health.

'70. Melville Egleston was married on Wednesday, May 3d, to Miss Dunbar, of Stratford, Conn. Mr. Egleston expects to practice law at Elizabeth, N. J.

'71, '75, '77. Wilhemus Mynderse, Robert Townsend, and Gilbert Livingston, spent last Sunday in town.

'72. Isaac Henderson, Jr., has severed all connection with the *N. Y. Evening Post*, and together with his wife has gone abroad for two years. They will spend most of the time with Madame Gerster, who is a great friend of Mrs. Henderson.

'73. Truman W. Saunders, a leading Milwaukee lawyer, died about the middle of February.

'75. C. B. Bullard graduated from Union Theological Seminary last week.

'76. G. K. Thompson, a member of the law firm of King, Maxwell & Thompson, Cincinnati, leaves for Europe on the 30th of May.

'79. G. W. Andrews graduated from Hartford Theological Seminary last week. He goes directly to the Congregational Church in Orleans, Mass.

'80. Lansing Van Schoonhoven has left Auburn Theological Seminary to settle up his father's estate. He will return in the fall.

EXCHANGES.

FOR the past week we have been attempting to throw off the thought that the day was again approaching when we must assume the garb of a critic, enter the sanctum, flourish the quill and shears, and there pass judgment upon the influx awaiting us. Vain the endeavor. The visions of this day, which at last has come, have been in our dreams at night, our dessert at meals. But enough of revery. Now for the pile before us.

We take up the *Argus*. It is a meritorious sheet, presenting a solid front in editorials, which pertain, much to its credit, especially to home affairs. The habit, which this paper exemplifies, of giving attention to matters directly connected with one's own college, will bear thoughtful consideration by some of our exchanges which expend their immature force in editorials on bills pending before Congress, or some tariff act; or belch forth a tirade on Johnny Chinaman. Bear in mind, you who have wasted your rhetorical muscle in vainly attempting to scoop some precious pearl from the vast depths of political life to place in the crown of public opinion, that, although you may dig as hard, perchance, as the editors of our daily papers, your most deserving efforts will go begging for readers; while you will have robbed your paper of the space it ought to give to collegiate affairs. The *Argus* comments thoughtfully and wisely on our thirteen unfortunate Freshmen, blaming the professor and satirizing our examination system. We trust that such sentiments, coming from the outside world, will tend to influence the Williams faculty to do away with these conscience-killing examinations.

The *Princetonian* comes robed in semi-ancient covering, and looks not only novel, but in its novelty is quite refreshing. It is heavily laden with base ball items, thus showing the interest Princeton takes in athletics. In stories and other usual matter it takes a cheap seat. The *Courant*, in this last regard, and, we may say, in

other respects as well, occupies a front seat in the parquette, with the *Advocate*, *Crimson*, *Record*, *Spectator*, and *Acta* in the same row. We venture one criticism on the last, however. Its stories are sometimes tinctured with sentiments which border on the vulgar, and which, whether in sarcasm of co-education or not, tend to lower the otherwise high standard of the paper.

The Harvard *Herald* praises the good will rapidly increasing between Eastern and Western colleges, and hopes the latter will not hinder this friendly sympathy by continually making their pretensions to equality with the former "a thorn in the flesh." It thinks, while it does not deny the undisputed worth of such institutions as the University of Michigan, that there are other smaller ones, and these almost numberless, which have no right to claim equality with the better institutions of the East. With this idea we fully agree. There are but two colleges in the West which can reasonably be said to approach, in the advantages they hold out for an education, Yale, Harvard, Columbia, Princeton, and, pardon us, if we include Williams. These are North Western University and the University of Michigan. Yet there are scores of well-styled mushroom colleges dotting the hillocks and plains west of the Alleghanies, which, in their extreme infancy and poverty, assume to be on a level with the institutions above named. They do it perhaps with honesty, but it is honesty the child of ignorance. But as to the two universities we have mentioned, and one or two other institutions of the West, if they are not able now to offer the advantages of the East, the time is coming, and soon, when they may claim all for education that Eastern colleges do; and, we must admit, in the fullness of maturer years the West may not only be the garden of the world, but may possess the later Athens of America. We concur with the idea of the *Herald*, that if the West will admit the fact of its inferior advantages "then harmony will prevail." With the great interchange of students now going on between the two sections, combined with the tremendous energy of the West, the admission of inferiority may in the next half-century be on the other side.

OTHER COLLEGE NOTES.

THE following schedule of games to be played between college nines will be of interest to our base ball men. We give in this issue only the games to be played on or before May 20:

- May 6. Brown vs. Harvard, Cambridge, 6—7.
 May 8. Brown vs. Dartmouth, Hanover, 12—9.
 May 10. Brown vs. Yale, New Haven, 2—4.
 May 10. Amherst vs. Dartmouth, Hanover, 7—23.
 May 13. Yale vs. Harvard, Cambridge.
 May 13. Princeton vs. Amherst, Amherst.
 May 15. Princeton vs. Dartmouth, Hanover.
 May 17. Dartmouth vs. Harvard, Cambridge.
 May 18. Brown vs. Dartmouth, Providence.
 May 19. Princeton vs. Harvard, Princeton.
 May 20. Princeton vs. Harvard, Princeton (exhibition).
 May 20. Brown vs. Yale, Providence.

HARVARD:—The original gift for the new Law School building was \$100,000, but the approved plans will necessitate \$126,000 for the building and \$9,000 additional for the furnishing. The donor has kindly increased his liberal gift, so that it will now be possible for Harvard law students to enjoy the privileges of a building not surpassed in this country, and probably not in the world.—*Harvard Herald*.

—THE lacrosse team will play the Princeton team, either at Princeton or Philadelphia, on May 27. If at Philadelphia, a game with the Baltimores will also be played.—*Herald*.

ELSEWHERE:—Class Day will be celebrated June 2d, with more elaborate exercises than have ever been previously attempted at Columbia. A large amount of money has been subscribed, and most of it is paid in.—*Acta*.

—CORNELL is to have a new building costing \$15,000, to be used for military drill and gymnastic exercise. Yale has a yacht squadron of eight vessels.

—BOWDOIN, Princeton, and Wesleyan surely, and probably Pennsylvania, Columbia, Cornell, and University of Toronto, will row in the Lake George Regatta July 4.

—T. H. MCGRAW has just given Amherst a \$50,000 endowment for the chair of Mental and Moral Philosophy.

OLIPPINGS.

NEW style of western joke. Suppose there was a man named Icular, and he had a dog. When they were together they could not lie down, because they would have to remain purp-and-Icular.—*Worcester Collegian*.

"I KNOW," said a little girl at the supper table to Lieut. A., "that you will join our society to prevent cruelty to birds, because mamma says you are so fond of larks." Then there was a silence and the Limburger cheese was heard scrambling around in the tin box on the shelf.—*Ex*.

PROFESSOR.—"To understand this subject thoroughly, we must understand our next of kin. Now, for a practical example: Who would be yours?" Student (promptly.) "My children, sir." (Great commotion.) Professor: "Yes, I know, but without going into facts." (Still greater commotion and intense discomfiture of student.)—*Ex*.

TEACHER—"Class in Geography, stand up. What is a strait?" Small Boy (next to the foot)—"A straight beats two pairs, three of a kind, and generally takes the pot—unless some fellow happens to have a cold deck slipped up his coat sleeve." Teacher—"Let us pray."—*Hobart Herald*.

THE Pine arbutus in the woods
 Trails on the frosty ground,
 The dealer in Men's Fancy Goods
 His Spring Styles spreads around.

The buds their gummy wrappers snap,
 And hops the frisky toad;
 The Bicycler, in Polo Cap,
 Takes headers on the road. —*Ex*.

THIS is a Junior. See his Plug Hat. He has a Stick in his Hand. Which is the Stick? The Junior is not a Stick. Oh, no! He has a Plug, too. The Plug is Too-Too. Does he Chew the Plug? No, he does not Chews to. The Plug is used to ride. When did he get those Kids? Do Juniors often have Kids? Yes, yes! The Kids raise Cane. Does the Junior ever Cane the Kids? Tell me what is a Junior Good for? Nobody knows. Perhaps a Roman Nose. Maybe he is good for something. Who can Tell?—*Wabash*.

THE ARGO.

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THE ARGO.

Published fortnightly during the college year by the students of Williams College.

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Students and graduates of Williams are requested to contribute articles, verses, letters, and Alumni notes.

WE earnestly urge the college to give its hearty support to the Junior Dramatics on Wednesday night. The participants have rehearsed very diligently, and no time or trouble has been spared to make the performance a success. Messrs. Doyle and F. D. Smith, who impersonate the female characters, act remarkably well, while Messrs. Holmes, Holt, and R. S. Smith, in the leading male characters, do admirably.

THE success of the experiment of having inter-class games is evident from the increase in the number of spectators at each succeeding contest, and the few croakers who alway predict a gloomy future for enterprise in any form, must now be silent. Instead of watching the great unwashed, represented by the factory wives of Blackinton Pownal and other rural spots in our vicinity, hurling malignant curses upon the umpire, or threatening to throw him in the lake, we enjoy quiet, interesting, and, for the most part, well-played games. The change cannot be otherwise than pleasant to all members of the college.

WHEN the erection of Clark Hall began and lumber littered up the shady spot beneath the fine old trees, where many a long, hot afternoon used to be lazily spent in reading or conversation, a general groan went up from east and south at the loss of their favorite lounging place. But now that the building is finished, the debris cleared away, and a new lawn well started, would it not be well, as soon as the grass is well set, to remove the one broken old green bench, which alone serves to recall former days, and place several new ones around the trees? It would make glad the heart of many an inhabitant of those regions.

AGAIN the western fiend is on the rampage. No sooner has he collected the melodious songs of countless colleges, and begun to distribute them almost free of cost to his beloved eastern brethren, than he bursts forth once more in another magnificent enterprise, a second compilation. Ha! "A History of College Journalism!" For ten cents! How the world will clutch at it! Its sale will far exceed that of the "Sketches from the *Harvard Lampoon*," of course, but how can the east be expected to compete with the vast west, which has produced such bright and shining lights in the world of college journalism. But our history? Oh! no, we would rather not, dear Occidental kinsmen. You have plenty of material on your rolling prairies without needing us. Give us a little breathing spell. You weary us!

THERE are no honors at the disposal of the class during the college course more highly estimated, none over which there is greater contest, than the class-day appointments. That is the one day of the whole four years which belongs exclusively to the class, and to participate in the exercises of that day is always regarded as very desirable. Care, then, should be taken in the distribution of these appointments, to see that

the honor attached to each is proportionate to the importance of its duties. The class secretary, it seems to us, has been generally regarded as of but little consequence. He is the last one elected, and his name appears last on class-day invitations. Yet he is a permanent officer, has duties which are much more arduous than those of any of the other appointees, and his work after graduation is quite important. At other colleges he is placed much higher on the list, and by some at the head. Why should not this change be made here? Let the next Senior class seriously consider it. Once done, it will serve as a precedent to succeeding classes, which will probably be faithfully followed.

IT is not the business of a college paper to station itself in an attitude of infallibility, and as public *censor* to discharge thence its thunders at whatever does not meet its approbation in the conduct of the students, or in the proceedings and methods of the faculty. Still, it is in the province of the paper to deal in a modest way with the difficulties which arise in college life. The behavior of the class in botany is certainly such as the instinct of every gentleman in it condemns. Cell growth, vascular femelles, and spiral ducts, are, to be sure, subjects of no very lively interest to most students, and, to be sure, Shakespeare says, "No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en," and of course, on analysis day, the large collection of vegetables offers peculiar temptations to the men who are practicing for the annual fall throw. Yet, when the instructor anxiously does his best to make the recitation interesting; when he uniformly treats the class with punctilious courtesy, and appeals to the men as gentlemen to behave as such, to show some degree of respect and order, will any man persist in a course of conduct which he would only be ashamed of in any other place than in what he seems to regard as the *licensed* class-room, and which in any society should be characterized as utterly boorish?

IN this country, where public assemblies are of such frequent occurrence, where every body, no matter how small or for what purpose it was

convened, feels the necessity of a formal organization and of governing its meetings by regularly-established rules of order, it certainly behooves college students to make themselves acquainted with the principles of parliamentary law and the management of organized bodies, the lack of which knowledge is painfully manifest in the meetings of the various organizations in college. To meet this need, it has been proposed that certain meetings of the literary societies be entirely devoted to parliamentary practice, some preparation, of course, being made beforehand. This would answer to a certain extent, but what we would recommend as more effective is a regularly organized Senate, which should take the place of the literary exercises of the societies once a month, and should be composed of members of the Adelpic Union. If the arrangements were placed in the hands of a competent committee, the meetings would be exceedingly interesting and valuable. Besides the interest in methods of legislation which it would arouse, it would give better opportunities for impromptu debate on questions of order, which kind of debate is exceedingly profitable. We commend this subject to the attention of those interested, as worthy of their consideration.

IN a former issue of the ARGO, an article was published, advocating, among other things, the union of the libraries of the two literary societies. The reasons assigned for such a change were good, and the proposition met with general approval, but at the same time was deemed impracticable. Recently, however, the president of one of the societies in his retiring address urged the society to take the subject into consideration. The recommendation was acted upon, and now there is a joint committee of six from the two societies appointed to consider the feasibility of the proposed change, and to report as soon as practicable. We sincerely hope that their report will be favorable. There can be no doubt that this alteration is desirable, and we do not see any very great difficulties in the way. The new library may be separated into two branches, the one containing some of the departments, as, for instance, those of fiction, poetry, biography, etc.,

to be placed in one hall, and the remaining departments, constituting the second branch, to be placed in the other. No duplicates of a book need now be bought unless it were thought that the call for it would require more than one copy, and the duplicates now on hand could be sold for the benefit of the library. All the copies of the standard and most popular works, however, should be preserved. The whole library could be placed under the charge of librarians appointed by the Adelpic Union, and their duties and recompense be determined by amendments to the constitution of that body.

THE first of June brought to a close the courses in the elective studies of Senior year. After a trial of seven months, the experiment as a whole must be considered a success, and proves that not only is an elective system practicable in this conservative institution, but it is also advisable. Among much that is commendable there are many drawbacks to the scheme which has been in operation during the past year. Most of these have been mentioned and criticised in the college journals, and remedies for them suggested. Some of the courses pursued have been thought unnecessary, while electives in several new studies have been requested. But apart from these faults, there seems to be a defect which only an extension or entire removal of this system to Junior year will remedy. Many of these electives are a continuation of studies pursued in the lower classes, and an absence of a year from them has diminished much of the knowledge which the student has gained, as well as his interest in the subject, and hence it is now taken up under somewhat unfavorable circumstances. If, now, the electives were transferred wholly or in part to the Junior year, the subject could be studied without interruption until the student had completed it. The whole of the Senior year might be devoted advantageously to subjects which require the exercise of thought and wide reading. In this connection we would recommend that History be made a Senior study, where it could be taken up much more successfully. We have no doubt that, as the elective system has now a hold upon Williams,

it will gradually be extended. Nor do we regret this, for it seems to us that the college student of to-day demands that he shall have some option as to what he studies, that he may to a certain extent follow the bent of his inclinations.

RETROSPECTION.

RONDEAU.

Alas for me, that time can show
Such changes since the long ago,
When countless quarrels, kisses, clashes,
Coquettish winks and witty flashes,
Went masquerading to and fro:

The stationery scented so
Like violets; the crooked row
Of angles, adjectives and dashes—
Alas!—for me.

For thus it was while in the glow
Of youth I let the breezes blow,
The flames that brought my heart to ashes.
Entangled in her silken lashes,
Young Cupid slyly bent his bow,—
Alas for me!

—F. V. S.

THE LOST WAGER.

“NO! I never lost but one bet while I was in college,” said George Wyllis, leaning back in his chair in easy enjoyment of senior tranquillity, “never but one bet, and that was three months or so ago.”

“What was that, George? and how did you lose it?” said I, reaching over to get his last match and lighting some of his mixture in his best pipe, “it was about a girl, I’ll venture to say.”

“Wrong!” said George, “it was about a cigar; and the winner was that little Freshman who lived opposite me first term. He was one of those little brutes who want to make a bet of everything—bet that it would rain to-morrow—bet that it wouldn’t—bet that he could mash any girl in town—bet that he would take honors in his class (he was dropped, you know). How I hate such a fellow!” and George emitted a meditative puff.

“Yes, but this particular time, when you were abandoned?” I suggested; “he must have played it rather sharp that time.”

"Oh yes! sharp's no name for it," responded George. "It happened this way. He came home from A's one night, with two of the most awful looking cigars I ever saw; regular long-nine, show-case, india-rubber sort, you know, and, as a special favor, he presented me with one. It was rather warm next day, and my door stood open. As I passed casually before his table, working upon that cigar of his, standing in the shadow I waited for a moment, and what do you think the little wretch was doing? He had carefully taken off the end of the cigar, hollowed it out, and in the cavity he was pouring a charge of gun-powder. Then he put on the end again with a little paste, grinning all the time like a mischievous monkey. Just as he finished, the bell rang, and he had to rush away. Well! as I hated the little animal, I thought it would do no harm to waltz into his room, and carelessly change cigars, which I did; putting a drop of paste on the one I had left there, so that it looked just like the one charged with powder. All this time I had no idea that I was the object of his deviltry."

"The cigar was for you?" said I.

"Yes," continued George. "That very evening he came sauntering into the room in a leisurely manner, and began to bore me in the usual way, on the subject of his magnificent bets. Finally he said, in an off-hand style: 'Got that cigar I gave you, George?' I said yes, and took the loaded one out of my pocket. 'Ho!' said he, 'I thought they were just alike, but just see how much stronger this one of mine is than that of yours. It's four shades blacker.'

"'Pooh!' was my brilliant retort. 'Bet you it is,' said he, 'bet you can't smoke this one of mine through: Come now!' Well, of course I saw his game, and remarked that I didn't care if I did smoke that weed of his, just to prove to him what a strong head I owned, and what a fool he was; so I took his cigar and lighted it, and then observed that he had better keep me company by smoking too. He agreed, and I handed him the charged cigar which he lighted as innocently as you please, and then sat there watching me, waiting with a half grin on his ugly little face for mine to explode."

"Did it?"

"Yes! you can imagine the ending; as he was puffing calmly, and evidently expecting the impending catastrophe to occur to me, his own cigar vanished suddenly in a blaze of light, taking with it his eye-brows, part of his hair, and the little moustache he was trying so hard to raise. I thought that I had blinded the fellow, and so I would have done, too, if his old spectacles hadn't resisted the shock, so I hopped up and ran to repair damages. As I did so, my own cigar fell out my hand and went into the water-pitcher; and that little villain rose up amid an awful smell of burnt hair, and shouted: 'There! you've lost your bet. I knew you wouldn't smoke that through;—cheeky to the last, you see. Of course I had lost, and that miserable Freshman stood there triumphing over me, in spite of his lost hair and a big black smudge on his face.'

"So you lost your five dollars?" said I. "well I guess you had the best of it."

"Five dollars be hanged," said George. "Who said five dollars? That was the only bet I ever lost, and it was only cream at W. O. S."

"Did you pay it after he recovered?" I asked.

"Not exactly," returned George dreamily. "The Freshman was sent, the week afterward, before I had time to pay, and strange as it may seem, he has never been back since to claim it. Funny, isn't it?" and George relapsed again into smoke and tranquillity.

SOME FRENCH FORMS OF VERSE.

SINCE Mr. Austin Dobson, in his delightful volume—"Proverbs in Pöcelain"—has shown how the Rondeau, Rondel, Ballade, Villanelle, and Triolet, may be advantageously employed for certain moods of the poet, the literature of to-day has been very materially enriched by the experiments of various persons in these fixed forms borrowed from the French.

Strict adherents to what may be called "old fogysm" of rhyme have strenuously maintained their inferiority to the commonplace forms. I recall an article in the "Contributors' Club" of the *Atlantic Monthly* which closes with a sentiment similar to this:—"they are cages without the bird." Some, less rigid, cast the Sonnet in

the ring as an only-fit-to-be preserved fixed form. That these forms are capable of "caging the bird" must be confessed when we look at Mr. Dobson's charming studies. See how he utilizes the Rondeau in his translations from Horace. "O Fons Bandusiae,"—the Rondel in "Vitas Hinnuleo"; and notice the whole construction of that most delightful of Ballades, "The Ballade of Prose and Rhyme."

It is not my purpose to try to defend these foreigners—they need no defense. True, each has its own special place. The Ballade is doubtless the chief, yielding itself to a greater variety of moods than the others; best there are certain thoughts which seem best expressed in some particular one of the others, be it Rondeau, Rondee or Triolet. In Mr. Arthur Penn's valuable and interesting little book, "The Rhymster," we find models of all these forms, with some timely comments. Many of the examples are from Mr. H. O. Bunner, than whom no American has shown greater skill in mastering these rebels. He is said to have been the first in this country to try the Chant Royal, a form, by the way, which is purposely omitted on account of its difficulty. Mr. Bunner's Triolet, "A Pitcher of Mignonette," Rondel, "Ready for the Ride," are charming, the former being one of the best ever written. The Vilanelle is difficult, owing to the frequent recurrence of the refrains. Mr. Dobson's "To Theocritus" is one of the best examples. Mr. Penn has written some bright Ballades, which the readers of the *Century* will remember; the principal one being "An American Girl." His opinions of what should govern in rhyme are well worth reading.

What I write for particularly is to complain of certain college rhymesters who allow crippled soldiers in the ranks. I notice continually, in one place or another, so-called Rondeaux which are such in neither metre nor form. It is to be regretted that one who has a taste for rhyming should feel willing to shatter the idols and write regardless of the pure models. In metre one should be particularly careful, as the music of society verse is one of its principal charms. Form is the chief trouble. Lately I saw (I think in a Harvard paper) a Rondeau where an innocent

little Cupid was made to perform all manner of gymnastic contortions in the role of a Refrain. This thing detracts greatly from any merit the rhyme may otherwise have.

I would advise strict adherence to the following rules:

Never redouble rhymes, as—

"light" and "delight,"
"let" and "violet."

Never vary your refrain.

Stick to the rhythm of the initial stanza in all fixed forms of rhyme. And now that I have complained, I venture to invite fellow rhymesters' attention to Andrew Lang's "Ballades in Blue China," Austin Dobson's "Vignettes in Rhyme," and Arthur Penn's "Rhymets." The three of which, if carefully read, will be good food for Pegasus. Don't print a verse as a Rondeau or Triolet unless it be such. Always let form be secondary to thought.

In conclusion, I want to confess that there is little of information in this scrap. It is intended merely to act as a signal to some Sophomoric Pegasus who, perchance, may be accustomed to too much liberty. Just tame him down a little until he acquires a steadier and more graceful gait.

F. D. S.

AN EXPLANATION.

O, sun! thou golden Sun! bright monarch of the day!
To whose refulgent orb benighted pagans pray,
I'd shower you with praise from morning until eve;
The odes that I should write you scarcely can conceive.

But you have too many spots, you are always in some
ascension or declination, which is decidedly unpleasant.

O moon! thou silver moon! who shinest far above!
By you I'd greatly like to swear my endless love;
Yea, to thy crescent fair ten sonnets I'd indite,
And each one should begin, "Hail! Hail! thou queen of night!"

But you are troubled with parallaxes, you monkey
with the tides too much, your eclipses are puzzling.

O stars! ye beaming stars! 'twould joy my inmost soul
To tell you how you are the ever distant goal
Toward which poor mortals strive, and but too oft in vain;
How you, in kindly mercy, send us, (I think) the rain.

But you suffer aberration; there are too many of you!
I do not know which of you is which. It bothers me!

And oh! ye planets all! I'd sing you with great glee,
If you did not recall that vile Astronomy!

THREE CHAPELS.

A SKETCH.

III.

AS the lingering tones of the last four from the chapel bell this morning died away upon the air, just giving a few breathless runners time to drop exhausted into their seats, and, no doubt, finding some slothful men still at breakfast or in bed, it was but another repetition of the same scene which had already been repeated again and again in this place through nearly twenty-three years. Nor has the building itself undergone a much greater degree of change. A fine organ now stands behind the handsome desk which has replaced the plain one of other years, a roomy transept provides for visitors, the bare, hard benches of other days have given way to cushioned seats, the memorial windows of Professors Tenney and Albert Hopkins fill two of the Gothic niches through which the building is lighted, and a neat fresco adorns the four walls. Otherwise it is almost the same chapel in all regards as the one into which the classes '60, '61, '62, and '63, first entered one day in September almost a quarter-century ago.

The dark and gloomy period of Williams' history was past, and all seemed bright and prosperous. Indeed, it was to accommodate the increasing number of students that it was built. The old chapel had been outgrown, and now the alumni and friends of the college responded cheerfully to Dr. Griffin's appeal for money. Its erection, carried on at the usual Williamstown pace, lasted through 1858 and '9, and all through the "Editor's Tables" of the old *Quarterlys* of those years are found numerous references to it, humorous and advisory, after the customary manner of student journalists. Finally the "old Norman ruin" reached its completion, and was dedicated in August, 1859, when Dr. Hopkins preached a sermon and William Pitt Palmer, of the class of 1828, read his poem, "Alumnus and Alma Mater."

Among the interesting incidents occurring in this place is one connected with the rebellion. The news of Lee's surrender and the overthrow of the rebels reached the college while it was still

in recitation. At the announcement of the thrilling news, the students, not stopping for a formal dismissal from the class-rooms, with cheer upon cheer rushed to the chapel, as if by appointment, and as the organist stepped to the organ, the notes of "My Country, 'tis of Thee" rang out upon the air, giving jubilant expression to their feeling of thankfulness. It must have been an impressive scene.

Before five years had passed, Williams herself was in a state of rebellion. A decree had been passed by the faculty that each absence from recitation should count as zero, at which the students revolted, and in a body remained away from recitations for a week. Delighting in their opportunity, the newspapers, great and small alike, presented the aspect of the situation, garbled or otherwise, together with their sage reflections upon the subject. As the outcome of the affair, the law "was not repealed, but became a dead letter," as many other such should become, and peace again reigned, although some one, exulting overmuch in the victory of the students, under cover of night painted an inscription commemorative of it upon the wall of the chapel, beneath one of the tablets.

The class rhetorical, since the occupation of the new chapel, have always been held in Alumni Hall, with the exception of four years, when the experiment of chapel stage-speaking, by the Seniors and Juniors, was tried, but failed on account of the meager audiences attending. The announcements of these exercises were made at evening prayers, and it is said that owing to the absent-mindedness of Dr. Chadbourne, one was given in rather a laughable manner. He had forgotten to make the customary statement until after he had begun to read the Bible, so he went on in this way: "Day unto day uttereth speech and night unto night uttereth knowledge—The second division of the Junior Class will have their rhetorical exercises this evening — there are no speeches or words in which their voices are not heard. Their voice is gone out to the ends of the earth and their words to the end of the world."

Probably most '82 men can remember coming into chapel one bitter winter morning, in their Freshman days, and finding the ubiquitous skele-

ton lying over a front seat, where it had fallen when the cord was cut by which it was suspended from the iron girder. Of that freak we still have a memorial in the parody, "The Skeleton in Chapel," published in an old number of the *Athenæum*, a couple of stanzas of which may serve as a tail-piece to this article :

"I was a Sophie bold,
My deeds, though manifold,
College press ne'er told,
No Freshie sang me.

* * * *

Daily, oh, horrid tale !
I, who was tough and hale,
Saw myself growing pale.
Would you believe it ?

* * * *

Yes, yes, with rapid pace
Ran I a winning race,
Down to a nameless place.
Wrongs are now ended.

I, in that fiery hole,
Quaff from a brimstone bowl,
Coal ! for the chapel ! coal !
Thus the tale ended."

MY FATES.

A little picture, group of three,
Upon its edge to scrawl some Greek—
Ah, yes ! "Τρεῖς Μοῖραι," strange the freak
By fate since played, as if in pique.

The nick-names given them by me,
From classic myth, that afternoon,
Almost in jest, a thankless boon,
To earnest turned, alas ! too soon.

For dainty Clotho, first, in glee,
A slender thread of romance spun,
With me its hero ; scarce begun,
It dropped, I, tragic ; she, in fun.

In anger, then, I bent the knee
To Lachesis, whose charming guile,
In coaxing tones, and siren smile,
My love-skein tangled for awhile.

In woful plight it seemed to be,
When Atropos, like her of old,
The slight thread cut. I, lover bold,
Replace it with her tress of gold.

—CARL.

A REJECTED GRAVES.

WE received the following interesting communication last week from one of our subscribers, and as we always desire to redress any wrong as far as possible, we print it :

"DEAR ARGONAUTS :—

I can bear the torture no longer. I must lay the matter before the world, and let each one judge for himself. This is my Graves prize essay. Yes, I see you start—for you have read it. It was rejected. Original as my treatment of the subject was, it was cruelly sat on. I leave it in your hands.

Yours,

LAWRENCE KELLOGG.

The manuscript read as follows :

"EVELYN'S DIARY."

June 21.—My dear mamma has just come into the room and kissed me eighteen times, for it is my birthday. She brought me in this nice, dear, lovely, precious little book, which she said was to be my journal. It is so white and clean, I like to write in it ever so much. To-day I came into my property, which my maid says is a half a million. I wonder how she knows ; she seems to know everything, from the wages of the scrubbing woman to papa's shares of railroad stock. But she tells me nice stories, and I don't care about the rest. She says all the young men in the city will be at my feet at the birthday party to-night. But she says that they will all be after my money, and I mustn't have anything to do with such ones, but only those who—mamma is calling me, and I must wait. She only wanted me to see the birthday cake, which is too nice for anything. Maid says, that I have been kept in too much, and don't know anything about the way things are outside. She will see, though, how I will manage, though.

June 23.—I forgot to write in my diary yesterday. I got up so late and was so sleepy. But the ball was just too elegant ; and maid was right, too. I am coming to think she knows more and more every day. There were so many young gentlemen, I don't remember any one of them very well, only one who kind of made me shiver when he looked at me, he had such cold eyes. But I have just been out to ride in our new carriage, through the park and down the river-bank ; it was just magnificent. And the new coachman, he

is awfully handsome, and I do believe he is trying to get up a flirtation with me; that's what maid calls it. He stares so at me all the time, but always helps me out and in so nicely. When we returned, I found two young gentlemen waiting for me. Mamma said they had been at the party and were college fellows. Anyway, one of them talked about Greek history with her all the time, while the other one was telling me about "bats," and "grinding," and how he cribbed his "Trig." straight. They were a funny pair.

June 25.—I do declare! I have forgotten again, and didn't write yesterday; but I had so many callers. Maid says, every one is wild about me, but (I must write it, it is *such* a secret!) she and I both like the coachman the best. She says he is awfully genteel, and wouldn't wonder if he had hired out as coachman so as to be near me. What an adventure it would be; he must like me awfully, to work so hard and to leave an easy life of luxury so as to see me often. I believe maid is right, when she says he cares more for me than any of these fortune-hunters; and he don't stare now, only looks smiling and brave.

June 26.—I have just been out to ride again, and we had such a queer time. Maid went with me, and we drove way up in the mountains; but pretty soon it began to thunder and I was dreadfully frightened; but Harry, that's his name, found a hotel pretty soon, and we put up the horses, and all went into the parlor. By-and-by maid went off, and then Harry began to tell me how much he loved me and wanted to marry me. But it all came so sudden, I didn't know what I could do. I knew mamma would worry because I hadn't told her about how nice Harry was, and so I said we'd better wait, and when the rain cleared off we all went home again.

June 27.—I didn't dare tell anybody about it, for fear Harry would scold, and I do like him so. We are going out riding again this afternoon.

June 28.—We went off to the same place, but it didn't rain; and all was so bright, I thought 'twas such a nice day to do it, I would run away with maid and Harry. But just as we were waiting for the minister, in came those horrid college fellows with papa; and the Greek history one said, "There is the rascal," Papa began to beat

Harry, and I was awfully scared, but did not da say anything. Harry and maid have gone since then, and mamma says he was only a wicked gambler, and it was all a plot. But the Greek history man keeps coming every day now. It isn't so very bad, and mamma says he found out about that horrid coachman.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

A collection of condensed and intensely interesting tales

BY CHARLES CREADE.

BUSTED!

Gus Jinks was walking down Broadway at a rapid gait. Just ahead he saw a maiden, with golden molasses hair and lots of style.

Gus was terribly, utterly, mashed.

He stole up to her and touched her on the shoulder.

As she turned, he said, hoarsely,

"Can I be your wife?—that is—ch—can I marry you?"

"Well, scarcely!" said she turning on a dainty French heel. Gus madly skipped the gutter. He was *left*.

THE NOACHIAN ROMANCE.

I had a boss mash. Her name was Jones. But hold on. I wanted to send her a birth-day present.

Also, I wished to send a pair of old boots to the cobbler.

I hired an errand boy. Oh, cruel fate!

He changed the parcels.

Her brother caught me by the collar and pulled my nose.

I am hunting for the errand boy.

THE R-R-RIVALS!

Alanson Von Bullhead Pookrally loved her.

Bartholomew De Hydrophobia Vingt-Cinq also loved her.

She was—Jane Slump.

Each r-r-rival hated the other rival.

Each racked his pigmy brain for a bold, bad scheme.

Alanson bought nitro-glycerine.

Bartholomew became a plumber.

Each was the r-r-ruin of the other.

Jane Slump married Tom Bones.

"HOIST WITH HIS OWN PETARD."

In the bright July sun-flicker we sat out upon the lawn.

She rested her head upon—the old pine tree.

I should rather have had it upon my shoulder,

But I was timid. Hard luck!

However, I saw her mitten, warm and red, sticking out of her pocket.

I softly took it and was putting it in my pocket.

But a mosquito just then came along. Hard luck!!

He bit her. She turned around.

She saw me with the warm, red mitten, concealing it.

She was mad. The mosquito had bitten her.

She yelled, "Keep the mitten. I give it you."

It was the fault of the mosquito. Hard luck!!!

THE ORCHESTRA AT ALBANY.

IN response to an invitation from the State St. Presbyterian Church of Albany, to give a concert there, the college orchestra left Williamstown at 12.36 P. M. on Wednesday, the 24th, and being received by Mr. L. W. Pratt at Troy were escorted direct to the Kenmore. The afternoon was spent in visiting the city under the guidance of the committee of reception, after which came supper at the Kenmore. The concert in the evening consisted of four selections by the full orchestra, a violin solo by W. W. Wilcox, and guitar and banjo trio, all of which were enthusiastically received. The music was interspersed with readings by Prof. Williams. At the close of the concert, the orchestra was very kindly tendered a reception at the residence of Mr. D. J. Pratt, 142 Lancaster avenue, at which the members met some of Albany's fairest daughters, whom they honored with serenades later in the evening. They speak in the highest terms of the cordiality shown them.

CLASS GAMES.

THE second of the class games was played on Monday, May 22d, being between the Seniors and the Sophomores, as the Junior pitcher was unable to play. It was badly played and uninteresting. In the fourth inning, King, '84, broke his arm in sliding for second base, when he was replaced by Cooper. The score by innings was as follows:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Total.
Seniors,	2	4	1	2	1	3	1	1	0	= 15
Sophomores,	1	1	1	1	1	1	2	0	0	= 8

1st base on errors—Seniors, 7; Sophomores, 8.

1st base on called balls—Seniors, 3; Sophomores, 3.

Wild pitches—Yates, 2; Rogers, 1.

Passed balls—Davis, 1; Ballinger, 3.

Struck out—Seniors, 4; Sophomores, 11.

Umpires, Holt, '83, Talcott, '86; Scorer, H. C. Pierce, '82.

Time of game, 1 hour, 25 minutes.

The Junior-Senior game had been postponed several times when it occurred on Wednesday,

May 24th; but when it did take place it was interesting and well-played enough to make up for all previous delay. The fielding of both nines was especially fine, and the Seniors' victory was mostly due to Yates' effective pitching, and the way in which '82 bunched her hits. The double play by Pike and Reynolds, '83, was a special feature. The score is as follows:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Total.
Seniors,	1	1	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	= 4
Juniors,	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	= 2

Base hits—Seniors, 8; Juniors, 5.

Errors—Seniors, 5; Juniors, 2.

Umpire, Safford, '84.

Time of game, 2 hours, 15 minutes.

On Saturday, the 27th, the Juniors met the Freshmen and beat them by one run in a game poorly played on both sides, although several fine plays somewhat redeemed it.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Total.
Juniors,	2	2	2	3	1	0	0	2	1	= 13
Freshmen,	3	2	1	1	2	0	1	0	2	= 12

1st base on called balls—Juniors, 5; Freshmen, 2.

Passed balls—Crowell, 6; Parsons, 8.

Struck out—Juniors, 4; Freshmen, 9.

Base hits—Juniors, 7; Freshmen, 11.

Errors—Juniors, 13; Freshmen, 9.

Umpire, Davis, '82; Scorer, N. F. Wilcox, '82.

TO ALMA MATER.

Fond Mother! ere we, with reluctant feet,
 Leave thy dear side, mayhap for evermore—
 Where long, in kindly love, from thy rich store,
 Thou 'st words of wisdom taught us, so unmeet,
 And arm'd us with Christian strength, to meet
 The world's rebuffs and life's temptations sore,—
 Upon us, now, thy benedictions pour;
 Our parting bless.

We cannot more entreat
 Of thee than this, Benign and Loving One,
 That we may hold *some* place within thy heart,
 With many a nobler, many a worthier son.
 Though lapsing years shall find us far apart,
 Remembrance sweet, of thee, will e'er abide,
 And, in our thoughts, we 'll oft be at thy side.

QUITS.

COLLEGE NOTES.

THE moonlighters are exempt from class essays this term.

EVERYTHING augurs an interesting Commencement this year.

FRESHMAN Q. calls one of his class nine a comma; he says he is a short stop.

PRESIDENT CARTER has agreed conditionally to lecture at the Congregational festival in Boston.

DON'T fail to see "Still Waters Run Deep," Wednesday night, at Goodrich Hall.

REV. DR. CLARK of Northampton preached in the chapel on Sunday, exchanging with Prof. Rice.

ROBERT RAMSEY, '84, will spend the summer vacation in Europe. He goes with L. W. Fargo.

THE Juniors are beginning to learn what it is "to make fun of the Faculty," as Moliere has it.

QUITE a number of students benefited by the reduced rates to Troy and return, on Mountain Day.

IT is said that seven different nations are represented among the laborers on the new dormitory.

PROF. RICE will lecture to the French and German classes during the last two weeks of the term.

THE college orchestra is to furnish the music for the Adelphic Union Exhibition this commencement.

THE Junior Dramatic Committee have done well in electing Mr. Arthur H. Walker business manager.

A TELEGRAM of condolence was not sent to the Smith College girls last Saturday. Somebody blundered.

PRESIDENT ANDREW D. WHITE, of Cornell, will deliver the address to the Adelphi Union at Commencement.

THE Sophomores have finished Gray's Botany and will have lectures the rest of the term from Prof. Clarke.

BICYCLES seem to be losing their charm for our wheelmen. A number of them offer their machines for sale.

JOSEPH PERKINS, Jr., and J. A. Townsend, '82, accompanied Yates to the Intercollegiate Athletics at Mott Haven.

THE Sophomores played the Wendell Hall nine at Pittsfield last Saturday. They were defeated by a score of 8 to 6.

THE full expenses of the orchestra were paid, on their visit to Albany, by the State St. Church, which invited them.

IT is rumored that most of the South College nine will accept the position of substitutes on league nines this summer.

THE usual number of Freshmen wandered off to Greylock, Mountain Day, to enjoy the luxury of walking up an incline of 45°.

A NEW way of putting an old joke—"Pach has ordered a new camera. The *Lampoon* board was shot last Tuesday."—*Lampy*.

THE Juniors will probably hold their class supper in Albany, at the Delavan, on the last day of June; probably it will end in July.

THE Delta Psi Society has purchased from Dr. Sabin for \$6,000 the corner lot and house directly opposite the Kappa Alpha Lodge.

IT is rumored that one of our gay young West College Juniors will shortly accept the position of "substitute violin," on the college orchestra.

THE Sophomores had their turn at the lecture on Marathon last week, together with that delicate annual about the "hair-brained" scheme.

THE Juniors are in deep distress. The apparition of Mechanics looms up, beckoning dismally to them, and promising to meet them at Annuals.

THERE has been some talk of using the old college clock for astronomical work this summer. Past experience would seem to forbid such an action.

FOR information in regard to the proper use of the telephone, apply to the two '84 men, who went to Troy to make arrangements for the class supper.

AMONG the side-shows of the Junior-Freshman game last Saturday, was the foot-race, accompanied by "ground tumbling," given by two dignified Seniors.

THE appointees for the next meetings of the literary societies ought to fulfill their parts in good style. They have four months in which to prepare them.

THE singing of the Sophomores around the monument, on sunny noons, forms a bright spot in the path of the weary Hashite as he pursues his way toward his mid-day meal.

THE Freshmen played a return game with the Wendell Hall nine, at Pittsfield, on the 24th, which resulted in an easy victory for them, scoring 20 to their opponents' eight.

EIGHTY-FIVE seems to take to pitching pennies most kindly. Animated groups can be found around South College at almost any hour of the day, engaged in this enchanting pastime.

"HAVE you had the 'pink-eye,' yet, Snodkins," said a friend to that noble youth the other day. "No," was the reply, "and I don't want it if it is anything like the black eye I had last month."

THE College journals have fairly boomed with the news from Williams of late. First, there was Mr. Gunn's refusal; then the Freshmen racket; while the Sophomores' "dictatorships" bring up the rear.

THE Greylock students display a good deal of enterprise. Their dramatics on the 24th, consisting of the farce, "A Terrible Secret," and "Down by the Sea," were well performed, and evinced no little talent.

ONE of our enthusiastic Waltonians is so fond of his silver-headed cane that he takes it with him even on fishing excursions. On one of these occasions lately, he lost it in the brook, and had to "fish" for it a good while.

PROF. RICE delivered a lecture at Smith College last week on "Faust." It is said that he did not get mixed up with anybody, this time, as he did, according to the Pittsfield *Eagle*, on his late visit to that place, with a Rev. Mr. Price, who was going to preach in Lec.

Now doth the unsuspecting mucker jump into Christmas lake, and, swimming after the ball, throw it to the wily Soph. upon arriving at shore. But who it was that cried out, "I will give ten

cents to the kid that gets the ball," the mucker knoweth not, and grieveth sore.

THE "Logians" officers are, President, Henry Lefavour; Vice-President, D. B. Pratt; Critic, F. D. Smith; Secretary, P. F. Bicknell; Treasurer, W. C. Johnson; Library Inspectors, Burke and Johnson, '84; Historian, D. B. Pratt; Sophomore Librarian, Duncan, '85.

THE Philotechnian elections resulted as follows. President, J. E. Pierson; Vice-President, G. N. Makely; Critic, F. L. Luce; Secretary, J. H. Burke; Treasurer, T. S. Holmes, Jr.; Library Committee, Theodore Jessup and A. W. Underwood; Sophomore Librarian, J. A. Holden.

AND now the man with the base-ball subscription-paper attacks you, just leaving in time to allow the moonlight and class-day invitation committee to tap you on the shoulder. Flee! flee! For in the distance comes the class-supper man, followed by the emissary of your washerwoman.

ON July 2d, nearly all the other colleges in the country will have closed their doors for the summer; many of them will be participating in the Lake George Regatta; while Williams men, almost alone in the college world, will be just in the midst of Class Day. *Tempora mutantur*, but *we* are not.

ALTHOUGH the fourth division of the Juniors found so much difficulty in obtaining a clear night on which to interview the heavenly bodies, the extra division, composed of fourteen young ladies from North Adams, and two lucky astronomers, inspected the planets without much difficulty one evening last week.

YUM! YUM!

A little pale face in the moonlight
That glances up shyly at me,
A little pale face in the moonlight
As pretty as pret y can be.

A "good night" uttered quite softly
Just as she enters the hall,
A "good night" uttered quite softly;
Perhaps you think that was all!

"FIRE! fire!" These were the thrilling words that rang out upon the air in South Williamstown, a week ago Wednesday night. But a couple of Williams Sophomores, that ubiquitous class, hap-

pened to be on the spot, and valiantly rescued a barrel of cider, and "some other household furniture." The house was burned.

INTERCOLLEGIATE ATHLETICS.

THE Seventh annual meeting of the Intercollegiate Athletic Association was held at the Manhattan Polo Grounds, last Saturday, and for the number of entries, closeness of contests, as well as the general excellence of the performances, it was far ahead of any previous meeting. The running of H. S. Brooks, of Yale, was the feature of the afternoon, who won the hundred yards dash in $10\frac{1}{2}$ seconds, and the two hundred and twenty in $22\frac{3}{4}$. The remaining contests and winners are as follows:

Four hundred and Forty Yards Dash and Half Mile Run—W. H. Goodwin, Jr., Harvard, 1 min. 35 sec.

Mile Run—J. H. Morison, Harvard, 4 min. $40\frac{3}{4}$ sec.

Mile Walk—H. W. Biddle, Univ. of Pa., 7 min. $44\frac{1}{2}$ sec.

One Hundred and Twenty Yards Hurdle Race—J. F. Jenkins, Columbia, $17\frac{3}{4}$ sec.

Hammer Throwing—D. B. Porter, Columbia, 87 ft. $3\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Putting the Shot—C. H. Kip, Harvard, 79 ft. $9\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Running High Jump—W. Soren, Harvard, 5 ft. 6 in.

Running Broad Jump—J. F. Jenkins, Columbia, 21 ft. 3 in.; W. Soren, 2d; F. B. Yates, 3d.

Pole Vault—W. Soren, 9 ft. 6 in.

Bicycle Race—Eliot Norton, Harvard.

Tug of War—Yet undecided.

Harvard thus retains the Championship cup, winning six events out of fourteen, Columbia being second with four, Yale third with two, and Univ. of Pa. with one. Princeton had two seconds, and Lafayette and Rutgers one each.

PERSONALS.

'21. Dr. H. L. Sabin was this week given a complimentary dinner by the Berkshire Medical Association. Toasts were made, and the Dr. responded in a speech of thanks.

'47. At the dinner of the "Free Trade Club," in New York, last week, Hon. David A. Wells ably responded to the toast "The President of the United States." He said a great struggle was approaching between capital and labor, in which labor must suffer defeat, and the only way to assist our own laborers against foreign cheap labor was to give them free goods.

'49. President Bascom, of Wisconsin State University, has an article on "Philosophy as taught in Schools and Colleges," in *Education* for June.

'55. The special committee of the New York State Senate, engaged in investigating the Spuyten Duyvil disaster, of which Abraham Lansing is chairman, is energetically at work.

'56. Among the contributions received by Treasurer Gilfillan for the Garfield Memorial Hospital, to be erected in Washington, D. C., are \$3,259, contributed in London and Paris, and forwarded by Mr. Morton, American Minister to France.

'59. A. D. F. Randolph & Co. have just issued "Life in Hawaii," an interesting account of fifty years' evangelical work in Polynesia, by Rev. Titus Coan.

'59. Rev. Washington Gladden will deliver the baccalaureate at Roanoke College, Salem, Va., as Pres. Dreher is not a clergyman.

'60. The *Boston Transcript* proposes the name of Hon. J. M. Barker for Lieutenant-Governor of this State.

'66. Rev. A. E. Myers has accepted a call to the First Presbyterian Church at Newburgh, N. Y.

'69. Francis Lynde Stetson responded to the toast, "The Executive Council," at the banquet of Alpha Delta Phi, held during the convention of that society at New York city. As junior counsel in the Ward-Westbrook case, he summed up the evidence on Friday, the 26th, "substantially leaving the conspirators to defeat."

'77. At a recent meeting of the Berkshire Co. Teachers' Association, H. H. Tolman spoke effectively on the subject of school government.

'79. Albert H. Trick was ordained at the last meeting of the Chicago Presbytery.

'81. Among the names of this year's gradua-

ting class at the Albany Law School occurs that of Chas. A. Sweet, of North Granville, N. Y.

EXCHANGES.

THERE are three exchanges which come to our table as often as the moon heralds the new month, which proclaim a different mission from the others, are more sombre in their dress, and more serious in their aim. These are the *Yale Lit.*, the *Nassau Lit.*, and the *Cornell Review*.

Of these three great exponents of college literary life (in the technical sense of the word), we may tell the age by the volumes they have issued. The honored mother of the three, and, not only of these three, but of all American college journalism, the *Yale Lit.*, was founded in Feb., 1836, and is now giving out its forty seventh volume. Its merits are too widely known, and too well discussed by our contemporaries, to warrant a review of its pages here; and should we attempt a comment, we fear we should fail.

The next of the three in order, is also next in age, ten years the junior of the first, being now in its thirty-seventh volume; and, if age be any criterion of worth, the principle is demonstrated in the case of these two. The *Nassau Lit.* has been severely criticised by many of the college press, being charged with the fault of containing too much ponderous matter, which was not sufficiently savored with spice and polish. Yet we think, with the *Cornell Era*, that its articles "show care and earnestness on the part of the writers," and the May number certainly dissipates the former unfavorable criticisms, and is in all respects most deserving. The article on "English Ballads" evinces care by the author, and we are able to detect in his sentences the deep love he has for his subject. To the reader who revels in melody, and delights to trace this great passion as it has swelled for ages, on the battle-field and in his rural home, the honest heart of the English yeoman, this article cannot fail of interest. In a pointed and wise editorial, the *Lit.* sets forth the lack of attention given at Princeton to English literature, and makes a pungent appeal for an election in this branch.

We quote the following, which, now that the

same subject is being so generally agitated, we are inclined to think is specially appropriate for meditation at Williams: "Swift and Addison find a place in the course, but all other ornaments of our prose literature have been passed over. The early novelists, De Foe, Johnson, and Lamb, and writers prominent alike for prose and verse, as Goldsmith, Scott, and Landor, with the neglected dramatists of the restoration, would afford a most interesting field for lectures. In view of all this, it seems very desirable that an election should be offered in this branch."

We hope the college press will continue to urge the filling of this great void in education. English studies are discipline combined with practicality; Greek and Latin, beyond a certain limit, give discipline with an alarming dearth of practicality. To be sure, the subject is being worn threadbare by not only the college press, but the press universal. And yet this continual harping is slowly but surely dropping, here and there, a Greek or Latin text from the curriculum, and putting an English study in its place; and the day may yet come when the "liberally educated" man may take up his diploma, and shaking the accumulated mold of years from its sheepskin folds, exclaim in honest words, "I even now possess the true sweets of a four year's course in college, because I was taught that which once learned is hard to forget." The *Lit.* gives us pleasure in perusing its columns, and we shall welcome its future numbers with a deal of interest.

The last of the three, the *Cornell Review*, is in its ninth volume, and fulfills its purpose, as a literary and scientific journal, far better than the *Era* and *Sun* as representative college papers, which are both decidedly inferior, and especially so when we consider the institution from which they spring. The charge of heaviness imputed to the *Lit.* may, we think, with justice, be transferred to the *Review*; and while we would estimate the exchange columns of the latter as a shade better than that of the former, the other material is hardly its equal, though the line of difference is dim indeed.

The *Brunonian*, we fear, has not been benefited by a change in its board. The *Amherst Student* is in the higher order of papers, but the story of

"Mr. Van Dunk and his Dog" may remind one too much of certain scenes in Max Adeler's "Elbow Room." The *Crimson* has an interesting article on expenses at Harvard, giving the result which is to be attained by the coöperative society in reducing them. In four grades the expenses at present are, \$484, \$592, \$807, \$1,360; under the reduction these same grades are respectively \$459.45, \$538, \$759.75, \$1,277.25—an aggregate saving, on seven hundred members, of \$35,000.

OTHER COLLEGE NOTES.

THE college is eagerly expecting more Free-Trade Club lectures. The first was such a complete success, and so heartily appreciated, that more of the same sort cannot come too soon.—*Courant*.

Why not send up for Prof. Perry?

"A COLLEGE Series of Latin Authors," edited by Prof. C. L. Smith of Harvard, and Prof. Tracy Peck of Yale, is being issued by Ginn & Heath.—*Herald*.

It is reported that the rank of the various classes was consumed in the fire at Walker Hall, at Amherst. "Tis an ill wind," etc.—*Orient*.

THE editors of the paper at the University of Cincinnati, who were suspended for casting reflections upon the Faculty, have been taken back on condition that they renounce all connection with the paper hereafter.—*Ex*.

DR. CHADBOURNE's remark about attention, in his sermon last Sunday morning, was quite apropos.—*Student*.

It probably was forcible, at least. We've been there, you know.

SOME of the faculty at Yale reserve the right of marking lower than zero, by means of minus signs, when the ignorance exhibited by the student is too abysmal.—*Ex*.

MR. WALTER DAMROSCH, whose visit to the college at the time of the dedication of the organ was the occasion of so much pleasure to us, has written a madrigal, which he has dedicated to the "Young Ladies of Vassar College."—*Vassar Miss*.

What a triolet, Cipango, T. Carlyle, and Damrosch!

THE Harvard club of San Francisco is going to found a two-thousand-dollar scholarship at their alma mater.

CLIPPINGS.

TWO students inspecting the Laocoon. First student—"Did he drink?" Second do—"No; why?" First do—"Well, he's got the worst case of 'snakes' I ever saw, anyway."—*Herald*.

FATHER, looking over report: "What does this mean, my son—'must pass another examination'?" Son: "Well, you see, several of us are trying for first in that branch, and our papers were so nearly alike that we have to try it again."—*Princetonian*.

Oh, when will Freshmen change from green
To some other brilliant hue?
Oh, when will Sophomores cease to tell
Professors what to do?
Oh, when will Juniors quit the girls
And act like little men?
Oh, when will Seniors all agree
On class elections? When?—[*Ex*].

YES AND NO.

I would not say Yes, and I could not say No;
The summer was over; apart we must go;
To so jolly a fellow, devoted a beau,
I would not say Yes, and I could not say No.
He was really in earnest,—a proof I could show.
From his numberless baskets of sweet Jacqueminot;
(I would not say Yes, and I could not say No.)
And so, though perhaps it was *mal à propos*,
His face was so near and his voice was so low,
That—I would n't say Yes, and I *could* not say No.

H. L. D., in *Courant*.

Together they sat in the parlor alone,
At the dusk of a Sabbath day;
Her shapely head close to his own,
In a tender, loving way.
"I like to lay my head, dear Will,
'Gainst yours," she murmured low;
In tones which made their pulses thrill,
And his face with rapture glow.
"And is it because you love me, dear?"
He asked, and then she coughed;
"No! dear Will, not that, but love
Because its nice and soft."—*Ex*.

THE ARGO.

VOL. II.

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THE ARGO.

Published fortnightly during the college year by the students of Williams College.

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Students and graduates of Williams are requested to contribute articles, verses, letters, and Alumni notes.

WE desire to correct a mistake of the printers in our last issue by which the verses entitled "Retrospection" were signed by F. V. S. They, as well as the article upon "Some Forms of French Verse," were written by Mr. F. D. Sherman, formerly of the *Acta*, and to him our thanks are due.

NOW approaches the season when the fierce and incomprehensible beast, known as the Annual, feedeth upon the gore of students. We shall again behold the meek, lonely, downtrodden, and insignificant Freshman enter the abode of the ogre, and soon emerge, completely metamorphosed into an awe-inspiring, blood-thirsty and dictating Sophomore, not even deigning to wait until fall to make game of his unwary victims, but eagerly entrapping them as they seek Alumni Hall to try their entrance exam. Verily, an institution which gives rise to such a hideous change as this ought to be no more. "Logic is logic—that's all we say."

THE Sunday "sings" of the Seniors during this term seem not only exceedingly pleasant, but practical as well. But why should they be confined to this class? Our chapel exercises need improvement, and this improvement is sure to follow increased familiarity with the tunes and additional practice. If the Seniors desire to be by themselves in these exercises, why should not those of the other classes who are fond of music meet at different hours of the day and enjoy the same privileges? Or, if the Seniors are willing, have a general college sing on the campus every Sunday during this term and the early part of the Fall term. It is not yet too late to begin.

WE have recently received quite a number of contributions for the ARGO, the reception of which we desire to acknowledge. Although all possessed considerable merit, and were nearly of the style we desire, yet their length and some minor defects in their composition oblige us to decline to publish all of them. We, however, urge the contributors to try again, as they certainly have ability to write which can be developed only by practice. We take this opportunity to give notice that we propose to add shortly to our Board one or more representatives of the Freshman class, and desire, if possible, to select them on the basis of number and quality of contributed articles. We hope all who have any taste or ability for writing will compete.

WE hope that as many of the students as are able to do so will remain in Williamstown through Commencement. We are aware that the term is prolonged late into the Summer, and that there is a great temptation to fly home as soon as the cage is opened. But it adds very much to the attractiveness of the week if the college is enlivened by the students. Visitors expect to find them here, and are apt to carry away wrong ideas of the place, if they see only a few remaining. This year there is an exceeding-

ly interesting feature in the Commencement programme, which should be sufficient to retain every student in town. The eulogy over the late President Garfield to be delivered by Dr. Hopkins, Tuesday noon, cannot fail to be one of the greatest events of the week. Let all remain who can.

WOULD it not be a good plan if we could have at Williams an athletic or base-ball association, which shall have a distinct membership, good, active officers, and be ready to carry through any measure which it undertakes. The present association is nothing more than the college at large, and experience has again and again proved that it is not advisable to leave to them the decision of important questions on base-ball matters, nor the management of any such scheme as an inter-class championship. Indeed it is very seldom that a majority of the college can be brought together in one of these meetings, and the acts of a small minority are not always agreeable to the students as a whole. Such an association as described above would remedy this, and would place our athletics on a higher plane.

THE entertainment presented last week by the dramatic committee of the Juniors is deserving of the highest praise. Few, who have not actually tried the experiment, can realize the vast amount of time and labor which the preparation of such a presentation requires, and appreciate the success which the juniors certainly attained. Everything passed off well and was heartily enjoyed by the audience. The great attraction of college dramatics is, of course, the renewal of the old custom of having the female parts acted by men, and to make this acting appear natural requires a great amount of careful study, which, in the instance at hand, was shown to have been made. The same play, together with a short farce, is to be given on the Monday afternoon of Commencement week, and certainly deserves a full house. It is an open question whether it would not be much more desirable not to confine the parts to Juniors, as was done this year, but to select the best dramatic talent in the whole college, in order that the entertainment may

be of the highest order possible. To the Juniors might be reserved, as their especial prerogative, the minstrel performance in the second term, and also the management of the dramatics may be in their hands. We reserve the discussion of the question for some future time.

WE are very much pleased to hear that the laws of the college are to be revised. Although the last edition was published but four years ago, considerable fault has been found with it, and there are clauses in it which are not only exceedingly repugnant to the students but are not likely to bring about the best results. The restrictions placed upon students should be such as are needful for the proper management of the college, and no more. Students are here for education, and not for discipline. Although we deplore that there are in college many who are not men, either in years or in character, yet the majority deserve to be treated as men and not as children; they expect such treatment, and will show their appreciation of such treatment when they receive it. Moreover, it is of no use to place on the statutes laws which are not and ought not to be enforced. Not only is it useless, but the neglect of these leads directly to disrespect toward the others, and finally to disobedience. Very few students at present are really acquainted with the so-called laws of the college. With the copy presented to them, they adorn their scrap-book, valuing it only as a curiosity. We hope in the revised edition to see some radical—but necessary—changes. Let us have good laws, and have these enforced.

THE great home game has been played. Fresh has met Soph, and, contrary to the precedent of the past few years, has been victorious. Notwithstanding the active preparations for the event and the great noise and hubbub attendant upon it, we think that the enthusiasm in this contest is gradually diminishing each year. Nor is this to be deplored. There are many things connected with the game that are, in one point of view, disgraceful, and certainly undesirable. Previous to it, horses are stolen with impunity, rooms are forcibly entered, and property

sometimes injured; all of which must produce angry feelings on the part of the owners. Accompanying it there is a noise, which often rises to a pitch pandemoniac—and this certainly is far from agreeable to those living in the vicinity of the field. Moreover, the angry words and disgraceful squabbles which invariably take place are likely to engender bitter feelings between the two classes and between individuals, while after the contest this unfriendliness is increased by the insupportably boastful attitude of the victors. What has been gained by all this? A game has been played which is not a fair test of the skill of the two nines, but in which victory depends in a great measure on the liability of one nine to be more confused by the noise than the other, while the enjoyment of the spectators cannot be very great.

In the game this year there were features which must meet the disapproval of all thoughtful students. The attempts to "bulldoze" the umpire and to clamor against his decisions, which were indulged in several times, the personal quarrel which took place near the end of the game, and the language used by some Sophomores near the first basemen, are all things which were disgraceful in the extreme, and reflect great discredit upon those concerned. Make the game as important and as great an event as you choose, but do not give opportunities for such actions as these.

JEANNETTE

She is so distant and so cold,
Her air's so near to "freezing";
So many men, shrewd, brave, and bold,
Her whims and fancies pleasing,
In fruitless service have grown old;
I call her "North Pole," teasing.
Shall I attempt my voyage to make,
All others' fate quite scorning,
And put my life and love at stake
Despite such frequent warning?
Shall I the north west passage take,
This pole seek, night and morning?
But if success crown my bold act,
And fortune bless my mission,
Should I not find a barren tract
Beyond my worst suspicion,
Of cold, cold ice, and make, in fact,
An Arctic expedition?

"THE LAST STRAW."

AS usual, the ARGO was delayed last issue, and did not put in an appearance Saturday morning, as it should have done. Our new Business Editor, not having become accustomed as yet to the usual delay, was very much worried. About eleven o'clock in the morning he came into the sanctum in a wild state of excitement, where a few of the board were assembled, smoking and chatting. "Where in the world do you suppose that paper is?" he ejaculated, looking at the Ed-in-Chief, as he propounded this conundrum. "Give it up," said our worthy chief, whilst one of his two-for-a-quarter grins illuminated his mobile features. "Perhaps it has been delayed at Adams'. You had better telephone and find out." Acting on this suggestion our Business Ed. was soon at the telephone office, and, after having rung the bell of the instrument and having applied one of his shell-like East College ears to the tube, yelled out, "Hey, you, there! Can you connect me with the express office? What? What is it? No. Yes. At Williamstown. Yes. Is the ARGO at the express office? What? All right. Hullo! No." Having thus made himself clearly understood, he waited for results. A voice was soon heard breathing love and tenderness. It murmured, "Jack, darling, will you come and see me this evening? Papa and mamma are going out, and we can be quite alone. Darling"—Here our B. E. interrupted the fair one with the remark that he was not "Jack," and he did not care whether papa and mamma were going out, or were going to a place hotter than Williamstown; he wanted his paper. Soon another voice was heard breathing Jersey lightning at fifteen cents a drink. "Shay, Tom, whissh you'd (hic) shend a carriage to stashion (hic). Billy's fuller'n goat and I'm taking care've (hic) him." Our Ed., being a strict temperance man, was shocked and held his nose till the fumes from the distillery had passed away. Listening again, he heard two voices engaged in an animated discussion. At first he could not understand what the matter was, but after a struggle one of the voices got the floor and ran on something in this manner: "Oh, Fanny, I had *such* a lovely time last night! I took a moonlight ride

with a darling little Freshman from Williamstown. We went to Stockbridge, and he drove *so* fast. The poor horse looked *so* tired when we got home, and oh, Fanny, don't tell anyone! he kissed me lots of times." Here our Ed. was nearly overcome with the degeneracy of Freshmen, and this Freshman in particular. After having sighed and gently wiped a peppermint tear-drop from his right ocular, he awaited further information. "Is that you, Augustus?" came over the wires. As our Ed's middle cognomen answers to this he naturally imagined that the wished-for news had at last come and he replied that he should smile if his name wasn't Augustus. "Oh, Gussie dear, can't I have that darling polonaise at Arnold's? It's too lovely for anything! It's so sweetly trimmed with *moiré* antique and cut bias *a la Pompadour*, and you know you always like to see your little wife well-dressed. Do now dear Gussie; when you married—" at this point our Ed. fainted and has been seriously ill ever since. Drs. Mather and Hubbell have been hovering over him night and day. At last reports he was delirious and, putting his ear to the bed-post, with piteous cries was yelling for the ARGO. Should any of his friends wish to send him any fruits or delicacies they can leave them with any of the ARGO editors, who will see that they reach their destination.

AT LUINO.

HAPPENING to visit an old college acquaintance on my return from an extended tour through Europe, and learning that he had also been abroad at about the same time as myself, our conversation turned naturally upon travel. Among other souvenirs of his journey, he showed me a large, old-fashioned gold watch, upon which was engraved "*Luino, 1875.*" Something about it instantly attracted my attention, and I asked him how he came by such a curious piece of workmanship. My friend smiled, and seating himself in a manner which indicated that he had a story to tell, thus began:

"As I was traveling through Switzerland, on my way to Berne, I stopped over night at the little village of Luino, attracted by the scenery, and intending to resume my journey on the fol-

lowing day. It was what befell me there that caused me to engrave the name of the place and the date upon the watch, and to treasure it as my most valued possession. I arrived at the little hotel late in the evening, and was told by mine host, that the rooms were all occupied. 'But,' he added, 'there is a tourist in one of the double rooms up stairs, and if you have no objections you may share it with him.' As it was my only alternative, I agreed, and was conducted through a long narrow hall to the room assigned to me. Handing me the candle, the landlord bade me "good night," and left me.

"I was not well pleased with the prospect of having a strange room-mate, and holding the candle over him while he slept, I scrutinized his features closely. He was a great burly fellow, with jet-black moustache and shaggy brows, that looked anything but encouraging. I withdrew the light lest I should disturb him, and retired to my bed in the opposite corner of the room. There was that in the appearance of the man that aroused my suspicions; and for a long time I could not sufficiently allay them to allow myself to sleep. I pictured to my excited fancy all sorts of horrible encounters, and when I did finally close my eyes, it was only to dream of Spanish stilettoes, shaggy brows, and jet-black mustachios. At first, my dreams were only a chaos of imaginations and shapes. But soon they took a more definite outline. I thought I saw my strange room-mate rise from his bed, and move about the room until he reached the chair upon which I had placed my clothes. I thought he took my watch from my pocket, and after slipping it under his pillow, he stealthily approached me with a drawn dirk. He bent over me to see if I slept. I tried to move, to scream, to wake!—but in the ecstasy of my terror I could not stir. He seemed satisfied that I was asleep, and returned to his bed. I awoke, trembling, and bathed in a cold sweat. I could not free my mind from the effects of the vivid dream. Reason as I would, the firm conviction clung to me that I had been robbed and had narrowly escaped being murdered in my sleep. To satisfy myself, I waited until I was sure that he was once more asleep, which I could easily ascertain

by his loud snoring, and then arose cautiously, and groped my way in the dark to the chair. I searched with nervous haste through the pockets. *The watch was gone!* Although I fully expected it, the revelation caused me a shock that completely unstrung my nerves. I leaned against the chair for support. When I recovered myself, I determined to regain my property at all hazards. I crept to his bed, and almost ceased to breathe, while I drew the watch from its hiding-place. He did not move, and I retreated to the other side of the room. My mind was now thoroughly alive to the emergency, and I resolved upon my plan. If I were to replace the watch in my pocket, he would see in the morning that he had been discovered, and might murder me. I therefore placed it in my satchel, intending to leave at day-light, before he should be awake. Of course I could not report the affair to the landlord, for had I not recovered my watch?—and he would laugh at me if I told him of my mid-night adventure. I therefore determined to say nothing about it. Having settled upon my course of action, I lay down, but not to sleep. I passed the remainder of the night in an agony of apprehension lest my dreaded companion should wake. And as soon as the first gray tints of dawn appeared, I clothed myself as hastily and as noiselessly as possible and left that chamber of horrors. I settled with the landlord, and left Luino on the first train, without waiting to note the scenery.

“Well, as I was being carried along at the rate of fifty miles an hour toward Berne, I unconsciously felt in my pocket for my watch.—*It was there!* I reached frantically for my satchel, and a sickening sensation came over me as I opened it, and realized the truth. There lay the watch you see before you. It all flashed across my mind in an instant. Laboring under the delusive effects of a dream, I had felt in the other man's pockets, and, not finding my watch there—you know the rest—I unwittingly stole his! I left the train at the next station, intending to return to Luino at once. But there was no train until the next day, and when I arrived the owner of the watch had gone. All inquiries were useless. I could learn nothing of him. I never saw him

again, and probably would not know him if I did.

“But what are you laughing at?” he said; for at the close of his story, I gave myself up to a prolonged fit of laughing.

“Why simply, I replied, “because I was that great burly fellow with the jet black moustache and shaggy brows.” Here I stroked my carefully hoarded down with a fierce expression, for you must know that I am as mild a mannered man as ever breathed.

“The deuce you were!” he exclaimed, coloring.

“Fact; look here!” and I touched a spring that revealed a small plate upon which was engraved my name in full. We had a hearty laugh over the coincidence as I slipped the watch into my pocket, although I could plainly see that he was chagrined at the discovery of the “great burly fellow, with a jet-black moustache, and shaggy brows.”

BALLAD OF ANNUALS.

There's a time at the end of each year,
When a fearful, mysterious rite
Makes the flunkers all tremble with fear,
And the fizzlers all shake with affright;
When the Profs. try to hide their delight,
But smile from their shoes to their specs.
Ah! you wish you had grubbed when you might,
In the week of the Annual Ex.

Then the few to whom study is dear,
Who have labored from morning till night,
Their reward can enjoy, and can sneer,
Laugh, or scoff at the pitiful sight,
When they meet a delinquent, poor wight,
Who devotes all his time to “the sex.”
Or whom nothing to work can incite,—
In the week of the Annual Ex.

But the crafty laugh once back and jeer,
As, recalling the valiant old knight,
They don their keen arms, and appear,
Well prepared for the dangerous fight,
With their cuffs and shirt-bosoms, once white,
Now sprinkled with little black specks.
Ah, they've fakirs invisible quite
In the week of the Annual Ex.

ENVOY.

Though now we all groan at its sprite,
When we become Prof. or a Prex.,
Oh, how all the students we'll smite,
In the week of the Annual Ex!

SPHEROIDAL

CHANGES IN THE REVISION.

[Through the unfailing energy of our special detective, we have obtained information of the following changes to be made in the revision of the college laws, now going on.]

Government. The general government and direction of Williams College is lodged by the charter in the President and Trustees; the immediate government is vested in the Sophomore class.

Engagement. Each student who shall have been in college one month and become well settled, shall sign the following "iron-clad," or pack and clear at once: "Since I have been here four weeks and like college life very well, I promise the following, although I do not intend to keep my promise: *to be present at every recitation and chapel; always to go to bed at 8 p. m.; to board at the Hash House; always to 'go to my room' if I think there is going to be a rush; to love the Sophs; to respect the Faculty.*"

Standing. A record shall be kept of the idea formed of every man by his instructor, stated numerically and based on the conditions which are the basis of success in the world, viz.: 1st, plausible excuses for absence; 2d, height, color of hair, and size of shoe; 3d, boot-licking powers; 4th, mashing capacity; 5th, base-ball talent. [Commencement parts assigned by fate.]

Degree. No degree shall be granted to any one until he has stared at the examining committee 12 hrs. 29 min. 13 sec., and attended chapel during "*Hi Juvenes.*" ["Third degree full moon" given in North Adams.]

Decorum. Students are expected to be sober in recitation, and are cordially invited not to bring in horses. Ball-playing, whist-playing, and novel-reading not allowed on Sunday. Students who desire to study on that day can obtain permission from the class officer. It is especially requested that the students do not get into a fight with the professor, although boxing matches are occasionally granted. Yelling or shouting in chapel is strictly prohibited, as it is the special province of the choir. Communication "to or from a window" is limited to whispering.

Fines. No fine exceeding five cents shall be fixed by the hod-carrier. Students now in college will be compelled to pay the fines fixed on their ancestors.

Assemblages. All torch-light processions, poker parties, walk-arounds, political discussions, class-sings, and base-ball games are strictly prohibited. Recitations are granted by a vote of the Faculty.

Class Meetings. No class meeting shall be held for the purpose of "kicking" against anything, except by the Sophomore class.

Study Hours. Study hours shall be from four in the morning until eight at night. Three twenty-minute intermissions for meals are allowed.

Fire Arms. Toy pistols and fire-crackers are sternly prohibited. Each student must carry and use his deadly weapons in a frank and open manner.

Damages. Each person kicking a coal-hod down a flight of stairs will be paid 43 cents, 10 cents extra being allowed for each additional flight. The following premiums will also be paid: For painting "K. K. K." on any college building (excepting the President's house), 19 cents; for setting a fire to brush heap, 11 cents; for marking a library book, \$1.02; for driving a nail in the wall, \$4.00.

Moon-lighters. Five members of the Sophomore and Junior classes shall be selected by lot, who shall crib orations and deliver them at commencement. They shall be called moon-lighters, under penalty of expulsion.

Disclosure. Every person who does not immediately inform the Faculty of all that he knows, and who does not, at the bidding of the class officer, break open lamp-posts, the college treasurer's safe, or any other thing, shall not be allowed to try Annuals.

A VISIT TO THE SEMINARY.

"COME Bob," said my cousin and college chum, George Horton, "let's go down this afternoon to the seminary. Prof. Bangs, whom I met one summer in the Adirondacks, has often invited me to break the hospitable crust with him."

We can go down this Saturday afternoon, stay over Sunday, and come back Monday. The Prof. presides over a peculiarly interesting collection of damsels, and in addition to these attractions, in his own home, where we shall stay, resides his attractive daughter, whom I well remember.

"Come, Freshman, *will* you go?" said he, with an impatient pull at the cigar which he usually smoked in dignified silence, and with that super-terrestrial and thoughtful air on which a college Senior seems to hold a patent right. "Will you condescend to withdraw your ponderous intellect from the diagnosis of that subterranean remain of the classical tree and say yes or no to a question which I have some compunctions about propounding to as verdant a specimen as you are?"

"Yes, George," said I, meekly, as I laid Hadley on an upper shelf, "I will go if I am not to be made the victim of another of your abominable practical jokes." "Ah, poor lamb!" murmured he with a contemplative look at me, while an ominous grin elevated those upper labial pinfeathers in which he took such pride, "poor lamb! I'll take care of it. Run now and put on its little orange-topped shoes, and its little pink tie, and we will take the one o'clock train."

As the seminary at length loomed up in the distance, it appeared as an imposing and handsome structure. It was beautifully situated on the shore of a fine little lake. In the background were the mountains and superb groves of fine old trees. As we drew near, groups could be seen on the lawns and among the groves. I began to feel serious qualms at the prospect of facing such a battery of female eyes. I had mixed little in the society of strange ladies and had seen nothing of eastern damsels during this my first college term. I had grubbed up "The Great Converser" and the "American Gentleman's Guide to Politeness and Fashion," but my knees smote together as I walked up the lawn, and I felt that I was the clumsiest piece of mechanism that the first cause had ever evolved.

"They will seem a little queer to you at first," quoth George, "but don't mind it; throw yourself right in, my boy. Ah! Mrs. Draper, how do

you do? Mrs. Draper, my friend here, Mr. Crocker," introducing me to an elderly lady who appeared to be in charge of a bevy of strangely-behaving lassies, some of whom, though apparently tolerably mature, were jumping rope; some of them had dolls; some were giggling frantically and doing nothing; and others were contemplatively chewing gum and looking into space. One struck me particularly. She was very pretty, with the most delicate little hand, pale complexion and large, dark eyes, which seemed to be looking at something very distant. Approaching us, she was introduced as Miss Castlewood, and, taking me aside, she began a conversation: "Young man, what is life? What is death? Life is death, and death is life—inseparable. Yet shall we allow the clammy hand of death to still the wealth of our living activities, sympathies, and enjoyments? Shall we not rather thrust it aside? Shall we not look at things through the rosy colored glass of hope and joy? Shall we despair? Shall we seek the senseless repose of the grave? No—

"For who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
These thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish, rather, swallowed up and lost."

She burst into tears. I was much affected. What the deuce could I do? I offered her a sugar-plum. She took it, and the flood-gates of grief were checked. Mrs. Draper came to my assistance, "Never mind her. She is suffering from over excitement and mental strain. She has studied first cause, inner consciousness, and protoplasm, and has been rather prostrated by it."

I went on with George to the professor's home. I was introduced to the professor's son, Sam Bangs. He expressed himself as delighted to see us, said the Prof. was not at home, but that he himself would be most happy to show us the curiosities of the place. He and George had a conversation apart. They laughed much together. Young Bangs cast upon me a peculiar grin, and nodded assent to some proposition of George's.

We went out over the grounds again and met numerous others of the young ladies. I began to grow used to their eccentricities. Many of

them seemed to be short-sighted and wore glasses, and carried in their hands ponderous tomes, which they read for awhile, and then relaxed themselves by playing hop-skotch or "ring around a rosey." Every bevy seemed to be under the charge of an elderly matron like Mrs. Draper. Some of them were rowing on the lake with an elderly coxswain. But I could not drive from my thoughts the picture of Miss Castlewood. Her pretty face, her tremendous philosophy, her hysterical tears, which were dried with a sugar-plum. I met her again, and we took a walk under the reservation of trees.

She was not feeling quite so metaphysical then, and she giggled and flirted in what I have since learned is quite the approved style. She gradually developed some degree of affinity to the varieties of girl with whom I had previously had a limited acquaintance. I grew desperately interested in her. We discovered a similarity of tastes in a fondness for boating. I suggested the delights of a moonlight row. Her eyes rolled ecstatically. She put her hand in my vest-pocket and took another sugar-plum. But, oh, my! she would not dare to think of taking a moonlight row. The girls were all locked in their rooms at nine o'clock. But it would be so nice!

She might get out, and she would try to meet me at ten o'clock at the boat-house, for the present, "*Bon soir*." The matron escorted her off, I went back to the Prof's. The time passed wearily enough till ten o'clock, but at last I escaped from the party in the house and made the best of my way to the boat-house. She was already there. So, selecting our craft, a short, slight, two-seated affair, we started off. As we glided through the shadows along the shore, the stillness and darkness of the woods, the play of the moonlight upon the water, and my fair companion facing me in the stern of the boat, opened my soul to poesy and the tenderest emotions. I told my tale in passionate, fervid language. She answered me wildly, incoherently. I thought the metaphysics were working again.

"Bob," said she, while her black eyes flashed and her hands convulsively clutched the side of the boat, "do you love me? Then help me. I am confined in yonder prison by a cold, cruel

uncle, who, while he keeps me confined here, dissipates my fortune in wild and wicked ways. Will you help me?" "With all my soul, *dulcissime rerum*." Just then cries arose on the shores of the lake, voices calling for me in furious tones. Rising in the boat, I shouted in answer. "Ha! villain! traitor!" she screamed in frenzied tones, and with the strength of madness she caught me by the arm and sent me headlong into the lake. I cannot swim. When I came to my senses I was in the Professor's house. "You little fool, didn't you know this was an insane asylum?" said Horton, as I opened my eyes:

ÆSTHETIC CHEMISTRY.

[Posthwaite, Jr., watching the Phs.' escape into the air.]

Fairy-like rings, so dainty and white,
Gracefully floating away out of sight,
Chasing each other in frolicsome flight;

Are you the wreaths that gay Oberon threw
'Round his queen's forehead, all glist'ning with dew,
Crowning her highness, beneath the old yew?

Are you the aureoles bright that oft shine,
Hov'ring o'er saints, in old pictures, the sign
How much real virtue and grace they combine?

Are you, perhaps, of the echoing knell,
Dying away from the tolling church bell,
Spirits or — blazes! what a horrible smell!

THAT EVENING.

IT was a warm evening in the early part of June, as Dick and I lazily strolled down a long street in the city where he made his home. It had been intensely hot during the afternoon, but neither of us, strange to say, had suffered sunstroke ourselves, or caught any charming blue-eyed maiden in willing arms as she fainted from the effects of one. And now, as we walked slowly along toward the river-bank, no runaway horse, bearing along fair damsels at a mad rate, met us; there were no burning buildings with bewitching inmates near at hand; not even could a drunken policeman be seen clubbing an inoffensive umbrella-mender. So we continued on our way quietly. After sporting for nearly an hour in the cool waves, and playing all sorts of aquatic antics on each other, we returned to the bank

and found our clothes just where we had left them, undisturbed by any one. Dressing again, we went back to the city and made a call upon a couple of his pretty cousins, where we passed a couple of hours very pleasantly in music and chat. Strange to relate, I did not propose to either one of them; neither of them could have confronted me with her husband even if I had; but everything was very jolly, despite the lack of such incidents. On our way home neither were we beset by highwaymen, or murderers, nor could any one be found who had met any lately. Again we were obliged to proceed without performing any feats of daring. On reaching his paternal mansion we sat up a long time, silently smoking, wondering if we should have to hire somebody to enter the house. But no! soon we heard a sound as of a man stealthily creeping along, and his father came in softly, so as not to wake any one, and said we had better retire. And during the whole night we slept soundly, troubled by neither ghost, burglar nor night-mare. The house was untouched by lightning. In fact the whole time was so uncommonly quiet and uneventful that it was almost unendurable after the blood-curdling and horrible occurrences that usually fill our every-day life.

SOPHOMORES vs. FRESHMEN.

That base ball has not yet expired (?) in our college was proved by the occurrence of the time-honored "home game" last Saturday. The general belief was that '85 had the stronger nine; though '84 men, and their backers, anticipated a possible victory through the all-powerful aid of the "rattling" horns. But the Freshmen were not "rattled" enough to please their opponents, who, though their fielding was as good as that of their antagonists, failed to hit the ball completely. The result of the game was due partly to the effective pitching of the Freshmen, but mainly to their heavy batting. For the first three innings the game stood one to nothing in favor of '85, but this excitement did not last, when the score was increased to six for the same nine, and '84 had but one to her credit. In the seventh inning the Freshmen batted seven clean hits, and added

eleven runs to their score, thus virtually deciding the game. The chain was broken, and to the long list of Sophomoric "horn game" victories was to be added a game in which the Freshmen had won at last. The Fates had decreed it, '85 men "were sure of it," and they were right, as they always are!

THE FESTIVAL OF ORPHEUS.

GRAND ORCHESTRA BENEFIT CONCERT!

MONDAY, JULY 3, 1882.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC OF EVERY DESCRIPTION!!

BEST VOCAL TALENT IN COLLEGE!!!

BANJO AND GUITAR OVERTURE OF 12 INSTRUMENTS!!!

ALBANY'S GREAT FLUTIST IN SPECIAL NUMBERS!!!

GET TICKETS EARLY TO AVOID RUSH!!

SEATS NEAREST DOOR CHARGED EXTRA!

BOX SHEET SOON OPEN.

REDUCED RATES ON ALL PROMINENT RAILROADS!!

COLLEGE NOTES.

THE ground is being prepared for a new building in the rear of Christmas Lake.

'82 BEARS her defeat with a very good grace.

'85 CANNOT be touched with a s'teen foot pole.

H. A. CAMPBELL, '83, will rejoin his class in the fall.

THE Hashite rejoices in a saving of eight cents on his board-bill this month.

EX-PRESIDENT HOPKINS and President Carter were photographed with the Seniors.

A game of ball is soon to be played here between the Williams and Amherst Freshmen.

THE Glee Club is hard at work practicing and we may expect to hear from them in a short time.

WHY should not some Freshman join the orchestra and play on that famous horse-fiddle first exhibited last Saturday?

THE Sophomores were very jubilant over their first success at base-ball. N. B.—This does not refer to the "horn game."

IF nothing happens, F. H. Fox, '81, will play his first game as a member of the Troys, to-day, in the position of first base.

BOYE, '85, visited New York lately to participate in the touching ceremony of bidding farewell to *friends* leaving for Europe.

The notices of "Fine furniture for sale cheap" will soon bedeck the bulletin board. "'82, ere you depart, sell, oh, sell us back."

We would like to know whether it was Dunlap or the wily tradesman of North Adams who stamped "Williams" in the new hat.

THEY say that the visiting committee precipitately fled from the Modern Language room when a certain Freshman was called up.

THE College Orchestra is now hard at work practicing for the concert to be given July 3d. Pach "condensed their feet" last week.

DR. HOPKINS is to assist in supplying Rev. T. T. Munger's pulpit while that gentleman is in Europe. He preached there last Sunday.

MESSRS. J. P. Hubbard and S. A. Smith have been selected by the Juniors to make arrangements for a class photographer for next year.

MR. J. F. LEFARGE is working on the Garfield memorial window, expecting to finish it by Commencement. It will be placed on the east side.

WHAT is the trouble with the "Clubbes de la Glee?" These are beautiful nights and yet the vicinity of the monument is as quiet as the grave.

THE day draws near when the student will sit perspiring in the examination-room, endeavoring to write out a \$100 paper on a 4 cent preparation.

THE drawing for rooms has commenced, and lucky men now either rejoice in an A No. 1 room, or at the excellent state of their pecuniary affairs.

THE Senior class statistics arrived this week, but too late to allow an extended review of them. They are the work of Mr. C. A. Heath, the class secretary.

E. R. CROWELL and G. H. Badger will be respectively toastmaster and poet at the Junior class supper, and J. H. Burke and J. D. Colt at the Sophomore.

It is believed, from the condition of the baseball report in the last ARGO, that the sporting edi-

tor had been engaged in the wrong kind of a "bat" when he made it out.

PROF. CLARK was confined to his room last week, from the effects of poison-ivy. The Sophomores in their grief at his misfortune sent him a bouquet of flowers.

THE Troy Times of June 5 says: "F. B. Yates and F. S. Balt, leading representatives of athletics at Williams College, took a pedestrian tour to Bennington on Saturday."

OLD Lady (to one of the thirteen cribbers); "Why, Mr. Blank, I am so sorry that you were sent home for playing cribbage. Is it possible that your faculty don't allow card playing?"

THERE is a misty rumor floating in the air that our E. C. is to occupy, next year, No. 4 E. C., right across the hall from the cabin of the Argonauts. That will be *opposition* with a vengeance.

'85 displayed her usual fertility of resource in preparing for her contest with '84. No less than two new instruments of torture, the "tin-can-castanets" and the "Honolulu horse-fiddle" were produced.

THE somnolent effects of the benches in the Natural History room are so well known, as to make it needless to mention the sorrow of the Sophomores at their enforced absence for a few days last week.

"WHERE, oh, where are the gay young Sophomores?" Writing essays, ditto lectures, grubbing for Annuals, ditto daily recitations. The winter of our discontent is not yet "made glorious summer."

Now does the verdant Freshman repair to W. O's., and, after consuming unlimited cream, bananas and ginger-pops, hieth himself to his trundle cot, where sweet dreams of sky-blue professors bearing armfuls of conditions disturb his peaceful repose.

A POSTAL card from a Williams Sophomore is on exhibition in one of our leading business houses, which for originality and spelling, and in the use of capitals, is a curiosity in its line. Do they study spelling at Williams?—*Pittsfield Evening Journal*.

THE cooney Fitz has at last wrestled with misfortune and been thrown. The County Detective descended upon his ranch last week and

LAST week there was quite a row in the quarries where the Italians are at work. They accused the "boss," who, by the way, is an Irishman, of not giving them full credit for their work. Things were quite lively for a few moments. The "boss" was knocked down amidst wild shrieks of "Sacramento! Corpo di Baccho! Del Puente! Lazzaroni! Italiano! Campanini! Milwaukee!" and would have been seriously hurt had not assistance arrived.

'84	a. b.	r.	b. h.	t. b.	p. o.	a.	e.
Rogers, p.	5	1	2	2	1	1	0
Ballinger, 3 b.	4	0	0	0	7	1	1
Holmes, l. f.	4	1	0	0	1	0	1
Clark, c. f.	4	1	0	0	1	0	0
Safford, c.	4	1	1	1	3	3	3
Burke, 1 b.	4	1	0	0	8	0	1
Greenman, r. f.	4	0	0	0	1	0	2
Cooper, 2 b.	4	0	0	0	2	2	4
Trowbridge, s. s.	4	0	0	0	0	1	1
Total,	37	5	3	3	24	9	12

'85.	a.	b.	r.	b.	h.	t.	b.	p.	o.	a.	e.
Yates, I. f.,	5	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
Green, 2 b.,	5	2	1	1	1	5	2	2	2	2	2
Talcott, a. s.,	5	4	3	5	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
Safford, 3 b.	5	3	2	2	0	0	3	1	1	1	1
Clark, 1 b.,	5	3	3	3	7	0	0	3	5	5	5
Parsons, c.,	5	1	2	2	10	3	5	5	5	5	5
Hubbell, p.,	5	1	1	1	1	1	5	1	1	1	1
Dunham, r. f.,	5	1	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
Banks, c. f.,	5	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Total,	45	17	13	15	27	13	12	12	12	12	12

Scorers—Richardson, '84; Baxter, '85.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Sophomores,	0	4	5	0	0	5	3	1	*—17
Greylocks,	0	1	0	2	1	3	2	0	—9

Base hits—Sophs., 13; Greylocks, 9.

PUCKICAL.

If grass is green
And green is fresh,
Then Fresh itself is green;
And green *is* Fresh,
And Fresh is grass,
Then, if you please, "keep off the grass."

THE REASON WHY.

Oh, yes, of course we're prosperous,
That proposition none denies,
What is it that has chanced to us
In which all this good fortune lies?
Is it the growing Morgan Hall?
Pooh! a mere building! what is that?
No, listen and I'll tell you all,
Williams has got a college hat.
I know it's ugly as the duce,
And ev'ry Freshman's special pride.
And pray what is the earthly use
Of having "Williams" stamped inside?
Yet still the fact remains the same,
A fact no one can wonder at,
We're on the road to deathless fame,
Williams has got a college hat.

PERSONALS.

The many friends of Professor Boisen will be pleased to learn that Messrs. Ginn & Heath have in press his "Preparatory Book of German Prose," the first of a series of German textbooks which he intends to write. The book has already received many favorable notices from prominent educators, and seems sure of a high degree of success. Those who came under Professor Boisen's instruction here last year are well aware of the excellence of his methods of teaching, and will gladly see them embodied in permanent book form. Many of them are entirely new and original, yet none who have tried them can fail to admit their great merit. In the Professor's own hands, supplemented by his enthusiasm and thorough scholarship, the book will surely be a strong instrument of instruction. Prof. Boisen is a director and Professor of German in the Martha's Vineyard Summer Institute, and is engaged in company with Prof. G. Stanley Hall in the translation from the German of an important series of educational works.

'37. Rev. Joseph Alden, D.D., LL.D., President of the New York State Normal College, has

resigned. Dr. Alden was formerly a professor in Williams, Union, and Lafayette Colleges, and president of Jefferson College. In 1867 he was called to the position from which he now retires. He has distinguished himself as one of the great teachers of the age, and his books have been long used in schools and colleges. His long and useful services entitle him to repose in his advancing years, and he rests in the honors of a life spent in the service of God and the youth of his country.—*N. Y. Observer*.

'47, '52. Hon. C. F. Adams, Jr., David A. Wells, Thos. G. Shearman, Prof. W. G. Sumner, and Prof. Arthur L. Perry have sent a petition to Congress requesting that the tariff duties on woolen blankets be removed instead of the tax on bank checks.—*Boston Herald*.

'49. Ex-President Chadbourne contributes the eighth of his "Familiar Lectures" to the *Springfield Republican* on the subject of "Birds."

'53. Rev. Dr. J. McC. Holmes was a commissioner to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian church, at New York. He delivered the address at the celebration of the communion as chairman of the committee on the narration of state of religion, reported the progress of the church, and presided as moderator over the exciting session when overtures for union between Northern and Southern assemblies were being considered.

'54. Dr. A. E. Kittredge will deliver an address before the Society of Christian Research, during Commencement week at Hamilton.

'55. Col. W. S. B. Hopkins was a member of the honorary staff of the officer of the day, at the parade of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company in Boston, June 7th.

'57. Rev. Dr. Irving Magee, of Albany, has accepted a call to the church at Rondout, N. Y., and will enter upon his duties at an early date.

'58. Mr. H. E. Scudder will edit the *Atlantic Monthly* during the absence of T. B. Aldrich in Europe.

'77. Dodd, Mead, & Co. have issued a cheap edition of 100,000 copies of E. P. Roe's "Bar-

riers Burned Away." His last novel, "Brought to Bay," has just been issued by Estes & Lauriat. The *N. Y. World* calls it "simple and attractive, clean and healthy without being preachy."

'78. Carlton P. Mills expects to begin studying for the Episcopal ministry directly. He will enter the New York Seminary in the fall.

EXCHANGES.

THE *Harvard Herald*, in commending the Harvard Finance Club, speaks of an especial benefit it has conferred on the college in securing a prize from the Cobden Club of London for the best essay on economic subjects.

From this we are led to a moment's look at the attention given to political training in the colleges of the country. There are at present but two institutions which have a department named and set apart as a School of Political Science. These are Columbia and the University of Michigan. One might almost include Harvard to make up a trio, for she has a course in this branch of study which, though it is not catalogued under a ponderous title, perhaps, however, is in many respects equal to that of Columbia. The school is in its first year at Ann Arbor, and, in the words of the *Chronicle*, "great pains have been taken to direct general attention to it and to make it a success." And yet evidently the experiment here is not all that could be desired. After frowning heavily on certain recent broils of debate, in which a member of the faculty so far forgot himself as to descend to a machine "worker," and certain students conducted things after the manner of a Democratic caucus, the *Chronicle* says: "If we must have political contests, and it seems likely that in one form or other we shall continue to have them, let them be confined to the students, and let those who take part not forget that they are students, and, therefore, presumptively gentlemen." This would not seem to encourage very greatly the idea of Political Science in colleges. To be sure it must be a little awkward to have the faculty and students wading at swords' points in the cess-pools of college politics. Complimentary to the faculty, cer-

tainly. We hope Ann Arbor will pursue the dignified path of Harvard and Columbia in the future.

But we are digressing. We started to advocate Political Science, or to speak of the little attention paid this great study. We will desist, and pray that the general awakening in a part of the college world to the fact that there is something of more importance and a far better discipline than a long grind in Greek roots and musty idioms may not stop with the awakening alone, but may start to turning in the college universal the wheels of practical life—that this study may not rest with Harvard, Columbia, and Michigan, but may become a recognized feature in every course.

We have just received a circular from the board of the *Chronicle* in which they set forth the reasons pro and con for the late unpleasantness in the election of editors. It is hard indeed for us, a thousand miles away, to judge fairly of the merits of the case, and to the just degree of right or wrong to be attributed to either party. Hence we decline to express our opinion in regard to the difficulty. It is quite evident blood has been shed regardlessly, and we are inclined to believe that a little lack of self-control has been exhibited by both factions. As to the new paper, while it is undoubtedly the offspring of foolish spite and bitter rivalry, we shall be glad to welcome it and to give it the criticism its pages may merit. At the same time we support and console the *Chronicle* in its grief at a rival, and shall continue to be its friend, hoping that ill will may soon become love and the two sisters may sit down to "a feast of reason and a flow of soul."

In the last *Crimson* the exchange editor amuses himself indulging in sarcastic meditations on the Yale press. He condescendingly admits that the articles of the *Record* are "readable" and promising, and administers the soothing cordial that there is "hope" for Yale. He furls his sails, and with all the pretensions of an East India sloop bears down upon the *News*. We will pray that the *News* may recover. He tries to read eight pages of editorial in the *Courant*, and then he becomes tired and weary and complains of weak eyes. Harvard men, as a rule,

don't have weak eyes from over study. The other inference is that the exchange editor took too much—*Vicky*. The *Crimson* is a most worthy sheet, but must work hard at the oar before she can ever pull within a half boat's length of her rivals at Yale.

OTHER COLLEGE NOTES.

HARVARD:—"Forever and a Day," by Mr. Fuller, '82, will soon appear.

The President of Harvard has written to the parents of the undergraduates concerning compulsory attendance at chapel services. The result was that only two-sevenths of them held family worship.—*Ex.*

The American school at Athens is to be established next October, under the direction of Prof. Goodwin of Harvard. It is designed to give especial advantages in pursuing classical studies abroad. On the committee are noted men from all the colleges and universities.—*Ex.*

The subscription lists going around the college for the Longfellow Memorial do not receive the hearty support they deserve.—*Ex.*

YALE:—"The alumni of Yale presented the boat club with a handsome steam launch valued at \$3,400, to be used in coaching the college crews.—*Ex.*

Some of the junior Engineers intend to spend part of their vacation in practical work on Western railroads.—*Ex.*

The Yale Yacht Club sail for New London on June 28th.—*Ex.*

MISCELLANEOUS:—"June 13th is class day at Cornell, and June 15th commencement. Hon. Wayne McVeagh will address the alumni on Wednesday, June 14th.—*Ex.*

The approximate number of graduates at the New England colleges, as shown by the lists of Seniors in the official catalogues, is as follows: Harvard, 182; Yale, 154; Dartmouth, 72; Amherst, 65; Brown, 54; Williams, 45; Colby, 35; Trinity, 30; Bowdoin, 28; Bates, 26; Wesleyan, 26; Vermont, 16; Boston University, 15; Tufts, 10; Middlebury, 11; Massachusetts Institute of

Technology, 24; Massachusetts Agricultural College, 35. This makes a total of 803, of which 336 are accredited to Harvard and Yale.—*E.*

OLIPPINGS.

TO A FAIR COMPOSITRESS.

Oh, say, Maria, Julia, Jane, or Mame,
Or Nancy, if that chance to be thy name,
Dost ever have hysteric laughing fit
When setting up my journalistic wit?

Ah, no, my Em, my galley slave, my case,
My sweet-faced, smutty-fingered, bootless chas
Thy setting of my jokes can move thee not,
So fine a proof of it is always got. —*Advers*

THE HAMMOCK GAG.

"Don't you think," said the maid,
"That after our work we had better take some
Pleasant rest in the shade?"
But the senior was mum, and sucked his thumb.

"Since the bright sun has set,
Since to their roosts the chickens have clumb,
Ere the grass becomes wet—"
But the senior was mum, and sucked his thumb.

"While the green of the tree
Still blends with the sky's color of plum,
While there blows this warm breeze—"
But the senior was mum, and sucked his thumb.

"Let us swing in the ham-
Mock in the porch. I and my chum
Sit as close as one clam."
But the senior was mum, and sucked his thumb.

"It is proper for us
To snug up together, and clasp—ah, hum!
Let me show you—'tis thus!"
But the senior'd skipped "hum," as she spit out her g
"Still another, bashful cuss!" —*Chronicle*

The wise man keepeth a close mouth aboutt base ball game, but the fool is not so, for he b teth the sodas. Therefore the wise man shall able to say, "I knew it would be that way," wh the fool shall be stuck. Selah.—*Ex.*

Prof. in Physics:—"Did you ever see gravi tion?" "No, sir." "Ever smell it." "No, si
"Hear it?" "No, sir." "Feel it?" "Y
sir." Prof. (astonished): "When, sir?" "Wh
I fell out of an apple tree, sir." "Well, how
it feel?" "Very attractive, sir." (Prof. s
sides.)—*Nassau Lit.*

THE ARGO.

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THE ARGO.

Published fortnightly during the college year by the students of Williams College.

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Williamstown, Mass.

Students and graduates of Williams are requested to contribute articles, verses, letters, and Alumni notes.

AS the frisky Juniors blossom out into dignifi— No, you know just exactly how that goes; there is no need of repeating it. However, we are not sorry to get out of here, and get a little rest from our overwhelming duties, especially in the editorial line, and just as we send you this number we wish you all a very pleasant vacation, containing picnics, Long Branch, the Whites, farming, fishing, huckleberrying, or whatever you like best, hoping to greet you again in a few months, ourselves well recruited, and ready to flood you with our sage reflections, irresistible humor, and jottings of the college news. *Auf wieder sehen.*

WE are obliged to chronicle the resignation of Mr. Horace Ketchum from the Board of Editors of the ARGO. Mr. Francis V. Pike has been elected to fill the place thus made vacant.

THE new feature of a course of lectures on continental literature of the eighteenth century, given to the Juniors during the last two weeks of

the term, has proved especially interesting and instructive, as they were quite out of the dry, tough, get-it-all-out-of-the-encyclopedia style, but conducted in a scientific method. Tracing the influence of the leading minds of this age, the intellectual and philosophical tendency of the times, as produced by them, also introducing concise sketches of the biography of each prominent author, together with an analysis of their principal works, they give in a short space a good general view of that period of literature, and prove no small addition to the Junior year in modern languages.

IN another column mention is made of the presentation of some valuable books of reference to the college library, which naturally calls attention to this important department of the college. Though, to be sure, it is at present slowly increasing and beginning to lay off its air of a mere collection of dry and musty religious tomes, still it affords abundant opportunities to any alumnus, who desires to express his affection for Alma Mater in a material manner, and upon this subject we would invite their consideration. At Harvard, too, there is a custom deserving of credit, and one which merits the notice of all our undergraduates. Each Senior, on leaving college, presents the library with books, which he may not need any longer, but which will be of service to the college. This practice, if assumed here, though of course in a less degree than at Harvard, would soon produce a marked effect upon the shelves and alcoves of Lawrence Hall.

THE recent drawing for rooms in the college building has attracted our attention to one feature which is perhaps of ordinary occurrence in outside life, but which should not be allowed to enter into this transaction. We refer to the scheming and greed to secure rooms shown by those who had not the slightest expectation of ever occupying them, but who considered it an easy task to make

money by selling their choices to others, who were thus able to secure rooms, although their entering a college building depended solely on their chance of *purchasing* desirable rooms—in some instances the consideration reaching quite a sum. Thus many who wished to enter the regular dormitories found all desirable rooms taken up by these speculators, and were prevented by their own pecuniary circumstances and the effect of this “trade and dicker.” Such a proceeding is objectionable on many grounds, and especially because money alone seems the object aimed at.

A COLLEGE year has again run its course, and again has reached the goal of commencement week. Again alumni, old and young, revisit the lovely scene of their “four best years,” and rejoice to see its prosperity. And especially to last year’s graduates will our fair vale present noticeable changes. For during the short time that they have been absent from it we have seen Clark Hall rise to its highest point, and prepare itself for the reception of the Wilder Cabinet; we have watched the removal of the old buildings on Mole’s Block, and seen their place occupied by the stately proportions of the growing Morgan Hall; we have seen the completion of the new observatory, and the placing of the new meridian circle therein, and last but not least the increase of the Faculty, and the introduction of electives, the latter a great breach in customs somewhat moss-grown. All these varied improvements cannot fail to rejoice the hearts of all sons of old Williams.

LAST night witnessed the celebration of three as jolly class suppers as Williams men ever attended, since such a custom was begun. Coming as they do at the end of each year, and just before the class separates for its longest vacation, they do much to stimulate that sense of brotherhood and strong class feeling which is such a delightful bond of friendship in after years, and on this account they cannot be too highly prized. But of the so-called “class feeling” or “spirit,” there is a different view.

We often hear it said, when a man refuses to cut a recitation on some trivial excuse, or when he refuses to enter a “rush,” that he has no “class spirit.” This seems to be only another of those curious cases of college “honor,” and like the most of them cannot be too highly condemned. In nine cases out of ten the man who refuses to join such actions is in the right of the affair, or has reasons which justify his action in every way, and in nine cases out of ten he has more true “class feeling” than the man who slurs him in this way.

THE approaching moonlight exhibition suggests a thought in regard to the financial management of that performance. If a man has received a moonlight ovation, it is understood that he has won a college prize. But in what does this prize consist? To conduct an exhibition without music, and without all the paraphrenalia of invitations, programmes, etc., is impossible, or at any rate its lack of these essentials would detract materially from the pleasure of the occasion. Yet, none of the expense which these things entail are met by the college. They are paid by the individual speakers, and are quite heavy for the small number of men participating. Of the prizes, the highest was fifty dollars. The class prizes were of relative dimensions. But—

“The noblest spur unto the sons of fame
Is thirst of honor,”

saith the sage. If, however, the aspiring son of fame is a poor man,—and if it is not his good fortune to take a prize—he is out of pocket to such an extent as will induce him to quaff at a less expensive beer than the moonlight stage. It seems as if there was room for reform both here and in the case of Graves Prize Speakers, although the invitations would seem to fall to the share of the appointees.

THE Senior Statistics, which we have reviewed at length in another column, certainly presents an agreeable improvement over similar compilations of previous years. The increased number of pages and neat typographical appearance add much to their attractiveness.

But we may find much within which is both interesting and significant, especially in the vocations which the students propose to follow, and their several opinions on political and college questions. The number who have not yet decided upon their future course seems unusually large, and this proves how large a number are passing through college either unable to decide in what direction their efforts would be most successful in life, or else pay little or no attention to the future. The number who have signified their intention to enter business occupations shows that students also are realizing that the professions are full, that the supply far exceeds the demand, and unless they can hope to bring some special skill or attainment to the profession that it would prove a failure. Although probably much due to prejudice and home influence it is remarkable to see how nearly unanimous they are in political ideas, and the fact is especially important when viewed with regard to the influence which the educated class of our generation will have upon government. Yet the large majority which have expressed themselves in favor of Free Trade demonstrates their liberality and willingness to be convinced of error even in opposition to the doctrines of the party to which they claim adherence. We have not space here to enter upon a discussion of the college questions. The publication will well repay perusal.

THE action of the Senior class last week seems to us most unjustifiable, and is at present regretted by a majority of the members. The facts were as follows: By the vote of the examining committee one man was refused his degree; this action was not communicated to the class until the bell was tolling. Moved by momentary regret at the ill-luck of a classmate, and considering that notice should have been given him before the time came when the class were to be recommended for degrees, the class declined to enter the chapel. A compromise was offered them to the effect that the words *in conditione* should be appended to the name of the gentleman in question, and that he should be allowed to make up during the week the studies

in which he had failed, and to take his diploma with the class. This perfectly fair compromise was refused by the gentleman interested, and the discussion was so prolonged that finally President Carter dismissed the assembly who were waiting in the chapel for the Seniors. The fact has since transpired that the gentleman had been duly warned by the Faculty, a fact which he did not disclose, but kept silent, apparently hoping to be pulled through the service by the action of the class. His conduct cannot be too severely censured, while some blame can be laid to the action of the examining committee for not giving earlier notice to the class of their decision, for had the class calmly considered the matter no such action would have taken place. The class, however, has been placed in a false position, as it was not the will of the majority to absent themselves from this exercise. They have lost the pleasant ceremony of "*Hi Juvenes*," have placed themselves in a ridiculous light, have brought dishonor on the college, and all for what? For the sake of a man who by his actions at the time has been proved unworthy of any such sacrifice. The apology of the class is due to the examining committee and to President Carter, whose first commencement as President of Williams College has been so badly marred by this thoughtless and stupid performance.

THE Garfield Memorial window arrived on Monday, and was immediately put in the northwest window of the chapel transept. It is the work of Mr. J. F. Lefarge, of New York City, and does that gentleman great credit. The main part of the window represents an allegorical scene, in which an angel is pointing out the Promised Land to Moses, under which is the motto, "Who was faithful to him that appointed him, as Moses was faithful to all his house." Both figures are rich in color, but the faces seem rather inferior to that David in the adjoining window. Beneath, the window is ornamented with some remarkably fine arabesque and mosaic work, in the center of which is a lifelike medallion head of Garfield, with these words beneath it, "James Abram Garfield, Twentieth President of the United States. Born Nov. 19, 1831;

died Sept. 19, 1881. In memory of his great services to his country as a scholar, soldier, and statesman, and in token of the universal love and sympathy called forth by his protracted suffering and untimely death, this window is placed in the chapel of his Alma Mater, by his friend, Cyrus W. Field." It is a valuable gift, for which Mr. Field deserves the thanks of all Williams men, old and young.

CAUGHT.

Lill, soliloquizing—

"How dreadfully silly is all of the talk
That I hear all day long at each dance, drive, or walk!
Of compliments empty I'm weary and sick;
The next man who pays one will see pretty quick
He is trying his hand on the wrong kind of girl.
I'm too much compared to a star or a pearl.
Perhaps I'm good-looking, and just for that reason
To call me a beauty is quite out of season.
I'll be nobody's queen, and I won't be a fairy;
I *am* so disgusted I think I would marry

(Tom creeps in silently,)

The man who would say, with an evident sneer,
'That girl is but common, to me it seems queer
What all her adorers find there to admire.'
But *he* wouldn't"—

(Tom, springing forward.)

"Yes, he would"—
"Why, Tom—you—why—*why*—er—"

SOME DOCUMENTS.

[AS the marking system has lately created much interest in the outside world, and as the subject is of peculiar interest to the undergraduate at large, the ARGO, with its usual foresight and enterprise, has been able to secure the opinions of the great men whose letters appear below.]

NEW YORK, June 25, 1882.

TO EDITORS OF ARGO:

DEAR SIRS—Your letter respecting the marking system has come very *apropos*, as I have been at work nearly two months upon an *extempore* after-dinner speech upon this very subject. My reputation has grown so much lately that now all in general grant that I am a good speaker.

I consider the marking system perfectly fair and impartial. Since celluloid cuffs have come into use if one can't obtain a high grade by these means he ought never to run for President.

Yours for third term,
U. S. GRANT.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 20th.

EDITORS OF ARGO:

There is no hell, but I should be glad if there were, for the sake of the marking system.

Atheistically,
BOB INGERSOLL

MENLO PARK, N. J., 23d of June.

SIRS—Have no time to answer your letter asking information about marking system, as I am at work on my electric lamps, which as well as lighting the recitation-room will distribute the marks by electricity. Expect to finish it next week.

Yours in haste,
EDISON.

BUNNELL'S MUSEUM,
COR. 9TH ST. AND BROADWAY.

EDITORS OF ARGO:

I have been intimately connected with marks since a very early age, and am competent to speak on the subject. When very young the Sandwich Islanders marked me for life. Savages of all kinds take great delight in marking; nevertheless now I am thankful that they marked me, as Mr. Bunnell pays me \$100 a week to exhibit myself. I will be glad to have you pay me a visit, and see for yourself that I am the only genuine tattooed man in America. Admission to all parts of the museum twenty-five cents.

Yours, etc.,
CAPT. COSTELLO

LOQUITUR LAMP-POST.

"I'M an Adams lamp-post, I am, sir, and many a student in Williams college do I know intimately. Very sociable, pleasant fellows they are too, when you meet them as I do; warm, loving, and generally communicative, you know, not like some men who only lean superciliously against me and leer at the stars in a maudlin way. These fellows always give me a long, affectionate embrace, and tell me all their secrets in a frank and open manner. There is one queer thing about them, too; I can always tell what class they belong to by their line of action. A Senior clasps me desperately and mutters away in philosophical phrases to himself until the sidewalk settles down, then makes a dodge for the next post. He has had some experience you see. The Junior madly grasps me, and after chanting a weak attempt at music, sinks slowly down to the sidewalk and waits for the dawn. A Sophomore usually offers at first to shake hands, and then tries to borrow a cigarette; then, after hitting me for

my cold refusal, suddenly assumes a seat in the gutter and tries to invent an excuse for to-morrow's recitations. But the dear confiding little Freshman is the one that it softens even my hard heart to see. He slides submissively up under my protecting wing, and soothes himself away to gentle slumbers as peacefully as if he were retiring to his little cot-bed with the assistance of the Sophomore Visiting Committee."

BALLADE OF INTERROGATION.

"Do you think," said she, as she plucked, in jest,
A rose by the road as we both passed by,
And to it her lips for a moment pressed,—
Her lips which in hue with the rose might vie,—
"Do you think 'twould be very wrong, if I
To you should this rose as your own allot?
Do you think you would value it, much?—reply!
Pray, tell me, would you, or would you not?"
"Do you think," said I, "were I king o' the west,
And sat on a throne of a gorgeous dye,
And you should offer that rose, to test
If I would resign my sov'reignty,
I'd not leave all and my name deny?—
Nay, crown and kingdom should be forgot,
If you, and the rose, would their place supply,—
Pray, tell me, would you, or would you not?"
"Do you think," said she, "it would quite be best
To abandon a throne for a laughing eye,—
For a rose which withers like all the rest,
For a maiden who soon must fade and die?"
"Alas!" I answered, "my fair realms lie
'Midst the land of clouds, in a far-off spot;—
Should I ask as I am, would you comply?
Pray, tell me, would you, or would you not?"

ENVOY.

What happened thereafter no one need try
To learn, for I'll tell not a single jot,
And, gentle reader, if you were I,
Pray, tell me, would you, or would you not?

HER VERY PICTURE.

IN the early evening of a day in June, old Miss Dustane sat out on her cool piazza, nervously knitting away on an unfinished stocking. To be sure, she herself had no need for such articles of wear, nor did her pretty niece Louise lack casings for her dainty feet. But, no doubt, some poor people would be delighted to receive them next winter; and, as for Miss Dustane, she knitted

from principle. She believed most firmly in the gospel of activity, and most zealously did she put her creed into practice, even though she was sometimes obliged to make use of her neighbors' characters, for want of other material; and just now her mania for work found its vent in knitting.

But her thoughts were not at all upon her work, nor, indeed, upon any of her many household cares; but, as the busy needles clicked away with mechanical regularity, never dropping a stitch, she was meditating, in a state of perplexity, upon that very niece, who, in her turn, sat upstairs thinking of her aunt. But into the thoughts of each of these two in regard to one another entered a third person, Mr. George Dazy, who just now stood not very far off from this same piazza, but well out of the reach of the eyes of the elder Miss Dustane. "If Louise will only hurry and be dressed in time," thought George, "she shall go to that ball as sure as I stand here now, Miss Hetty or no Miss Hetty, Crafty lad I am, to get in here where all the other fellows have sought in vain now for six months!"

"I wonder if anything will happen to-night," thought Miss Hetty. "I have kind of smelled a mouse all day. I have been worried to death about Louise ever since that impudent young Dazy first came here to call, claiming relationship—the young rascal! I couldn't believe it was true until he showed the letter. And then, only third cousin! And such goings-on since! When I had kept her all safe nearly eight months, in that place of all places, a college town, to have a march stolen upon me just before her father comes back! But they can't do anything. I'll guard her like a jaileress, even if it does rouse hard feelings. But she acted so peculiarly when I told her she couldn't go to the ball. I can't understand it. I believe they have some plot. But I shall watch only the closer."

"Well, now, it is about time for me to go down," said Louise to herself, just as she took a last look in the glass. "I wonder what on earth he intends to do! Stand behind the door, and wait the course of events? I never can get out while Aunt Hetty sits on the piazza, for I never

would dare go if she told me not to. But I might as well obey directions, if only to get caught." And so she tip-toed noiselessly down stairs.

Some time afterwards Miss Hetty heard a loud whistle sound from behind the hedge before the house, and then another. A moment after that, a suppressed chuckle, and again all was still. She became aroused, excited, agitated, and finally rose from her chair, as if to go in the house; but, recovering herself, sat down again, not without some thoughts of screaming for the police. In about ten minutes a young man dashed into the gate and up the walk, and, running up to Miss Hetty, gasped out breathlessly, "Where is Louise, Miss Hetty? Are you sure she is in the house? Has she not been carried off, or hasn't she run away? I'm sure I saw her, or the very picture of her, out on the street just now with a man. Won't you see quick?" Greatly alarmed, Miss Hetty ran up stairs, screaming, "Louise! Louise!" but nothing could be found; for, before she had reached Louise's room, a merry couple glided out of the gate arm-in-arm.

"Why, George! how could you keep me so long? I have waited ages behind the hall-door. And then to tell such a fib, even to gain your end! I believe I won't go with you."

"But I did not do anything of the sort, for your 'very picture,' your 'counterfeit presentment,' with its winsome curves and"—

"Hush, you silly thing! And now you had better send a note back to explain things, or she will have the whole city hunting after me."

Miss Dustane was just starting to the nearest police-station when an urchin handed her the following note:

"Miss Louise will be returned to-morrow morning, and no questions asked, on condition of the granting your consent. She spends the night with my sister. Yours,

"DAZY, the Burglar."

STATISTICS OF '82.

FROM "the class statistics of '82, compiled by C. A. Heath," a valuable little book for every man in college, we cull the following facts,

which may be of interest: The class has had seventy-two men connected with it, sixty-two of whom entered with the class, and thirty-nine of whom expect (?) a degree. It is one of the youngest classes that ever graduated at Williams. The average age is twenty-two years, five months, four days, which is about seven months younger than '79, and six months younger than '76. The oldest is twenty-eight years, six months, and the youngest twenty years, eight months. The average height is five feet, nine and one-half inches; weight, 154½ pounds. For a vocation, eleven have chosen law; eight, business; six, ministry; three, teaching; two, medicine; one each science and manufacturing; twelve are undecided. Politically, twenty-nine are republicans, four are independent republicans, two democrat, one bourbon democrat, and eight independent. Twenty-one are Congregationalists; twenty-three are free-traders, and twenty-three Hopkinsian in philosophy. All but seven have been members of some literary society, and twenty-two have been secret-society men. Prof. Perry is the favorite class officer of the majority, and only five men believe in the marking system. "Tampy," "Crazy," "Plug Ugly," "Sliver," and the famous "Ephraim" are among the euphonious nicknames bestowed on them. '82 has had the misfortune to hear the sad tidings of the death of two former members. Yates has represented her nobly in athletics, and she has among her members the originators of both "minstrels" and the founders of the ARGO. English Lit., Natural History, and German, as electives, drew most men. They have presented a cane to Prof. Perry, a "beaver" to Prof. Boison, and a pair of sealskin gloves to Dr. Hopkins. They have attended, by actual record, 1,851 recitations, 1,500 prayers, and listened to 143 sermons, and are still alive and prosperous.

FOR two months Williamstown can be seen every day in her celebrated rendition of the "Deserted Village."

It is said, on good authority, that "Prof. Alexander Walker, the eminent Scotch violinist," has had the honor of playing before the queen.

OLD KEEPSAKES.

Here is a faded yellow rose,
 She gave me long ago,
 Her pictures, too, in every pose;
 What changes time will show!

Here are her letters, in all moods,
 Some piquant, merry, free,
 And some in which, poor girl! she broods
 O'er troubles tearfully.

Here is a tress of silky hair,
 A gift from her rich store;
 A ribbon, too, the fickle fair
 Upon her dress once wore.

Why keep them longer? Toss away
 The idle souvenirs;

For I've the maid herself; to-day
 She yielded to my prayers. —CARL.

THINGS ARE SELDOM WHAT THEY SEEM.

For the benefit of those who see this place only at Commencement.

BY LE MISERABLE DORRIT.

CHAPTER I.

IT was night, black night, and an indefinable chaos of darkness rested all over Williamstown. It rained. It rained in torrents. Torrents sometimes mean sheets. Sometimes they do not. It rained all night. But it gradually ceased when morning came. As the first Freshman entered the Hash House for breakfast, it stopped; but it left its effects.

CHAPTER II.

Four months ago Williamstown lay becalmed in mud, one day.

A sticky, fathomless mud was no greater rarity in Williamstown then than in any Spring or Fall before or since. Everything and everybody in Williamstown and about Williamstown had mud on him, or about his person. There was mud in the President's over-shoes and on the chapel bell; mud in the recitation-rooms, as it was not yet time for the annual sweeping; mud in students' hair, mud on students' letters, mud on professors' clothes, and mud in the hash; there was mud on the Monument, and mud in the marking system; there was mud in the college papers, and mud in the college laws; there was mud in South College and East, in West College

and Kellogg Hall; there was mud in the Gym, and the Chapel. There was only one thing free from mud. That was a Freshman which was out of town on its vacation.

There were no sidewalks in Williamstown four months ago [Will there be any four years from now?] to help any one out of the quagmires. Professors and Freshmen, Sophomores and Bill Pratt, alike, were obliged to walk in the mud. Rubber boots were worth \$10.00 a pair. The universal mud made the feet ache. Far away the grand old mountains looked down on a sea of mud. The sky put on a black frown at the vast morass of mud. The *New York Times* had an editorial on Williamstown mud. It was a fact to be strongly smelt and tasted, that Williamstown lay floating in mud, one day, four months ago.

CHAPTER III.

Four months ago, Williamstown lay in a hubbub of ejaculations, one day.

A torrent of talk was no greater novelty in Williamstown then than in any class meeting before or since. But now the whole town groaned, wailed, howled, gnashed their teeth, and some swore.

Professors wrote their feelings into the marks. Sophomores vented their feelings upon the Freshmen. The air overflowed with expressions of indignation that had no other means of escape. It was one universal malediction from the depot to Stone Hill. Even the telegraph poles and the vane on Griffin Hall were not free from the general feeling, but rattled and creaked, as if doing all they possibly could to swell the chorus. It was a fact strongly to be felt and heard, that Williamstown lifted up its voice in wrath against the mud, four months ago, one day.

CHAPTER IV.

It was 12.05 by the college clock. But this is not always right. Fourteen Juniors, eight Sophomores, and eleven Freshmen came out of Kellogg Hall. Nine Seniors, two Juniors, three Sophomores came out of East College. This made forty-seven in all. Between the chapel and Goodrich Hall runs the road, then a pool of filth.

These forty-four men advanced rapidly towards the pool. They were going to dinner. They were a little late. But that was due to the college clock. They reached the street. Or rather, where the street was. The first man stepped in.

He disappeared. The second was Ben Snodkins, of New Jersey. He was used to mud. He did not hesitate. But his fate was like that of the first man. This seemed to madden the rest. All plunged in—all but one, a Soph. Waiting a moment, he darted silently across, just resting his feet on the floating bodies of the others. In one minute he stood in the Hash House. Nothing but mud on the table. Mud is not good food. He hesitated. He was lost. He became a spot of mud.

POISON IVY.

SCENE: *A darkened room, and in it a young lady with her eyes bandaged.*

SHE—Oh dear! Oh dear! what a time I am having; all on account of a little poison ivy. There's some one at the door; (*to her maid*) go and invite them in.

Maid—Miss Banley and Mr. Dent, ma'am, come to see how your eyes are. (*Leads her up to them.*)

The Invalid—Why, Cousin Lydia, how do you do? (*Kisses her.*) Good morning, Mr. Dent. (*Shakes hand.*) I am so glad to see you both. You have no idea how poky it is having to stay here all the time, with no one but Jane. (*Aside*) It's that very fellow she tried to catch last summer.

Dent—I pity you very much, I am sure, and can sympathize with you somewhat, as I suffered severely from "pink eye" all last week. But I was always able to go out.

Inv.—Is that so? I thought only horses had "pink eye"! Perhaps you are rather fast.

D.—Oh, no! certainly not; am I, Miss Lydia?

L.—He is the most harmless creature in the world. (*Aside*) I shan't let him have anything to do with her, harmless or not. (*Aloud*) By the way, Belle, do you think you will be well enough to come to the "Art Circle" next week?

Inv.—Oh, yes! I guess so; my eyes are recovering rapidly. (*Aside*) She shan't have him all

to herself anyway. What are you at work on now?

L.—The last meeting it was so hot that we didn't do any painting, but talked just a little. (*Aside*) It was well you were away. (*Aloud*) I believe we are to bring in crayon work next time. (*To D.*) Have you any artistic tendencies, Monsieur? If you have, pray join us, while you are here.

D.—With great pleasure, Mademoiselle. I might use you as a model, or perhaps I might attempt the representation of a "blindman's buff," with Miss Belle to draw from.

B.—What a capital idea, Mr. Dent! I do so need something to fill up my time; when could the sittings begin?

L.—Why, Belle! how can you sit for him? He must have light to draw by. (*Aside*) The horrid creature has already laid her net; how she would like to keep him here drawing her.

D.—We could manage a screen, I guess. (*Aside*) What fun! Lydia is evidently getting quite frantic, and the other is pretty, from what I can see.

L.—Well, Mr. Dent, ought we not to be going down to Mrs. Burnand's now? You know—(*The maid appears in the door.*)

Maid—Your carriage has come, miss.

L.—Very well. Good-bye, dear Belle. (*Starts to cross the room to bid adieu, but catches her dress on a chair. Belle does not perceive this, and, approaching, meets Dent.*)

B.—Good-bye, dear. (*Kisses Dent.*) Why—why—why—Lydia, what makes your face so rough? What, what did you say, Mr. Dent? kissed you!

L.—(*Aside*) The scheming, shameless thing. I don't believe her bandage hides her eyes a bit. Poison ivy! Humph!

OWEN SAWDOFF, A.B.

OWEN SAWDOFF was a young, innocent, and virtuous youth. The ways of this wicked and corrupt world were as yet untrodden paths to his large feet. He had the air of a baby angel. He was, in short, just on his way to enter Bilious college. His home lay far out on the vast prairies, among Piute Indians and students

THE ARGO-SUPPLEMENT.

COMMENCEMENT PROGRAMME.

SATURDAY, JULY 1.

ATHLETIC Exhibition at the new Gymnasium, at 3 P.M. To consist of exercises in Indian-club swinging, on the parallel and horizontal bars, and tumbling, interspersed with selections by the College Glee Club.

Graves' prize speaking in the Congregational Church, at 8 P.M., by the following competitors: R. Matz, subject, "Modern Military Establishments"; I. J. Geer, "Bismarck"; E. G. Benedict, "Recent Archaeological Expeditions"; A. E. Buell, "Evelyn's Diary"; L. M. Thompson, "Evelyn's Diary"; M. J. Nelligan, "Irish Land Bill."

SUNDAY, JULY 2.

Address to the Mills Y. M. C. A., at 10.30 A.M., by Rev. E. B. Coe, of New York City.

Baccalaureate Sermon by President Carter, at 3 P.M., in the Congregational Church.

Prayer-meeting in Mission Park, at 4.30 P.M., Dr. Hopkins presiding.

Alumni prayer-meeting in College Chapel, at 8 P.M., Professor Perry, presiding.

MONDAY, JULY 3.

Concert in the Congregational Church, at 10.30 A.M., with the following programme:

PART I.

1. Overture—Ariè, C. Franke.
S. J. White and College Orchestra.
2. Quartette—Lebewohl, J. Schalz.
A. D. Dowd, H. A. Garfield,
R. M. Kemp, R. S. Nichols.
3. Violin Solo—Träumeri, Schumann.
W. W. Wilcox, Jr.
4. Guitar and Banjo Selections, Converse.
Troubadour Club.
5. Duo Violino—Tema,—variations, Pleyel.
H. P. Dewey and W. W. Wilcox, Jr.
6. Selection—Romantic air variè, Thornton.
M. Sullivan and Orchestra.

PART II.

1. Vocal Solo—"Let me Love Thee," Arditi.
R. S. Smith.
2. Violin Solo—Selections of Scotch airs,
Abercainey, Gow.
March, Marshall.
Strathspey, Walker.
Reel, Gow.
Prof. Alexander Walker.
3. Walzer—Rheinklänge, F. Zikoff, op. 115.
College Orchestra.
4. 'Cello Solo—Chanson Sans Paroles,
Golterman.
F. C. Squire.
5. Farewell to '82,
Glee Club and College Orchestra.

Junior Dramatics at Goodrich Hall, at 2.45 P.M., consisting of the drama "Still Waters Run Deep," with the following cast of characters:

Mr. Potter,	A. L. Holt.
Capt. Hawksley,	R. S. Smith.
John Mildmay,	S. V. V. Holmes.
Dunbilk,	S. Smith, 2d.
Langford,	H. E. Adriance.
Markham,	C. B. Penrose.
Gimlet,	A. H. Walker.
Jessop,	L. G. Rogers.
Mrs. Sternhold,	F. Del. Smith.
Mrs. Mildmay,	W. W. Doyle.

Adelphic Union Address by Hon. A. D. White, President of Cornell University, at 7.30 P.M., in the Congregational Church.

Receptions of the Kappa Alpha and Alpha Delta Phi Societies at the close of the address.

TUESDAY, JULY 4, ALUMNI AND CLASS-DAY.

Meeting of the Society of Alumni, in College Chapel, at 9 o'clock, A. V. W. Van Vechten, '47, presiding. Dr. Hopkins will deliver a eulogy on President Garfield. The president's year report, the necrological list of the Alumni, will be distributed. The Garfield memorial window, if finished, will be presented by Hon. C. W. Field.

Class-day exercises at the Congregational church, at 2 P.M.

Class Oration,	I. J. Geer.
Class Poem,	E. G. Benedict.

THE ARGO-SUPPLEMENT.

At Clark Hall.

Ivy Oration, M. J. Nelligan.
Library Oration, E. T. Davis.

On the Campus.

Address to the Lower Classes, F. A. Erwin.
Pipe Oration, H. L. Peeke.

President's reception of the Trustees and Faculty at 6 P.M. Prize Rhetorical Exhibition at 7.30 P.M., with the following competitors: Sophomores: Robert Ramsey, subject, "Anarchy"; J. W. Allen, Jr., "Courage"; L. Y. Gardiner, Jr., "Battle of Kunersdorf"; Isaac Adriance, "Zagonyi's Charge at Springfield"; W. F. Hawkins, "Devotion to Duty." Juniors: R. S. Smith, subject, "Conquest of Mexico"; J. P. Hubbard, "The Practical Ideal"; H. E. Adriance, "Joan of Arc"; F. V. Pike, "Future of American Politics"; Horace Ketchum, "The Temple and the Cathedral."

Promenade concert in Goodrich Hall, at 9 P.M. Floor committee: E. G. Benedict, A. E. Buell, and F. S. Pratt.

There will be reunions of the classes of '32, '42, '52, '57, '62, '72, '77, and '79.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 5.

Commencement exercises at the Congregational Church, at 10 A. M., with the following programme:

Salutatory, T. S. Fagan, Troy, N. Y.
Dissertation, Morality in Politics.
I. J. Geer, Peru, N. Y.
Oration, Two Periods in the Progress of Science.
John Tatlock, Jr., Hoosick Falls, N. Y.
Oration, Sir Walter Raleigh.
E. H. Botsford, Port Jervis, N. Y.

MUSIC.

Philosophical Oration, America in 1982.
N. F. Wilcox, Northboro, Mass.
Dissertation, Versatility.
D. H. Strong, Coleraine, Mass.
Dissertation, Common Superstitions.
F. B. Yates, Bennington, Vt.
Oration, Necessity and Abuses of Party Spirit.
C. T. Johnson, Elyria, O.

MUSIC.

Oration, Physical Science & Modern Civilization
W. F. Gatley, Troy, N. Y.

Dissertation, College Success
F. J. Demond, Montague, Mass.

Dissertation, Civilization of the Indian
Robert Dobson, Chicago, Ill.

Philosophical Oration, Henry W. Longfellow
F. A. Erwin, West Point, N. Y.

MUSIC.

Philosophical Oration, Wordsworth, the Interpreter of Nature and Man.
E. P. Ingersoll, Cleveland, O.

Oration, International Copyright
Rudolph Motz, Chicago, Ill.

Oration, Science and Credulity.
J. A. Townsend, N. Y. City.

Philosophical Oration, Economics versus Ethics
L. M. Thompson, Medina, N. Y.

President's Reception, at his home, from eight to eleven, P. M.

[Note.—The pre-arranged order of speakers or exercises is given in each case.]

IVY SONG.

E. G. BENEDICT.

The four years past have flown as fast
As winds sweep o'er the sea,
And now before the opened door
We stand reluctantly.
And whether future years shall view
Us poor or prosperous,
Old Williams, we shall think of thee;
Do thou remember us.

Mark then the vine we plant, a sign
Of our life here begun,
Now small and weak, it soon will seek
Its course up toward the sun.
So like the ivy will we strive,
Whate'er fate holds in store,
With courage bright to climb the height
That lies our steps before.

And, ivy, still shalt thou fulfill
Thy task, as years roll by,
And every storm thy graceful form
Shall meet and shall defy.
And when we all have passed away,
Thou shalt the tale renew
Of those who place thee here to-day,—
The class of '82.

of Knox college. But his father did not desire his darling son to mingle with these dregs of the human family, and so he sent him to that home of virtue and deviser of college laws, Bilious college.

Now this astute and otherwise prudent parent had in some manner obtained a wrong impression in regard to the time of entrance examination, and so he sent Owen eastward just one week too soon. But neither father nor son were aware of this blunder, and all seemed serene to their unsuspecting minds. After getting well along in his journey Owen stopped off a day at Poughkeepsie, and, sad to relate, wandered into the grounds of Vassar college. Nothing very terrible happened though, as the college had been closed for two or three days, but the general atmosphere that pervaded the place could not but have deleterious effects upon the constitution of the unwary youth.

Leaving Poughkeepsie, he hastened on toward the ranges of the Taghconics, and soon came in sight of Pownal, which he immediately recognized from the accurate description of it in "Baedeker's Guide to the Berkshire Hills," which he had conned unceasingly for four years. The sight touched his heart. Shortly afterwards, reaching Bilton, where the college is situated, he slowly ascended the long slope which leads up to the college play-ground, and, following the advice of his father, inquired timidly of a fierce youth adorned with a green flannel shirt where Professor Biffing lived. He was told that he would have to go "cackeen miles, eight feet" before he reached that place, which somewhat alarmed him. Nevertheless he trudged wearily on, and finally reached the mansion. "Professor Biffing is down at the examination room," said the servant, in answer to his inquiry. Very much afraid that he was too late, he hurried to the room to which she directed him, and found himself just in time, as a large crowd was entering. Joining them, he also went in, and found the room quite full, with a number of dignified looking old gentlemen ranged along the platform. The examination soon began, and seemed very hard indeed, as a great many of the scholars could not answer the questions at all, but the old men did not seem to mind this, but smiled approvingly.

When it came to his turn, he was asked "what is protection," and answered it quite readily, as his father had drilled him well in spelling and defining. The old men looked a little puzzled, but soon recovered and dismissed the examination, when Owen followed the rest. As he was going out one of them tapped him on the shoulder and said, "What is your name, please, the Trustees want to put it in Latin on your diploma."

"Wh-at," said Owen, astonished, "when can I make up the diploma, and how many pages will it be?"

"You have passed the Senior examination, and they want to graduate you, hurry up," was the answer.

THE SENIOR'S LAMENT.

My grief is more than I can bear,
For I must go and much I rue it;
Bring Lethe's wave to drown my care
(In Lethe's absence beer will do it).

And sackcloth, too, I fain would don,
For grief and sackcloth go together,—
And grief lies dark my soul upon,—
(And sackcloth's cool in this hot weather.)

And ashes put upon my pate,
While I wipe off the tear-drops starting;
(Cigar ash, that will do first rate)
Alas! how sad is all this parting.

CLASS SUPPERS.

LAST night the three jovial classes, who have still a year or more to pass off on "these grounds," assembled for their annual suppers around the tables loaded with the delicacies of the season. The Juniors held theirs at the Delavan House, Albany, and, after feasting heartily, Toast-master E. R. Crowell called up the following toasts and speakers: "The Class," D. B. Pratt; "Dramatics," S. Smith, 2d; "Chemistry," C. B. Penrose, and "Astronomy," N. Reynolds. The Class History was given by H. S. Underwood; the Poem by G. H. Badger; the Prophecy by J. E. Pierson.

The Sophomores met at the Mansion House, and their reason-feast comprised the remarks: R. A. Ballinger, on "The Class"; I. W. Allen, Jr., "Divide and Conquer"; S. J. White, "Or-

chestra"; G. N. Southwick, "The Old and the New"; John Flagg, Jr., "Ponderous"; H. H. Brigham, "Protoplasm," and W. J. Foster, "Junior Prospects." J. H. Burke was Toast-master, P. F. Bicknell, Historian, J. D. Colt, Poet, and A. W. Underwood, Prophet.

The Freshmen supped at Greylock Hall, and the merriment usually attendant on such an occasion was none the less this year, as the following programme was carried out: President's Address, W. J. Squire; "The Class," J. S. Wheeler; "The Ladies," W. W. Wilcox, Jr.; "*Νενικηκα*," S. B. L. Penrose; "Other Classes," W. W. Ranney; "Exiles," J. G. Jones; "Faculty," C. C. Sibley; "*Kaλ yap*," W. W. Rockwell; "Grubs," P. M. Moodie; "Election Returns," E. E. Bonfils. J. F. Huckel was Toast-master, B. W. Warren, Historian, J. A. Holden, Poet, and H. B. Tuttle, Prophet.

TENNIS.

A SERIES of games of tennis has been commenced among the secret societies, which has proved a source of pleasure to all concerned, and will probably be continued next year. The games thus far have been as follows:

June 12th, Delta Psi vs. Delta Kappa Epsilon; won by the latter in two sets, 6-1, 6-love (Sigma Phi grounds). June 14th, Sigma Phi vs. Delta Kappa Epsilon; won by the latter in two sets, 6-4, 6-1 (Chi Psi grounds). June 14th, Chi Psi vs. Delta Psi; won by the former in two sets, 6-2, 6-3 (Sigma Phi grounds). June 17th, Kappa Alpha vs. Delta Kappa Epsilon; won by the latter in three sets, 6-4, 6-2, 6-love (Sigma Phi grounds).

COLLEGE NOTES.

SENIORS who got stuck in Geology say that Flint is hard.

HAVE your "pa and ma" come yet?

N. F. will open his register for returning Alumni, as usual.

WHAT will happen to the college when Bony becomes a Soph?!

IT is said that the class of '86 will be of goodly proportions.

DR. SMITH is now having No. 1 Goodrich fitted up, and will use it as a study.

GHOSTS have again become numerous about E. C., appearing quite frequently.

ONLY three men wish to take the French elective, and it may not be continued.

J. C. B. ANDREWS, formerly of '84, together with his wife, is stopping in town.

THE new meridian circle was mounted last Saturday, and works most admirably.

THE Sophomores who handed in fifty plants were examined only on the Botany lectures.

THE house now being erected in the rear of Christmas Lake is intended for Dr. Carter's valet.

HAVE you secured tickets for the Dramatics and Orchestra Entertainment? If not, do so at once.

ONE enterprising Junior holds a second-class E. C. room at the modest premium of twenty dollars.

PRESIDENT CARTER has presented the College library with a complete set of Kuhn's "*Zeitschrift*."

IT is rumored that Snodkins will visit Europe this summer on the profits made at speculating in rooms.

HON. E. D. Morgan will be unable to spend Commencement week here, but will probably pay us a visit in the Fall.

MR. JOHN K. BANGS, editor-in-chief of the *Acta Columbiana*, will visit Williamstown during Commencement week.

AUSTIN's Tenth Regiment Band will vie with the orchestra in soothing the savage ear during Commencement week.

THE Juniors had four annuals, the Sophomores five, and the Freshmen three. '84's good fortune never deserts her.

ONE year ago to-day, Williams College, with the rest of the nation, stood horror-struck at the deed done in Washington.

THE orator on the moonlight invitations is supposed to represent Bill Pratt, in his famous "Otta" act, with wheelbarrow and harmoniky.

THE hymns for Dr. Carter's baccalaureate have been printed on separate slips of paper, and will be distributed throughout the church.

"ALL's well that ends well," said coony Sophomore, pressing in two dandelions and three buttercups among the fifty by the Sophomores.

'82's ivy frame has arrived, and has been set up at the base of the tower of Clark Hall. It was made by Henry C. Haskell's son, of Albany.

"H. JUVENES" (?) was quite an exciting time to those who understood what was going on outside. It was sad to have so many visitors disappointed.

CAN we not have some base-ball games during Commencement, to which the refugee from the Congo may revert when weary and totally used up?

THROUGH lack of interest and numbers, the Sophomoric scheme of an expedition along the sea-coast during the coming summer has been abandoned.

A SENIOR was heard to murmur, last Saturday, that there was a charge on his term-bill for a diploma, and, by paying that, he could sue for the sheep-skin.

DR. CARTER'S report will contain the detailed subscription list of the Garfield Memorial Fund up to the present time. The whole amount is about \$44,000.

IT is a pity that all members of the college press cannot be present here to see the meeting of the celebrated Vassar-tale anti-sluggers C-p-n-o and T. C-rl-e S-th.

A CERTAIN Junior was almost bull-dozed into believing that he must come to chapel this morning at 8 A. M., in order to hear some announcement about the elections.

THE College nine defeated the Tunnel Citys, on June 14th, by a score of ten to one. The latter club displayed their usual powers of "kicking" at everything possible.

IF the size of the audiences at Monday's entertainments depended upon the size of the posters announcing them, the Congo and Goodrich Hall would be crowded.

EVIDENTLY the Faculty intend that there shall be no undue confusion at the beginning of next year in the matter of Senior electives, as the choices have already been made.

"WHAT is the matter outside?" said one anxious Junior to another, last Friday afternoon. "Oh! there is one *juvenis* that is not *hi* enough to get through," was the demonic reply.

THIS afternoon a few zealous Natural Historians will wrestle with a competitive examination for the prize in that branch. It is to be hoped last night's supper will not hinder any of them.

THE main doors of Clark Hall have arrived and been put in position. They are of ash, and handsomely carved; but, owing to some mistake, the stained-glass panels for the top are a little too wide.

Now the foolish and unsophisticated sub-Fresh. sitteth in Alumni Hall, and teareth his hair, and perspireth in mental horror over the terrors of entrance Ex., while the crafty one walketh up and delivereth his certificate.

DR. CHADBOURNE has kindly presented the reading-room with a printed copy of each of his lectures on "Physical Sciences, the Product and Promoters of Civilization," and "The Farmer's Home, Past and Present."

THE Sophomores have been especially fortunate this year in their annual examinations. Most of their Latin and Greek, together with Biology, was taken off, while their Chemistry and Botany was so cut down as to be remarkably easy.

SCENE: Senior Ex. Prof. speaking of Coleridge: "Name some of his works." Senior (among others): "The Raven." At which Prof. smiles significantly at Examining Committee, who return it with interest. Can it be that the learned gentlemen were not aware of the fact that Coleridge did write "Raven," as well as one Edgar A. Poe?

ALL our annual preparations for Commencement have been completed. The lawns have been mown, the roads improved, and everything put in proper condition. It is to be hoped that one feature will not be lacking this year which was present last—the street sprinkler, an apparatus which cools the always dry and dusty air, and enables the visitor to rightly appreciate Williamstown.

STRANGERS looked somewhat curious, as they saw a file of flannel-shirted and knickerbockered youths, gayly adorned with flowers, and bearing aloft leveling instruments, march through the town on Thursday of last week. However, it was but the mathematical division of '84, that had just finished leveling East Mountain, when imposing ceremonies were held around the cop-bolt on top, among which was the reading of a poem by Robert Ramsey, written by Prof. Dodd for the occasion.

TRANSMIGRATIONS.

The soul of the ball-player fine,
Whose bats are good for two bases,
To him, though not yet on the nine,
Whose "bats" require lager cases.

The soul of the merchant so live,
Who's forever "marking goods down,"
To the prof. who gives us a five,
Whose "very lows" make daddies frown.

The soul of the Indian chief,
Whose victims are told by the score,
To Nan, the coquette, to my grief,
Her whose victims now number one more.

PERSONALS.

'11. Rev. Herman Halsey is reported as the senior alumnus of Andover Theological Seminary.

'14. The college library has received one hundred and fifty-three carefully selected philosophical works from the library of the late Dr. Dewey.

'24. A bronze statue, by an eminent sculptor, costing \$10,000, is to be erected upon the Thames embankment in honor of William Tyndale, the first translator of the New Testament into English. "Any university, county, society, or town in the British empire or the United States which contributes \$500 shall have the name of the contributing body recorded on the monument." Dr. Hopkins has been appointed a member of the committee in charge of the funds. He is expected to deliver a lecture in the Chautauqua course this summer.

'28. At the Commencement of the Columbia Medical School, Dr. Alonzo Clark presided in the absence of President Barnard. One hundred and fifteen degrees of M.D. were conferred.

'36. Rev. Chauncey Giles was re-elected President of the General Convention of the New Jerusalem church at its recent meeting in Chicago.

'52, '67. Hon. John W. Dickinson and Prof. Granville S. Hall are to be prominent speakers before the coming educational convention at Saratoga, beginning July 11th.

'55. At the last annual session of the Reformed Church in America, Dr. E. P. Ingersoll was elected President. He is pastor of the Middle Church of Brooklyn, where he has enjoyed a pastorate of fifteen years.

'57. The "Catalogue of Scientific Serials," by Samuel H. Scudder, is growing into recognition abroad as well as at home, as one of the most important of recent contributions to bibliography.

'63. Capt. J. C. Mallery, U. S. Engineer, has been during the past year on duty with the battalion of Engineers at Willett's Point, New York, and in charge of the observatory at that point.

'69. Lovers of yachting will be interested in an illustrated paper on "The Evolution of the American Yacht," by S. G. W. Benjamin, in the *July Century*. It is said to show the growth of the sailing-vessel, from the Dutch "pink" and the invention of the first schooner by an American in 1713, down to the present time.—*Harvard Herald*.

'74. Daniel L. Post, editor of the *Jamestown* (N. Y.) *Journal*, will deliver a lecture in this summer's course at Chautauqua.

'77, '78, '81. Rufus H. Halsey, William E. Roe, and Walter C. Roe are instructors in the Brooklyn Collegiate and Polytechnic Institute.

'79, '52. The examination of G. W. Andrews was a long and exhaustive one, but proved very satisfactory. He was ordained at Orleans, Mass., June 7th, when Rev. Llewellyn Pratt preached the sermon.

'80. Louis W. Gurley, formerly a member of this class, graduated this year from the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N. Y.

'81. A. B. Bassett has been appointed Professor of Physics and Mathematics at Amherst Agricultural college.

NECROLOGICAL SUMMARY FOR THE YEAR.

Class.	Name and Age.	Date of Death.
'13	Charles F. Sedgwick, 87.	Mar. 9, '82
'14	Orville Dewey, 88.	Mar. 21, '82
'27	Joseph Anderson, 83.	Feb. 17, '82
'27	Mason Noble, 78.	Oct. 24, '81
'29	Marvin Root, 79.	June 6, '81
'30	Nathan S. Hunt, 80.	April 13, '82
'33	Samuel Day, 73.	April 3, '81
'34	David T. Vail, 67.	Feb. 5, '82
'38	James D. Colt, 65.	Aug. 9, '81
'42	George P. Briggs, 60.	Mar. 26, '82
'44	George W. Burrall, 56.	Mar. 9, '71
'45	Robert A. Barry, 58.	Jan. 6, '82
'49	George M. Coan, 59.	Nov. 23, '81
'51	Samuel Williams, 54.	June 30, '81
'52	Charles M. Freeman, 50.	Mar. 20, '82
'52	Frederick W. Rankin, 50.	Dec. 7, '81
'54	Arthur J. Brown, 53.	Sept. 4, '81
'55	Phineas W. Hitchcock, 50.	April 10, '81
'55	John McKee.	April 1, '82
'56	James A. Garfield, 50.	Sept. 19, '81
'65	George W. F. Barker, 37.	Jan. 11, '81
'65	Abner W. Buttrick, 40.	Mar. 27, '82
'65	John W. Hawley.	Dec. 20, '81
'79	Cornelius E. Clark, 23.	Sept. 24, '81

EXCHANGES.

OVER the exchange-table slant the fiery beams of that caloric potentate, the sun. Through the wide-open window rushes a confused medley of sounds such as only the near approach of commencement-time can produce. From Alumni Hall resounds the stentorian voice of a Junior, industriously rehearsing his "moon-light" oration; outside the window an excited knot of Seniors are arguing the doubtful question whether they are alumni or not, while from a distance come the dulcet notes of the college orchestra. Amid such a babel of conflicting noises humanity is frail indeed. It is only by the utmost exertion of the will that the exhausted editor composes himself for the afternoon's work. If occasionally he lapses into pensive meditation on commencement joys, or with exhausted patience wishes that contending Seniors were safely dismissed into the "wide, wide world," and "Hi

Juvenes" a thing unknown, have patience, kind readers, and mercifully forgive him. The cool days of autumn will, it is hoped, bring him back renewed and reinvigorated by the long summer vacation. To-day he can but languidly glance at some of the more attractive of the papers which lie before him, and will attempt no studied criticism.

The *Princeton Tiger* is nearest at hand, and is unusually attractive. Base-ball and commencement are the prominent topics, and are both pleasingly illustrated. All the cuts are exceedingly bright in design, though we could wish they were better executed. The tiger-heads which form the introductory and closing illustrations are happy hits, and form a most fitting heading and tail-piece. We congratulate the retiring editors on the great success of the paper which they have founded and edited, as well as on their relief from editorial work which must have been heavy in the extreme.

Lampy also presents his final issue, and bids farewell to '82 as follows:

When loved ones to a distant land
Must take their unaccustomed way,
One friend laments, with clinging hand,
Another mourns, but cannot say
What quiet grief consumes his rest,
Nor how the tedious days like years
Renew the longing in his breast,
That never will be quenched with tears.
This silent sorrow *Lampy* feels,—
Still water's deepest, runs the song;
His parting smile in truth conceals
For '82 affection strong.

The *Lehigh Burr* closes a successful year with a first-rate number. The farewell of the retiring editors is simple and manly. If the new men bear their burdens in the same spirit as their predecessors, the *Burr* cannot fail to maintain the high position it has taken. It has been always spicy, newsy, and sensible.

The *Trinity Tablet* has presented some very good poetry in one or two of its late issues; we should think *Trinity* was raising a poet if we had not recognized a couple of pieces, one clipped from the *Century* and one from *Our Continent*. O, give them the credit, *Tablet*!

OTHER COLLEGE NOTES.

HARVARD.—It was finally decided to admit '85 to the class tree.—The *Crimson* will hereafter be issued as a weekly.—Hudges, '84, has issued a volume of poems.—Precautions are being taken in regard to fire in the college buildings.—A larger number of spreads were given Commencement week than usual.

YALE.—The Italian optional is \$10 extra per term.—Penikeese was repeated at Commencement.—The yacht races have been very successful.—'85 have been excluded from South Middle for next year by the Faculty.—The University club, at which graduates and students meet socially, is in a flourishing condition.

COLUMBIA.—C. M. Nairne, Prof. of English Literature, has just died.—The revival of class-day was greeted with great approval.—The candidates for the scholarship in Physics endured an examination from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M.—Dr. H. H. Boyesen has been created Gebhard Professor of German Language and Literature.

BOWDOIN.—The College Band is just under way.—The crew arrived at Lake George, June 24th.—An '83 man has dug up an Indian skeleton and presented it to the college.

AMHERST.—W. S. Ufford, who visited the Williams Y. M. C. A. this spring, won the honor in Natural Sciences.—A Tennis tournament was played at the end of the term.

ELSEWHERE.—The *Princetonian* could find no one among the students who would write an article in favor of the marking system.—Examinations are to be dispensed with at Wellesley.—The "Adelphi" of Terence has been acted in full classical setting at the University of Michigan.—Rutgers inaugurated Merrill E. Gates of Albany, as President, this commencement. \$100,000 was added to the endowment fund of the college.—At Brown commencement George Wm. Curtis delivered a striking address on "Educated Leadership."—At Univ. City of N. Y., Chancellor Crosby asked the trustees why women could not be admitted.—The difficulty between the President of Union and its trustees was settled last week.—The western papers now have a "college

chronicle" in the *Inter-ocean*.—The *Dartmouth* was issued daily during commencement week.

OLIPPINGS.

The Freshmen now go out,
The Sophs. begin to prey, (?)
And those who fear the Faculty
Had better keep out of the way.—*Argus*.

Prof. (looking at his watch): "As we have a few minutes left, I should like to have any one ask a question, if so disposed." *Student*: "What time is it, please?"—*Ex.*

A young lady of the "high æsthetic band" in Boston invited a common-place young man to meet two minds at her home one evening. The c.-p. young man responded that he was sorry that he could not accept, but he had a previous engagement to meet four stomachs.—*Ex.*

Scene: Chapel. A professor praying, and certain Freshmen studying. Professor: "Bless, we beseech Thee, the students now studying here." Sensation among the Freshmen.

THE "SCOOP" WALTZ.

One, two, and away, with a chassée gay,
How easy it looks to learn—
A gentle glide and a dexterous scoop,
A sidelong swing, with a graceful droop,
A reverse and a dizzy turn.
A trip, a slip, and a smothered rip,
And a woe that follows fast;
A little hole in the treacherous crash,
A fruitless grab while the bric-a-brac smash,
And the agony is past. —*Tiger*.

ROBBERY.

In childhood days, ere yet she knew
The worth of gifts, she 'd freely take
The presents—sweetmeats, toys, and such—
He offered her, for friendship's sake.
In later years when older grown,
Quite different things she took, like this:
His arm at parties,—hat and stick
Whene'er he called,—perhaps, a kiss.
In turn, she took his purse, his time,
His love, this thievish dame.
Not then, it seems, was she content:
For last of all she took—his name. —*Lampoon*.
When shaking hands, remove your—glove;
Don't let your soup-plate—fall;
And never attempt Platonic—love
At a simple evening—call.
—*Society Ed. of Tiger*.

THE ARGO.

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THE ARGO.

Published fortnightly during the college year by the students of Williams College.

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Students and graduates of Williams are requested to contribute articles, verses, letters, and Alumni notes.

SUMMER is ended, and work begun. Work —did we say? Yea, verily, work with a vengeance! With half the editorial board missing, the chief not yet returned, and our own faculties frightfully scattered and half mutinous, it is work indeed that lies before us. But the insatiate Moloch of student curiosity demands a sacrifice, and here we are. We bid you all a hearty welcome to college work and pleasures, to the latter of which we hope we may be so fortunate as to contribute. (Will some of you be kind enough to contribute a little of the former to us?) We have no sounding promises to make. We shall strive to maintain the standing and character of the paper as it has been in the past. Several changes are contemplated, which we think will be regarded as improvements, but nothing revolutionary will be attempted. That the year may be a pleasant one, and profitable to the students and all the good interests of the college is our sincerest desire.

THERE was talk last spring of a Lawn Tennis Association, and there seems now no reason why such an organization should not be

formed. The large number of courts in college will be certain to develop several first class players, and a good team can easily be selected. The organization and management cannot be difficult, because the number of players in a game is so small. The expense of sending away two or three men will be but slight compared with that of the ball nine, and can easily be met. Games can easily be arranged with Trinity, Amherst, and other neighboring colleges, and perhaps with Yale and Harvard. There appears no reason why an organization should not be perfected, and considerable interest developed. Let those who have the interests of tennis at heart take the matter vigorously in hand.

IT has been the custom from time immemorial for the college press, in their first issues of the year, to devote part of their space to the Freshman class. Sometimes remarking on their appearance as a whole, sometimes bearing down upon them with a column of more or less of advice. And now at this beginning of a new year, and as there are so many new faces among us, it seems but natural that they should be spoken of and noticed in some slight manner.

The appearance of the new class is on the whole gratifying. Its members have the look of determination written upon their faces. It is quite likely that many will stumble and fall by the wayside and be sent home with a note from the College Secretary, never to return more. Yet we sincerely hope that such cases will be rare.

May they never so far forget themselves as gentlemen, as to dishonor the fair name of their Alma Mater. May they do as good work in the field as they doubtless will do in their studies, and may their College career be both pleasant and profitable in every sense of the word. And with these few words of welcome we leave the class of '86 with its unwritten history open at the first page.

AT last are the prayers of the faithful answered. For long years has the college press protested in vain against those modern racks of torture, the seats in the Natural History Room. Grown weary of vain repinings and worn by frequent stretchings on the adamantine benches, we had just abandoned hope when lo! our deliverance appears. Too late indeed is it to relieve the sufferings of those who have longed for it most earnestly, yet they can rejoice in the deliverance of posterity from the dreadful inquisition through which they have passed. Soon will the playful Sophomore cease to while away the tedious morning hours by carving his fame-fated initials on the well-worn benches. Never again will the care-worn Senior reclining in their restful (?) embrace, dream alternately of commencement joys and impending bankruptcy. Not only has the Natural History room, with the price of board, gone up—up into the third story of Griffin Hall, but the benches will also be soon annihilated, and in place of the antiquated benches there will be comfortable arm-chairs. The object of the anathemas of the college papers will soon be no more. Sound the loud paean of joy!

WE wish heartily to recommend to the attention of students the subject of college and class singing. The matter has been much neglected of late, and we are in danger of losing one of the pleasantest features of student life. Throughout the autumn the "class-sings" should be carefully maintained and managed. They can be made very interesting and enjoyable if only a little pains be taken. We would suggest also frequent college sings as likely to arouse interest. The old songs ought to be maintained, for many of them are intrinsically good, and arouse pleasant memories. There are probably few in college who can sing correctly "The Mountains," yet it is the best of all college songs, and ought to be preserved with most scrupulous care. Yet the thing most urgently demanded is that new songs should be learned. There are many good ones to which we are yet entire strangers. The new college song book will no doubt furnish others. We sincerely hope the matter may receive attention from the re-

spective *choragi* and from the college at large, and feel certain that all efforts to improve the singing will be amply repaid.

THE village didn't change much while we were away. The same scenes which we looked upon when, as Juniors or Sophomores, wearied with the arduous duties of the term, and the pressure of the final examinations, we hastened homeward, greeted us as we returned. The involuntary addition to our dignity alone reminds us that our relations to the college are changed, that we have taken another step upward. Yet quietly, and unobtrusively really much has been done here in the way of improvement during the vacation. Morgan Hall is now well advanced, and we can form an idea, not only of its exterior beauty, but of the comforts and exercises which its occupants are to enjoy. Clark Hall has been finished and stands as a splendid monument of the donor's generosity. There has been an unavoidable delay in arranging the cabinets in it. Across the street in Griffin Hall, we find the carpenters have transformed a large room, formerly half filled with animals, skeletons and other zoological objects, into two rooms, one a well furnished comfortable recitation room, and the other a spacious laboratory, filled up with dissecting tables, etc., for the use of the Seniors.

In Goodrich Hall we find a long desired improvement in the substitution of steam-heating apparatus for the old furnace. A system of drainage for the use of the college has been built. Work on the two new professor's houses is being rapidly pushed, and they will soon be ready for occupancy. Four of the societies contemplate new houses, and other changes and improvements are promised or prophesied. Let the good work go on.

A COPY of the revised edition of the college laws was presented to each student on the first day of the term, and was examined with peculiar interest. The revision has evidently been very carefully made, and the changes are not many but mostly important and significant. We shall notice but three in particular. The first is the abolition of the Freshman "engagement"

known as the "iron-clad," and the substitution of a much milder statement, namely, that by virtue of their admission the students engage to obey the laws of the college. This does away with a very disagreeable paragraph of the old edition, and is a needed improvement. The principal offence noted in the old "oath" was that of hazing, which, in its objectionable, if not in all of its forms, has disappeared, rendering any such promise unnecessary. Students also are better pleased to have such matters left to their sense of honor—than to be obliged to subscribe to an agreement, and those who would respect a written promise from conscientious scruples, cannot act otherwise when the same thing is implied.

Secondly, we rejoice that the clause compelling students, under penalty of dismissal, to disclose what information they might have, is now omitted. It was always regarded as unjust, and as tending to do more harm than good—furnishing too strong a temptation for denying the possession of any knowledge on the subject.

The third is the most important and vital change of all, and relates to the Senior examinations and commencement. The final examinations henceforth are to be written, and the results are to have as much weight upon the rank of the student as the annual examinations of the other classes. This of course necessitates the postponement of the final rank list until after this examination is taken, and consequently the commencement appointments must be delayed until this time. Accordingly hereafter, on the 1st of March, those who are likely to receive appointments will be notified of the fact, and required to write special essays. Of these essays the best will be selected, and of the authors of the chosen essays, the best speakers will be permitted to appear on the stage. This probably will dispense with the Valedictory and Salutatory orations, which, however, will not be much regretted. Certainly it will be a relief not to be obliged to listen to eighteen or nineteen desultory essays of mediocre merit, for we shall now hear only the best writers and speakers, and the essays, as a result of the competition will probably be more carefully prepared than heretofore. The list of appointments will be arranged as usual and

printed in the annual catalogue. The ceremony of *Hi Juvenes* may possibly though not necessarily be abolished. We certainly hope that it will be continued. The effect of the change, in fine, will be to make Senior Ex. more important, and the commencement a more interesting exercise. There are several other changes in the laws which might have been made to advantage, but as a whole they must be considered satisfactory.

TWO PORTRAITS.

Her face was far too fair to paint
On canvas in soft shades of pink.
How sad she looks! She seems a saint:
Too prim to pout, too wise to wink.

And yet by some coquettish kink
She won his heart whose sad complaint,—
Her face was far too fair to paint
On canvas in soft shades of pink.

Ah love, when snaps life's little link,
And all the echoings grow faint,—
When children call your costume quaint,
May they like Grandpa gaze and think:—
Her face was far too fair to paint
On canvas in soft shades of pink.

FRANK D. SHEPHERD.

THE WAY-SIDE TAVERN.

A TALE OF HORROR.

NEVER met but one ghost in my life, my dear friends, but he was a corker and no mistake! Frightened me? Well, I should, etc. My heart went down into my boots, and finding there large and commodious quarters, went waltzing from one end of them to the other, and my vox clung all around my faucibus, in true Virgilian style. I'll give you a circumstantial account, and remember, it don't end by my waking up in the embrace of the pillow: I always did hate such weak endings.

John Melville Postlethwaite, Jr., was with me at the time. You remember Jack Postlethwaite, perhaps? No, well, he was one of those very proper bugs, whose chin was always in the air, and his neck too stiff to bend for ordinary occasions. He rarely smiled, and when he did indulge in a pompous grin, he looked like an incarnation of Vishnu, or a five cent jointed doll. But a very good fellow, you know, all the time.

Jack and I were marching around among the Green Mountains, up in the Sahara of Northern Vermont. Beautiful place—to pass through, but the abomination of desolation is nowhere if you have to stay there two weeks. We were stuck in a little out of the village, waiting for money to get on. The vegetables were as fresh as the inhabitants, and the cream as thick as their intellect, but still we were not happy. Consequently, we determined to march until operations were checked, and one morning we set out. It came on to blow very hard that afternoon, and soon a fine drizzle set in, so we determined to ask shelter at the first house on the road. This turned out to be an old tavern, desolate beyond compare, and with a mediæval, ghostly air about it, which was very depressing. A one-eyed old man, apparently the sole occupant, let us in, got us some supper, and showed us a room. We invited him in for company, and I brought out my private medicine case, and we had a nip all round. Indeed, the old fellow clung to the brandy bottle, as though it were his only hope of salvation, so finally I locked it up, when he bade us a reluctant farewell.

We were both very low in spirits, and Jack confided to me the kind of a tombstone he intended to have, and then we spoke of mould and worms, and then we turned in.

I was aroused by feeling an awful grasp on my arm!—But it was only Jack, I found, as I waked with a start and instantly thought again of tombstones. I was turning over to go to sleep again, when I heard a terrible whisper from Jack, which chilled my blood. "Look there!" said he, "for God's sake look there!"

The rain had ceased by this time, though the wind still howled and shrieked about the old house, and the faint moon, which occasionally showed between the fast driven clouds, threw now and then a long band of light on the floor. Something white lay there,—what it was we couldn't quite make out, but it looked like a white draped human figure, and worst of all, as the moonlight crept on, there came into the line of light a human foot. Jack and I both gave an awful gasp, disappeared under the bed-clothes, and then cautiously emerged after an interval.

The foot was still there, and as I listened, there came from the part of the figure where the head ought to be, an awful gurgle—gurgle,—then a long sigh, and then the toes, lying in the moonlight—wiggled, and at the horrible sight, Jack and I both sought safety again under the bedclothes.

But you know what country bed-clothes are, heavy as lead, and absolutely impervious to fresh air. We stifled in silence for a while, but were compelled to come to the top to breathe. And now the moonlight was creeping farther and farther along, and we watched the horrid Thing come more and more into the light, and now the arm and shoulder were all disclosed, and the light crept on to the face. And in front of the face was a moving hand which held something dark, and there came again that gurgle, as of a throat cut from ear to ear, and the long sigh followed. Then the quivering hand moved away from the face, and I thought to myself, "now we shall see It, now for the denouement."

And the denouement came, but from the other side. With a loud oath, Jack jumped over me and rushed up to It. "You confounded old wretch!" said he, with all his dignity dissolved into thin air, "you intoxicated old brute, what do you mean by coming into our room at this time of night, and stealing our brandy? Drop that bottle, do you hear! Get out of this, or I'll rip your greasy old night shirt off from your disreputable neck!"

And then I had a dim vision of Jack half leading, half dragging the Thing toward the door, a few more remarks came booming in from the hall outside, and then came a dreadful crash.

Jack had thrown It down stairs.

BASE-BALL INTERESTS.

CONSIDERABLE interest was aroused last commencement by the announcement that the trustees had decided to purchase a ground for base-ball and athletic purposes. Later developments have shown that there was some truth in the rumor, and have quite exalted the hopes of the lovers of athletics. It is true that action was taken by the authorities, and that during the summer investigations were made with a view to purchasing a field. Several good fields

were soon found, rather the most desirable one being near Water Street, and belonging to Mr. Cole. Unfortunately, however, a difference of opinion arose about the price. It seems that the price set by Mr. Cole is about a thousand dollars higher than the college is willing to pay. There seem but two alternatives if the field is to be secured: either Mr. Cole must lower his price, or the extra thousand must be raised among students and alumni. Mr. Cole, however, is willing for the present to rent the field, and if a good nine can be organized, it is certain the field can be secured in one way or another. On the speedy organization of a first-class nine then depend the baseball interests of the college. It is on this condition alone that the support of alumni and the favorable notice of the authorities can be gained. Of course they will not wish to support a poor, or mediocre nine, and will wish to see what we can do before entering into the plans very deeply. As to the countenance of the faculty, that depends principally on the nine raised. If it is a good one, and not made up of men who stand dangerously low in their classes, there will be a strong probability that the college will be allowed to enter the association, though no formal promise to that effect has been given. President Carter says that if a nine satisfactory in these respects can be secured, he can see no reason why the nine should not apply for admission. All then, it will be seen, depends on the vigor and judgment with which a nine is organized, and the success of their efforts in the fall games. Several good nines have already been challenged, and we shall soon know what our nine can do. Let it be heartily supported and given a fair trial, and there is good reason to hope that Williams will soon take her rightful place in athletics.

A "LONG-HEADED" Junior recently astonished his classmates by translating a French sentence—"his mother was a woman."

It is our sorrowful duty to record the death, during the vacation, of our esteemed townsman, Mr. George Roberts, the well-known Spring St. shoe dealer.

BY TELEPHONE

(Tuck, at the instrument.)

Hullo! Central Office!—*now then, for a wait.*

They always indulge in a lengthy debate

As to whether they'll answer,—Hullo! yes, it's me,—

Connect, if you please, with 203!

What?—no! yes, two hundred—*confound you—oh! no,*

Two hundred, two hundred, t-w-o!

Have you got that?—*Well, keep it!*—Good gracious, hold on!—

If that confounded man hasn't got up and gone!

Hullo! Central Office! Hullo!—*I'll be shot!*—

Will you please to connect me or tell me why not?

Two hundred and three, three, THREE, yes—*blank your eyes!*

This telephone biz would hurl saints from the skies.

Hullo! oh! Maud, darling, I wanted to know—

Great snakes, it's not she!—I want Miss Maud DeVaux.—

I think that I "darlinged" the old man that time.

If I did, I'll sell cheap,—this lot marked down,—one dime.

Miss Maud, is that you? Well, now I am right.

Do you want to go sleighing at seven to-night?

What? yes! no, no,—sleighing! no! yes, if you like.—

At seven—the mare—no one else—Woodville pike—

Return at eleven—all right, I'll be round.—

Whew! suffering Moses! my lungs must be sound.

I wish that I'd gone to her house after all,—

'T would have been a delightful excuse for a call,

And then I'd have seen Maud, and perhaps too,—oh! dear,—

If I only had twenty-five hundred a year!

(Exit meditating.)

REVERY OF A SENIOR

BY IK. MARVEL, JR.

FEELING a little luxurious, I have just had an open fire-place set in my room, and now often spend hours before the cheerful fire. What a comfortable thing it is above all others! Gazing at it, you can talk to it with the greatest freedom, open the deepest recesses of your heart to it, without the least fear of its revealing your confidences. Bill is not yet quite used to it; he let it go out to-day and has just built it again. Whew! what a smoke! That wood must have been green. How symbolic of Freshmanism. With too much crude sap in its fibers to allow it to burn vigorously and serviceably as yet, but still doing its best towards that end. To be sure, at first, we get not much but these clouds of smoke, very unpleasant, and ending in an idle flight up chimney, but the wood is trying hard to burn briskly, and only needs drying to make it go successfully. It will soon be at work in such a way as

to do great credit to its parent log. This irritating smoke recalling "smoking-out," reminds me of those kindred Sophomorical antics played upon Freshman victims. Those who know enough to take the dose coolly find it clearing away quick enough, but woe to those who persist in stirring up the cause of their annoyance.

Ah! here comes Bill with some dry kindlings to give it a fresh start. Hear the roar! see the blustering blaze, fit Sophomoric noise and sputter! Heedless, frolicking, and irregular now, it will, however, soon settle down and become more orderly. This blustering period is natural enough to most men, collegians and otherwise; promoted a little, they are rather inclined to make the most of their newly-gotten power, and this usually finds its vent upon the inferiors who occupy the despised position which they have so lately left. "So wags the world." But, too, as the flames roar and bluster, their dancing tongues light up the whole room. In all their impetuosity and audacity, the good element is just as prominent as the bad. It runs, perhaps, more readily to deeds of a nobler than of a baser stamp. There is one of those pieces which Bill put on, which has seemingly gathered all the rest about it, and so they follow him in noble flame or to gloomy smoke. How like many a man we have seen, with peculiar power over certain of his classmates. How much depends on his guidance. See those two or three bits out on the farther end of the log, making more stir than all the rest. They had better be careful or—yes, there they go down amongst the ashes.

The fire is become quiet and regular. With its even flames and mellow, delicious heat, I drift back to Junior year. Here the fire does not make much exertion, but steadily continues to perform its work, with perhaps a touch of repose—the promise of its coming end. There break out all along the wood, now and then, little jets of flame, like the quiet humor which seems to run all through this period, their varied colors referring, it may be, to episodes with fair acquaintances, in which the typical Junior is often engaged.

But the fire begins to grow cool; there are one or two black coals now in places, reminding one

of the vacant places found in every class as time goes on. I wonder whether their memories were revered or despised. The log is beginning to break open and divide; every class is apt to separate more or less before it leaves college, but as here the parts are only more firmly united. Soon the class will be scattered like the four winds, like this smoke, leaving behind—but no fire is out.

SOME NORTHERN FRIENDS.

(ONE OF UNCLE GABE'S SONGS.)

Mr. Soph he kerry a big yaller stick,
An' he say: "Mr. Fresh, dat 'ud make you sick."
Mr. Fresh he wear a knowin' smile,
For he'll som'time hab bof cane an' tile;
An' he say: "Mr. Soph, you kin hab it, I 'low,
But de calf what's borned hab chance to be cow."

Mr. Soph he horn an' howl wid glee:
"Oho! Mr. Fresh, come an' rush wid me."
Mr. Fresh he larf an' clam away fas',
For he'd like to rush, but he don' quite das';
An' he say: "Mr. Soph, its a shiny night,
But le's us wait till Prof's. out o' sight."

Mr. Soph he jump on de Adams train,
An' he say: "Mr. Fresh, now don' remain."
Mr. Fresh he leab wid a chucklin' grin,
For he hate to go where he git roped in—
An' he say: "Mr. Soph, 'tinks I'll go to bed
An' wake up t'morrer wid a small size head."

De Sophs dey smoke, an' drink, an' cuss,
An' say: "O, Fresh! Don' you wish you was us?"
De Fresh say nuffin, but grub away,
Like 'Jack dull boy,—all wuck an' no play '—
For dey tink de' its fun to racket an' burn,
Bimeby de Faculty's time's gwine ter come.

ON A PIAZZA.

"WHEN I was on the crew," said little Tom Davidson, as the conversation on the piazza of a pretty Long Branch cottage turned to college topics, "we used to pull a slashing stroke; nothing, I believe, has ever equaled it. Why, we made four miles in 15.21, you know, and then I fainted at the end of the course. That was a big thing for me, though; fell into a jolly crowd of young ladies, who made the best of our nurses. Sallie Dickson was among them."

"Bah!" cried Oscar Thorne, rather contemptuously, "what can such a miserable college do

Cornell do on the water,—let University of Pennsylvania beat her at Lake George only a few months ago. You should visit Princeton to see athletics. We almost won the championship this year, you know, and our boat bothered us at Lake George, or we should have won by nine lengths. Our pitcher is the boss boy; can throw a ball 500—yards, I guess it is, and kick a foot-ball 600—oh! no, that is rifle range distance, isn't it? Well, I don't remember the figures very well, but he is the greatest ball player ever known. And then he says I am next best. You should have seen me in the famous block game. They said I was a prodigy. And then on the ball-field my fielding average has few peers."

"This is all very well," said a Hamilton man, somewhat freckled, and with auburn hair. "We are just glorious out in—Onondaga—not Oswego—County—isn't it? You should view our fall sports, and gaze in open-mouthed astonishment as I throw the 40 lb. shot 40 feet. Then I vault pretty well—do 7 feet 6 occasionally, although somewhat out of practice. But athletics are nowhere with the grand hazing scrapes we get into once in a while. I know down at Trinity it is the custom for Seniors to haze Freshmen, but when our class entered, we almost reversed that. There were some tricky Juniors who tried to come some games on us in connection with the Sophs., and we got wind of the scheme. So what did nine or ten of us do but get hold of one of them and tie him in night-shirt to the door-latch of a Soph. about two o'clock one night, when he had to wake up a whole hall of Sophs. and Freshies to get loose. He heard the last of it about a year from that time."

"You all may blow as much as you please," growled a thick-set young Rutgers fellow, "but when you get down to solid facts, I would like to talk on walking and jumping. You see we have the grand gag on all but Princeton in the Jersey mud racket, and her men wouldn't know enough to catch on to it, if they worked a century. You see it requires such an effort to pull our feet out of the sticky substance which forms our roadway, that our feet muscles get enormous, and excel all others in the universe. I know 'Jersey canal-boat' is a great by-word, but when

you come to the grand leap and walk, we yank the whole kitchen establishment. Why, one of our fellows jumped right over Dr. McCosh one day in a foot-ball game, and all the barns around New Brunswick have our fellows' nail-marks in them, left when they went out practicing. And as for walking, the father of one of our fellows hitches him up with a fast mule pacer, when he is home, and drives him on a mowing-machine that cuts a square mile an hour."

"Come off! *come off!*" yelled Wilbur of Williams, as he shook a copy of the *Athenæum* at Thorne's nose in his excitement; "we can out-walk any college in the world; we can out-play 'em all at ball, or cricket, or tennis; we can lay over you all at any athletics; did you ever see our last fall records? Ha! you give o'er, I see. As for hazing, we jump on the Faculty every Wednesday night regularly, and set the adjoining town afire every year. Why, we burned up East Mass. twice, you know! And as for rowing one, two, three, nine, or a hundred miles, you should see our crew—"

"Hold on there," squealed Davidson; "there is nothing but a little brook where you are; I know that."

"Left again!" cried Wilbur; "but we can out-talk you all."

"Granted!" was the chorus.

THE LOST SMILE.

It is gone, that beautiful smile is lost,
I saw it vanish away
Like the last faint glimmer, a moment tossed
From the eyes of the dying day.

It formed 'neath his nose at a joke of mine,
And ran like a startled deer
As a loop in a rope runs down the line,
It rippled behind his ear,

Where it popped like a bottle of Piper Sec,
And vanished,—I know not where;—
I saw it go round to the back of his neck,
But—what became of it there?

"SATURDAY, the 9th," is past, and many of the students feel as did the Irishman who had been kicking a stone wall for fifteen minutes because "his fut felt so foine aafter it was done achin'."

PRIZES AWARDED AT COMMENCEMENT.

BENEDICT Prizes: In Latin—1st, Arthur Waring Underwood, '84; 2d, Percy Favor Bicknell, '84; honorable mention, Calvin Montague Clark. In Greek—1st, Percy Favor Bicknell, '84; 2d, Arthur Waring Underwood, '84; honorable mention, Calvin Montague Clark, William James Foster. In Mathematics—1st, William James Foster, '84; 2d, Percy Favor Bicknell of '84; honorable mention, Wallace Clyde Johnson, William Hill Williams. In History—1st, Frederick Geller, '83; 2d, Henry Lefavour, '83; honorable mention, Davie Butler Pratt. In Natural History—1st, Arthur Waring Underwood, '84; 2d, Walter Dewey Wheat, '84; honorable mention, Percy Favor Bicknell, William Hill Williams. In French—1st, Frederick Morris Herrick, '83; 2d, Herbert Shapleigh Underwood, '83; honorable mention, Virgil Blackinton Wells. In German—1st, Frederick Geller, '83; 2d, Henry Lefavour, '83; honorable mention, Lewis Gould Rogers, '83. Prize for Prizes, Thomas Sarsefield Fagan, '82. Graves Prize for excellence in delivery, Ira Jewett Geer, '82. Van Vechten Prize for extemporaneous speaking, Lewis McGregor Thompson, '82. Rhetorical Prizes: General prize—Isaac Adriance, '84, of Williamstown; 1st Junior prize, Horace Ketchum, Albany, N. Y.; 2d, John Parkinson Hubbard, Jr., of Philadelphia; 1st Sophomore prize, Ira Wilder Allen, Jr., of Chicago; 2d, Walter Foxcroft Hawkins of Pittsfield.

NEW STUDENTS.

SEPTEMBER, 1882.

SENIORS.

G. H. Burgese, Orange, N. J.
W. H. Frick, Harris Hill, N. Y.
J. P. Crawford, Holliday's Cove, W. Va. 3

JUNIORS.

M. H. Clark, Ripon, Wis.
F. T. Ranney, Pitosky, Mich.
H. F. Squire, Lisle, N. Y.
C. W. Wood, Syracuse, N. Y. 4

SOPHOMORES.

C. Palmer, Baltimore. Md.
E. S. Pressey, Hampstead, N. H.

— Richardson, —

L. F. Warner, Glastonbury, Ct. 4

FRESHMEN.

H. Adams, Mill River.
H. F. Allen, Chicago.
G. W. Anderson, Acworth, N. H.
E. C. Andrews, Glastonbury, Ct.
W. R. Appleby, Jersey City, N. J.
O. C. Bidwell, Monterey.
H. W. Bishop, Chicago.
E. A. Blackmer, Chicago.
P. W. Blackmer, Chicago.
M. E. Blanchard, Newark, N. J.
R. F. Boar, Reading, Pa.
J. S. M. Burghardt, Stockbridge.
J. P. Carse, Chicago.
R. L. Carson, Canandaigua, N. Y.
W. E. Chamberlain, Westboro.
E. L. Dixon, Milwaukee, Wis.
W. S. Dodd, Bloomfield, N. J.
H. L. Draper, Chicago.
G. S. Ellis, Oxford, Me.
W. D. Field, Shelburne Falls.
G. H. Flint, Lincoln.
F. D. Forbush, Springfield, Vt.
E. W. Freutz, Melrose.
H. H. Gregg, Chicago.
G. B. Harrison, Troy, N. Y.
C. R. Hayden, New York City.
G. B. Hayes, Canandaigua, N. Y.
D. Hewitt, New York City.
L. A. James, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
E. S. Joy, Newark, N. J.
F. De H. Ketchum, Chicago.
J. L. Kilburn, Lee.
J. M. Lasell, Whitinsville.
E. C. Leonard, Albany, N. Y.
W. D. Mapes, Port Jarvis, N. Y.
W. M. Marvin, Boston.
C. E. Nichols, Jefferson, N. Y.
J. T. Norton, Troy, N. Y.
W. Osborn, Lisle, N. Y.
J. H. Pearl, Bradford.
C. B. F. Pease, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
C. H. Perry, Boston.
J. Person, Batchellerville, N. Y.
H. W. Phelps, Lewiston, Ill.
F. D. Price, Salem.
P. C. Ransom, Buffalo, N. Y.
T. L. Reeve, Middletown, N. Y.
J. G. Robertson, Salem, N. Y.
J. C. Robinson, Westfield.
D. H. Sherman, Buffalo, N. Y.

E. T. Shurter, Newburgh, N. Y.
 C. V. A. Smith, Albany, N. Y.
 W. H. Smith, Albany, N. Y.
 R. Strain, Albany, N. Y.
 E. J. Swift, Ashtabula, O.
 L. V. Symonds, Salem.
 T. M. Taft, New York City.
 E. E. Tanner, Buffalo, N. Y.
 A. V. Taylor, Newark, N. J.
 S. G. Tenney, Williamstown.
 F. Tillinghast, Albany, N. Y.
 W. W. Tracy, Springfield, Ill.
 L. J. Tuck, Danville, N. H.
 H. C. Vanderbeck, Englewood, N. J.
 F. M. Vermilye, Pittsfield.
 G. W. R. Wallace, Chicago.
 G. H. Warren, Shirley.
 C. T. Whittier, Dennysville, Me.

Total,

68

— 79

AMOR PATRIÆ.

There is no nobler feeling in the soul
 Than love of country,—bearing down all fear,
 And doubly strong when face to face with death.

During a fight in the Peninsula
 Where hundreds fell and blood flowed fast as wine,
 An oak which spread its wide shade o'er the hill
 Served as a hospital,—and there they brought,—
 When the red day dissolved amid the night,—
 A bold young Irishman, hurt unto death.
 His arm was shattered like a splintered reed,
 His red coat stained in spots a deeper red.
 The busy surgeon gave a passing glance,
 And said, "No hope!"

With that he faintly asked
 To have his drinking-cup brought from his tent,
 A massive silver cup, deep carved and chased,
 A token from the home he ne'er should see.
 And this quaint drinking-cup he held to catch
 The life blood flowing from his torn right arm.
 And when the cup was full, he turned it o'er,
 Poured out its contents on the shrinking grass,
 And only said, "If that had been for Ireland!"
 So he died.—

COLLEGE NOTES.

THE Faculty has received an addition of one
 new Professor.

"THE next!"

"WHAT did you rake?"

A SENIOR class of 49 men.

WHERE is "our aged relative?"

THE Juniors say they are going to have Perry-
 pat(h)etics, too.

WHAT is the Gymnasium without the "tall and
 graceful athlete of '82?"

THE first Sunday evening meeting of the Y. M.
 C. A. was very fully attended.

A REMARKABLE record—45 Seniors present at
 the opening exercise of the term!

F. M. RICE, '83, has been appointed to guess
 at the time in the chapel tower this year.

"PE(E)C(K)US" received the usual yearly com-
 ments by the Juniors in Political Economy.

"OLD Williams," judging from the views of
 the Faculty, is "red hot" for Civil Service Re-
 form.

WE are pained to record the loss of Towne;
 Wilson, and Reynolds, of '83, also Jenkins and
 Butler, '84.

MESSRS. J. W. Bott, H. A. Campbell, and L.
 W. Pratt have renewed their connection with
 the class of '83.

SIX aspirants for astronomical fame are fre-
 quently seen wending their way toward Fitz's—a
 good way to see stars.

THE Philologian Library has recently received
 a donation of about 35 theological works from an
 association in Boston.

IN spite of the large predictions of last term,
 '86 is the smallest class entered for several years,
 numbering only 68 men.

THE Adelpic Union officers elected last
 Wednesday are: Henry Lefavour, Pres.; Theo-
 dore Jessup, Sec. and Treas.

"STEVE," for the 'steenth time, reports the
 Freshmen as "the finest body of young men I
 ever escorted from the depot."

THE North Hall of East College, lower floor,
 is destined to become renowned—the *Athenæum*
 has located its sanctum at No. 1.

THE College Boarding House will be run this
 year under the superintendence of J. H. Burke,
 '84, and H. H. Wentworth, '85.

THE Freshmen are beginning to learn that
 "Wo" and "N F" are not Sanskrit terms ap-
 plied to any particular College buildings.

THE class of '82 intend to issue a printed pamphlet containing Pres. Carter's Baccalaureate sermon, and also the Class-Day oration and poem.

WHO were the 17 Freshmen that answered the notice advising them to call at No. 7 S. C. for extraordinary bargains in chairs and other furniture?

C. M. BROWN, L. J. Muchmore, and F. V. Pike, '83, are Gymnasium Instructors for this year. Their hours for the present are from 11 A. M. to 1 P. M.

\$1,500 REWARD!!! For the arrest and execution of "that dear little cat" of whose evening rambles the inmates of East and South are often painfully aware.

'83 ELECTED their yearly officers on Wednesday last as follows: Pres., D. B. Pratt, Vice-Pres., H. S. Underwood, Sec. and Treas., L. G. Rogers, Choragus, R. S. Smith.

THE officers of the Junior class for the ensuing year are: Pres., W. J. Foster, Vice-Pres., W. S. Cooper, Sec. and Treas., W. W. Seymour, Choragus, C. E. Greenman.

PROFESSOR Perry met with very gratifying success in his Free-Trade campaign in Iowa and Nebraska this summer. He reports that Iowa especially is fully awake to the issue.

THE Sigma Phi house has been sold to Postmaster Taft, and will be removed to South St., near the Chi Psi house, where the Sigs will continue to occupy it until their new house is built.

ONE of the examinations, the results of which will in part determine the award of the Rice prizes this year, took place on Saturday, Sept. 16th. There were only two competitors this year.

THE Zoölogy elective this year under Prof. Clark will take a much more interesting and practical course than last year, and will be of material advantage to prospective students of surgery.

HAZING was not attempted on so large a scale this year, owing to the injunction of Dr. Carter the first morning of the term, and the chilling effect of Prof. Fernald's name, who, as usual, was on the alert.

THE "College Widows" endured the partings and tears of last Commencement with wonderful

fortitude, and again "bob up serenely," apparently as "fresh" as ever. "Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis!"

THE upper story of the museum in Griffin Hall has been transformed into two rooms, one to be used as a recitation room, and the other as a zoölogical laboratory. A set of heavy dissecting tables has been placed in the latter room.

THE exterior of Morgan Hall is now nearly completed. Only a few more stones need to be added to the west gables and chimneys of this handsome structure. As soon as the roof is finished the plasterers will begin their work on the interior.

BILL PRATT still continues to sell his apples and declare that "woman is the paramentity of the double-dash-board, by mathematics of a victory, by the judicious audience of the carperity of the gable-end of the cartridge-box! Rang-tang!! Otta!!!"

OF all our experiences in the class-room during the college course, none are more pleasant than the recitations in Political Economy under Prof. Perry. The Juniors are now well under way in this study, and it proves agreeable as well as beneficial to all.

WE are pleased to correct the false estimate of the damage done to Morgan Hall by a falling wall, which passed the rounds of the daily press during vacation. Fifteen thousand dollars was the loss reported, while, in reality, it was less than one hundred and fifty.

IT is rumored that the college has purchased the far-famed Union House! What can it mean! Are we to be subjected to another craze for a "new Gym.?" or is the weary and never-resting Wilder Cabinet to be aroused again, and transported to another, and more palatial abode?

THE Phi Beta Kappa society, at its meeting last commencement, elected as members: E. P. Ingersoll, F. L. Kendall, and N. F. Wilcox, '82; and F. Geller, F. M. Herrick, H. Lefavour, and D. B. Pratt, '83. The last-named gentleman has recently been chosen to the office of secretary.

WE are sorry to record the departure from our midst of one of our most popular professors, Dr. Smith, who has accepted a prominent position as

the Faculty of Vanderbilt University. The good wishes of his numerous friends in our college and vicinity will follow him to his new seat of labor.

THE annual elections of officers to the College Base Ball Association resulted in the following choices: Pres., J. W. Bott, '83, Vice-Pres., F. V. Pike, '83, Sec. and Treas., H. J. Rogers, '84, Business Manager, L. W. Pratt, '83, Directors, C. B. Penrose, '83, J. H. Safford, '84, F. S. Talcott, '85, F. De H. Ketchum, '86.

At the annual meeting of the Reading Room Association, held on Monday, Sept. 11th, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Pres., G. H. Badger, '83; Sec. and Treas., W. Tolman, '84; Directors, F. De L. Smith, '83, G. W. Titcomb, '84, and G. S. Duncan, '85. The Freshman class will at their next meeting add a director from their class.

AGAIN we have occasion to rejoice. This year, for the first time in the history of the college, an attempt is to be made to demonstrate that the Polar regions can be heated. The Amphitheater has been supplied with steam radiators, and we may reasonably predict that this winter the temperature of the room may exceed 11° C. when the sun shines and the wind doesn't blow.

PROF. SAFFORD has, during the recent vacation, added to the college library about 100 new books, besides about 100 for the special use of the class in English Literature, and many others for use in connection with the Latin and Greek electives. He is better supplied with funds this year than ever before, and is constantly making valuable additions of useful books.

'85's class-meeting was held on Tuesday, the 12th, and the following members were elected officers for the ensuing year: Pres., H. D. Bailey; Vice-Pres., J. G. Jones; Sec. and Treas., A. C. Babize; Choragus, R. M. Kemp; Business Manager of Base-Ball nine, B. W. Warren; of Foot-Ball team, W. B. Safford. A resolution allowing the Freshmen to carry canes without molestation this term was laid on the table.

THE completion of Clark Hall during the vacation has given us a new and really handsome building to show our friends this fall. A memorial tablet with inscriptions cut in dark marble

has been set in the wall near the entrance. The tile floors were laid in a most excellent manner by skilled artists, and are truly "things of beauty." The Wilder Cabinet of minerals will soon be moved in, and will show off at full advantage in the commodious and well-lighted hall.

ACTIVE operations have been begun toward placing our new campus in proper condition, and it is expected that it will be in shape for base-ball this fall, although, to tell the truth, Williamstown jobs are "mighty unsartin'." Dr. Carter is exerting a practical interest in this direction, and is anxious that we should organize a nine, such as would be becoming to a college of our size and importance. Negotiations are now under way for games with Amherst, Union, and clubs in our vicinity.

THE members of the Senior class have chosen electives as follows:

English Literature,	36 men.
German,	13 "
History,	11 "
Zoölogy,	11 "
Chemistry,	9 "
Greek,	8 "
Astronomy,	6 "
Latin,	4 "
Calculus,	2 "

PERSONALS.

AT the alumni meeting, July 4th, the following officers of the association were elected: President, Charles Marsh, '55, of Springfield; Vice-President, C. C. Dwight, '50, Albany, N. Y.; Secretary, A. L. Perry, '52, of Williamstown; Executive Committee, H. L. Sabine, '21, of Williamstown, S. B. Morley, '29, of Pittsfield, A. L. Perry, '52, of Williamstown, and E. H. Griffin, '62, of Williamstown. J. W. Dickenson, '52, Dr. Magee, '57, and Jonathan Wadhams, '67, were elected members of the visiting committee.

'57. Rev. Irving Magee has resigned his pastorate at Albany, and will take charge of the Presbyterian church at Rondout, N. Y.

'60. Hon. James M. Barker of Pittsfield is strongly urged as a candidate for the office of Attorney-General of this state.

'67. G. Stanley Hall has been appointed professor of Psychology at Johns Hopkins University.

'69. S. G. W. Benjamin has an article in *Scribner* for September.

'77. Albert H. Tolman is to spend a year or two in Johns Hopkins University.

'77. M. P. Welcher is preaching at Pleasantville, Westchester County, N. Y.

'80. A. T. Perry will enter Hartford Theological Seminary this fall.

'81. E. D. Tibbits is in the General Episcopal Seminary, New York city.

'81. H. V. Halbert is studying Law at 179 Montague street, Brooklyn.

'81. Tolman is principal of the West Stockbridge High School.

'82. Adriance is at present at Deer Isle, Maine. He may enter the mining or smelting business at that place.

Benedict is at present rustivating in Bolton, Vt. Future.

Botsford is teaching in the graded schools at Port Jervis, and has charge of the Senior grade, comprising those who are candidates for Regents' Certificates from the State.

Buell is city reporter on the *Cleveland Herald*.

Culliton is in Salem, and expects to enter Andover Theological Seminary.

Davis is engaged in smelting gold and silver ore at Deer Isle, Maine. He has entered a partnership with Mr. Gomer Jones.

Demond is at present working for Y. M. C. A. in New York city.

Dobson enters Boston University, Theological department.

Downer is at home in New York city.

Erwin is teaching in Peekskill, N. Y.

Fagan is teaching Latin and Greek in Troy High School.

Fargo traveling in Europe. Will return in February.

Geer is teaching English Branches in the Hill School, Pottstown, Penna.

Gillette expects to enter School of Mines, Columbia.

Gunn is Assistant Principal of Mt. Anthony Seminary, Bennington, Vt.

Gurley is with W. & L. E. Gurley, manufacturers of surveyors' instruments, Troy, N. Y.

Hague studies in Amherst Medical School.

Hardy will go into business, probably at Milwaukee, Wis.

Heath expects to go into business. Is in Stockbridge.

C. T. Johnson will study law in his father's office, Elyria, Ohio.

S. Johnson is at home, and expects to go into business.

Kendall is Professor of Modern Languages in Doane college, Crete, Nebraska.

Matz is teaching in Chicago.

Miller is in business in Rutland, Vt.

Miner is teaching near Homer, N. Y.

Nelligan is canvassing in So. Norwalk, Conn.

Peeke is in Chicago, 115 Leavitt street.

Perkins is in his father's real estate office, Cleveland, O.

Pierce is in Pittsfield with Wm. Pierce & Son.

Plass studies Theology at Yale.

Pratt will study Medicine with Dr. Morgan in Bennington, Vt.

Rankin is in Glastonbury, Conn., and expects to study Medicine.

Reed is in the General Episcopal Seminary, 403 West 20th St., New York.

Seymour is ranching in Wyoming, address Spear Fish, Dacotah.

Sutherland is foreman in the Zylonite Works, Adams, Mass.

Strong studies Theology in Hartford Seminary.

Tatlock takes a post graduate course in Williamstown. He will assist Prof. Safford at the Field Observatory.

Thompson is working in the New York Y. M. C. A., 23d st. and 4th ave.

Tyndall is studying Theology at Auburn.

Wilcox will study Law.

Winne will probably go to Auburn.

Yates expects to study Law with John V. Hall, Bennington, Vt.

EXCHANGES.

A BOW, sister exchanges, and we are again in your midst. From the dreamy hours of a summer's pleasure, out of nine weeks of sweet nothings, blissful hammocks, mountain drives, sea breezes, and a thousand other of those pleasantries which go to make up the warp and woof of a summer's savory, tanned and sun-burned, we take up the exchange pen.

It is hard to realize that another college year has opened, difficult to again concentrate our energy on a specific routine of work. And as we sit once more mid papers echoing commencement happenings, while we shake the dust of neglect from their musty pages we stop to meditate and to look into the dim year ahead. What will be the great leading feature in journalism in the college year of which we are now stepping upon the threshold? Will the characteristics of the front rank journals be unchanged, and the same they have been in the year just closed? In the coming issues will the poetic muse be as profuse in her dreamings? Will the pages of the future be as open as before to the puerile efforts of amateur romance aspirants? Is it to be a year in which the *Tiger* and *Lampoon* will find themselves reflected in as brilliant offspring in other institutions? Aye, a year in which Yale shall give to us a pictured what? Would that we could answer these questions, which, to an exchange editor who has aught of the sage in his nature, are of no mean interest.

As we look back over the last year on the editorial efforts within college walls, we see much which is a vast improvement on the years before, but with this many points wherein there is ample field for advancement in the future journal. What these particular points are, and just what improvement could be advised, we are not enough of a theorist to set forth, nor have we space nor inclination if we were. Let the future unravel its own mysteries, for unravel them it will.

The *Bowdoin Orient* is before us in a light summer, commencement suit, and the most noteworthy article on its pages is, we think, the class poem by Mr. J. F. Libby. The following are the closing verses:

"Now that life is in its morning,
Quick the weeds of friendship start;
Sow them then, thereby adorning
The fair garden of the heart.

From it pluck all weeds of malice,
All the noisome tares remove;
And from out the soul's full chalice,
Water it with showers of love.

Then a rich, ripe harvest gleaning,
When the fall of life draws nigh,
We shall know the depths of meaning
Of our college days gone by."

The *Chronicle* opens the summer months with an issue which completely bubbles over with commencement gushings. The class prophecy therein given is exceedingly bright and sparkling, and reflects the certain genius in the lady who penned it. The following is an extract from the class day poem, in which the author makes a praiseworthy appeal in behalf of friendship:

"Classmates dear, who enjoy the pure communion of friendship,
Who believe in the sweet and enduring ties of this passion,
And who would trust to your friend implicitly fortune and honor,
Reverence this birthplace of friendships and say with unanimous voice, that
This is the place that ever will claim our fondest remembrance."

We commend the *Chronicle* on having passed but little scorched through the difficulty which disturbed its peace a few months since. Here we lay down the pen. The exchange list for the opening issue is not a brilliant nor even a very interesting one, but we will contentedly, yet anxiously, await the influx of our sister exchanges which, we trust, will come to us soon, freshened and invigorated by a summer's ease.

OTHER COLLEGE NOTES.

THE Harvard Total Abstinence League has some seventy-five names on its roll.

THE new athletic grounds at Yale cover thirty acres, with tennis, archery, cricket, and foot-ball fields, three base-ball fields, and a rifle range. The College authorities bear half the expense.

EXAMINATIONS are to be dispensed with at Wellesley.

PRESIDENT WHITE has supplied the Cornell students with a base-ball ground.

ONLY one professor of political economy in America opposes Free Trade. It is Thompson.

THE Harvard faculty is opposed to having so many ball games by the college nine out of town.

THE following is said to represent the circulation of some of the college papers: *Chronicle*, 1000; *Princetonian*, 1000; *Dartmouth*, 1050; *Yale Courant*, 800; *Yale Record*, 600; *Yale Lit.*, 550; *Harvard Crimson*, 500; *Argus*, 500.

FROM \$20,000 to \$25,000 has been subscribed for Yale's new athletic grounds.

THE Yale Alumni Association, of Colorado, has offered to defray the expenses of any students from that state who will attend Yale.

ILLINOIS State University requires each student before matriculation to pledge himself not to join any secret society during his college course.—*Ex.*

CLIPPINGS.

II P. M.

Louder and louder the music swells
 Circe is weaving her wondrous spells,
 Lightly and brightly the moment's fleet
 Are lost 'neath the tread of the flying feet.
 Comus leads forth his magic train,
 And Time his hour glass turns in vain.
 Faster and faster the dancers fly,
 Black care stands back as they chase by.
 Old age creeps on with lengthening halts,
 While Youth speeds past in the circling waltz.
 What boots it of sorrow, concealment's no task,
 When all may be hidden behind a silk mask.
 Dark eyes are sparkling in merry jest,
 Red lips are breathing a soft request;
 A *l'le a-l'le* in some sheltered nook,
 A half-drawn sigh and a tender look,
 A long farewell at Papa's front door,
 The lights are down and the play is o'er.

II A. M.

She—He, after all, is an awful flat,
 'Tis really quite alarming
 That a new plug hat and a white cravat
 Could make me believe *him* charming.
He—I'd like to see her without her pearls
 And some other time than a ball-night;
 For borrowed curls become some girls,
 And paint don't show by gas-light.—*Ex.*

YOUNG Mr. Noodle.—“Is it really so that you won't be able to attend Commencement this year, Miss Smilax?”

Miss Smilax.—“I am afraid it will be impossible.”

Young Mr. N.—“Isn't there the slightest possibility of your changing your mind?”

Miss S.—“I'm afraid not.”

Young Mr. N. (greatly relieved).—“Well, send you an invitation then.”—*Tiger.*

LITERARY young man, at a party: “Miss Jon have you seen Crabbe's Tales?” Young lady: “I was not aware that crabs had tails.” Literary young man (covered with confusion): “I beg your pardon, ma'am; I should have said ‘read Crabbe's Tales.’” Young lady (angry and scornful): “And I was not aware that red crabs had tails, either.” Exit young man.—*Ex.*

LA CIGARETTE.

Once Lethe from its sullen wave
 A brief repose to mortals gave,
 When wearied by unceasing strife,
 And the dull pain of daily life,
 But now when troubles fast beset,
 I'll light another cigarette.

What though I strive with purpose vain,
 To build fair Chateaux en Espagne—
 What though perchance my castle crumbles,
 And cloudland turns to lifeless ashes,
 A fig for care and sad regret,
 I'll light another cigarette.

Away with honor, empty fame
 And Fortune, goddess but in name—
 What though I do her aid invoke,
 The wheel turns round and all is smoke.
 I will not court the gay coquette;
 I'll light another cigarette.

Let others sing of Love who will,
 'Tis the old tale of Jack and Jill,
 Your sparkling eyes and golden hair,
 Can only drive me to beware.
 To you, the worry and the fret,
 I'll light another cigarette.

You tell me there will come a day,
 When I will talk another way,
 And drawn by spells the blind god works,
 Resign tobacco to the Turks.
 Perhaps it may be so—but yet,
 I'll light another cigarette.—*Tiger.*

THE ARGO.

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THE ARGO.

Published fortnightly during the college year by the students of Williams College.

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Students and graduates of Williams are requested to contribute articles, verses, letters, and Alumni notes.

THE board of Editors of the ARGO wish to express their sincere thanks to Mr. Henry Lefavour, formerly Associate Editor, for his great kindness in managing the paper in the absence of the Editor-in-chief. Mr. Lefavour's loss, as well as that of Messrs. Gest and Dewey, is greatly regretted by them.

CLASS-DAY elections will soon be held, and their approach reminds to urge Eighty-Three to follow the example of their immediate predecessors and amend and improve the traditional order of exercises by the addition of one or more features which have not been usual heretofore. There are many customs in vogue at other colleges which could be copied to advantage. Among other things, would it not be well to give a parting cheer to the different buildings which have become so familiar and dear to us? If this subject should be carefully considered by a suitable committee, the day could certainly be made of greater interest to the class itself, and to their friends.

THERE has been a long-felt need in the college of more distinctively practical instruction in certain of the natural sciences, and particularly in chemistry. Previous to the present administration, so far as we are aware, nothing was ever attempted in the way of laboratory work; attention being given wholly to the textbook and lectures — both well enough, as far as they go. Last year, under the able supervision of Prof. Mears, the small room back of the "Amphitheatre," formerly used as a private laboratory, was fitted up, and a class of eight or nine was given a year's course in metallurgy. Additional improvements have just been completed, furnishing greater facilities. But the great drawback is lack of room. Would not the same amount of money have been sufficient to have fitted up the room adjoining at the northeastern corner of the building, and which is now practically unoccupied? It would probably be found ample for several years to come, and could very easily be supplied with water and gas.

WE should like to urge upon the authorities of the college the need of a department of Physical Culture. When we see numbers of young men pass through our streets daily with hollow chests and slouchy appearance, whose bodies are but half developed, it seems to us that the time has come when active steps should be taken towards remedying this defect. Of course many will say we have the gymnasium, and those who desire can find there the necessary materials for building themselves up. This is all well enough, as far as it goes; but how many take advantage of the barn-like edifice whose temperature reaches the lowest point in winter and the highest in summer? What we need is an instructor like Dr. Sargeant of Harvard, who is fully competent to develop the man to the proper form; and a certain amount of exercise under his guidance and direction should be made compulsory every week. We would not ask for the muscular

development of the prize-ring, or of the professional oarsman, but we should like to see an erect and graceful carriage joined to the intellectual culture which so many of the students of the present day are obtaining at too great a cost of health. "The beauty of a young man is in his strength," is an old but true saying.

WE have noticed that at one of our neighboring colleges a series of lectures and readings was to be given this winter under the auspices of some of the students. Why will not some philanthropic, energetic members of this college follow their example? To be sure the Village Improvement Association have, during the past few years, offered a course of lectures, but these have been (with some exceptions) of little interest or profit to students; consequently the college was not very largely represented in the audiences. If the number of entertainments be reduced to four or five, and the price of the course slightly increased, there is not much doubt that a sufficient number of subscriptions could be obtained to warrant the managers to carry it out successfully, so far as finances are concerned. During the long winter months ahead of us, the students will heartily welcome a course of entertainments of first-class quality, to break the monotony which can now only be varied by an inconvenient journey to North Adams occasionally. Nor will the townspeople be found lacking in their appreciation of such a course, and liberal support may be expected from them. If no individuals can be found who are willing to undertake it, let one of our numerous clubs, associations, or societies take charge of the matter, and we feel sure their efforts will be gratefully appreciated.

IT seems to be a fit opportunity to say a few words in opposition to the system of hostages which was a favorite with the old administration and which, contrary to our hopes and expectations, has been kept in operation by the new. We protest against it because it seems unjust, and generally gives rise to a greater evil than it prevents. If a few men can be detected in doing something contrary to the laws of the

college, and it is feared lest more disturbances may follow, the class to which these victims belong is informed by the Faculty that if any further disorder takes place, these men will be severely punished. If the men deserve punishment for what they have done, they should at once receive it; but if not, no amount of wrong-doing on the part of their classmates can increase their guilt, or make them any more worthy of discipline; nor, on the other hand, can any good behavior of the class mitigate their fault. The Faculty are merely holding the class in check by taking advantage of the attachment of students to one another, which does not seem fair. Nor do students view it otherwise than with disgust; and nothing tends more effectually to destroy the harmony which should exist between professors and students, and without which complete success in college government will not be attained. Let us hope that we shall have no further cause for complaint in this direction. If everything which is prohibited should be strictly defined, and students be made aware that whoever is caught transgressing will be severely dealt with, no one would have cause to complain of injustice, and order would be just as readily maintained.

SOME of the larger eastern colleges are now accustomed to require *theses* from the students of the upper classes in certain courses of study. To each student is assigned some particular branch of the subject in hand, and before the end of the term he is expected to present in writing a thesis which shall contain the results of his study and investigation upon that topic. The advantages gained are well worth our consideration. The student's interest in the whole subject is increased; his energy is directed farther than the mere textbook; he seeks for information from all available sources, and in addition an inducement is offered for him to bring forth whatever theories and original ideas he may have. Nor is the objection, that this course would lead to a specialization of the one fact at the expense of the others, a serious one. In the short time he has, no student can fully develop the whole subject; let him then take a small part of it. He will find, as is the case

with most specialists, that he cannot thoroughly investigate one branch of a subject without touching more or less minutely upon the rest of it. Let each man do his work thoroughly, and then, if all the results be brought together in the class-room, a valuable complement to the general class work will have been secured. Originality is the demand of the age, and all methods which tend to produce original work should be encouraged. Why then should we not have something of the sort here? The departments of philosophy, science, literature, and economics furnish ample opportunity, and the experiment, even should it fail, would cost nothing.

NO justly-disposed person can view with complacency the imperturbable manner in which Pres. Carter, without any why or wherefore commanded the Sophomore Class to pass their once rejected resolution, allowing the Freshmen to carry canes. In the first place it was unneeded coercion, and any one who heard the sullen moan of discontent at the time of its passage might well know that it boded good to no one. In the second place, the resolution had been brought up before; its merits and flaws had been fairly and openly discussed—not in the manner of the second consideration when the shadow of the faculty stifled debate, but freely and generally, and when it was laid on the table by a slight but decisive majority, the matter should have ended then and there. But taking advantage of disunion and discord, and by the usual system of hostages the faculty have not only coerced the class, but have utterly disregarded the almost universal sentiment of the college. And to such an extent is this feeling prevalent that even the lower class in whose interest this action was supposed to have been taken disdainfully refused to take advantage of a privilege obtained in such a manner, and without a dissenting voice passed a resolution to that effect. Such a condition of affairs is harmful to a proper realization of the benefits of a college education. Instead of a mutual good feeling between professor and student it creates coldness and distrust which inevitably lead to trouble and disorder. As voicing the

true sentiment of the college at large we are compelled to chronicle these facts, however disagreeable they may sound, and without reference to the vexed question as to whether or not the Freshmen shall carry canes, omitting the arguments pro and con, we raise an earnest protest against the unjustifiable course and underhanded means employed by our faculty.

WITCHERY.

I spent a week at Salem town
In wandering o'er it, up and down,
To learn it all,—the lone hills crown—
And e'en the ditches.

Its people, too, of ticklish fame,
Who eyed askance the blind and lame,
Who proved by fire each toothless dame,—
Or dubbed them witches.

But beldams none saw I that time;
They all were vanished like the rime
On winter windows or the dime
I urchin's pockets.

I saw no horrid sprite nor elf;—
No cream-jug walked along the shelf;
I kept quite calm, was all myself—
With eyes in sockets.

Yet once that week, an evening bright,
A charm fell on me, vanquished quite,
I feared some dreadful curse would blight,
Some spell would snatch me.

I seemed to see the witch-fire glow
In deep dark eyes, and come and go
In dimpling cheeks,—felt fairies—no,
Her belt-pin—scratch me.

SNODKINS' LITTLE TRICK.

SNODKINS, ever since he had first entered college, had been renowned for his smartness. He was always coming some game upon some poor, unsuspecting friend, or playing some practical joke upon a neighbor. Now it was that Tom Jones had his new fall hat chewed up by a big bull dog. Now Billy Snip was caused to remain all day in his fourth story room, in a state bordering between imbecility and insanity, as his clothes had all been purloined during the night, the key-hole plugged, and the door fastened.

After the last performance, he was so soundly cursed and abused that he restrained his ardor for

a time, but it soon broke out again, and this time Snooks was the victim. His cosy room adorned with the various accumulations of a three years' life in college, had often formed Snodkins' lounging place for many lazy hours, spent in smoke and chat. And what did the idiot do one day, when one of his insane freaks seized him, but put into practice the old Freshman trick of turning everything all topsy-turvy, and sneaking away, expecting to come in as the unfortunate was rearranging the matter, so as to gloat over his wrath and helplessness.

Well, Snodkins chose his time with a crafty mind. Snooks had gone off for a few hours in the afternoon, when he darted in there and in a short time had put everything into a complete state of chaos. Then chuckling to himself he hurried off, intending to get around again about the time Snooks would return. But Snooks, just at this moment, was at the other end of the quadrangle, saw him slide out stealthily and determined to discover the cause of his manner. So, never doubting he had been in some mischief, he looked along the halls without finding anything out of order until he reached his own room and beheld through the half-opened door, the disorderly interior. Inwardly heaping maledictions upon Snodkins, he decided upon his course of action at once. He would find him and make him set the whole room to rights under penalty of a thrashing. But on going out in search of the offender, he happened to run across his parents who had come in to see their son's new quarters for senior year.

Upon seeing them, Snooks immediately changed his mind and accosted them, assuring them that he had seen their son go off a few moments ago, but did not doubt that he would return soon, and offering to lead them to his new rooms. "They may be not quite fully arranged as yet," said he, "for Harry has been very hard at work the first few weeks." As the old people entered the room their astonishment held them speechless at first, when the father blurted out, "Why! why! Mr. Snooks, you must have made a mistake."

Here a step was heard outside, and Snodkins appeared at the door, all prepared to enjoy

Snooks' discomfiture. "Oh! no," replied Snooks to old Mr. Snodkins, "Its all right. Here is Harry himself, he arranged it, and will doubtless explain it all to you." Snodkins says his aged parent is a very stern man now-a-days.

TRAMPING NOTES.

OPPORTUNITIES for enjoying beautiful walks and seeing very handsome scenery within easy reach of the College, are a special inheritance of Williams students. Situated as we are, in a natural basin, surrounded on all sides by the "Berkshire Hills" which are far-famed for their rugged and picturesque scenery, and for their eminences from which wide-spread views of the fertile valleys and opposing mountains can be gained, we have indeed many advantages of which most of our sister colleges cannot boast. And since it is not our lot to be able to make "a White Mountain tour," or take "a ramble in the Yosemite Valley," in the course of one afternoon, we take this early opportunity to urge it upon those who have recently entered College (and many of those also who have been here in previous years) to take advantage of and appreciate the situation in which they are placed, before

"—the leaves begin to fall, and the summer's days are gone."

For those who desire to begin with short walks, say from three to five miles, there are recommended as points of interest, "Diana's Bath," "Cold Spring," and the top of Stone Hill, from which a fine view of the town can be obtained; the top of Danforth's Hill, whence can be gained a very handsome view of the town and the valley of the Hoosac for several miles; also, "Bear Spring," and the summit of East Mountain, which, though attained by rather a hard climb, fully rewards one who has reached it.

If a longer walk of about ten miles is desired, one can obtain a magnificent view of the land lying west of us in New York state, or of the "Hopper" and the adjacent mountains on the east, by ascending to Petersburg Pass, while by going an equal distance in the opposite direction, some most superb and remarkable natural scenery can be beheld at the "Cascades," just south of North Adams. But perhaps ten miles will not

suffice. Then the resources are plenty. From the summit of the "Dome," of Berlin Mt., of Bald Mt., or of old "Greylocks" himself, can be obtained views of the valleys and surrounding country which would inspire the most emotionless heart; while at the famous "Snow Hole," on Peterburgh Mt., one can find the previous winter's snow at any time in the summer or fall; at the "Three States" monument or land-mark he can enjoy the thrilling boon of standing, at one instant, in the three states of Mass., N. Y., and Vermont; and, lastly, by visiting the summit of Hoosac Mt., he can explore the opening of the "Central Shaft," and on his way thither, or on the return, can obtain some of the handsomest views of far-stretching country which it will ever have been his fortune to behold. Do not let a spirit of laziness nor an uncertain fear of inability to accomplish the journey keep you at home. T. D.

BROKEN CHINA.

"The glaze and the mark
Of china that's ancient and blue."

THE passion for collecting and preserving rare and antique bits of blue china, the rage which rendered it necessary for every one who desired to be fashionable to possess a well-stocked cabinet of Dresden, Faïence, Majolica, and the numerous other varieties of ware, of which the public has heard only too much, had spent its force in the great cities of the United States. The mania was nearly over, and the reaction had almost commenced. But like every great wave of fashion or folly which first rolls in upon the metropolis and engulfs all in its embrace, it had now rippled and spattered out towards the more distant towns and villages, and there aroused the most vehement ardor.

In one of these small places which was last reached by the affliction, it took a new and singular form, mostly on account of the nature of the inhabitants, who were, for the greater part, poverty-stricken, but ambitious to the extreme. Among the leaders of the so-called "first society" was a young lady, as keen and ingenious a girl as was ever born, and always ready to adapt herself admirably to circumstances. After reading of

this new mania in the current literature, and watching its slow approach to their region, she immediately settled upon her course of action, and soon sought her mother's advice in the scheme.

"Now, see here, Mammy," said she, eagerly, "we want, of course, to take the lead in this new movement here, but also, as of course you know, our means are going to be a serious hindrance if we attempt to carry it out in any such degree as the neighboring towns have done. So I propose that we gently push it from its costly and dangerous course as it comes along, and make it subservient to our purpose."

"Well, Blanche, my dear, what is your idea," was the maternal reply.

"We certainly must not turn it too abruptly from its channel, nor make too great changes in its results," said the girl, "but it seems to me that we might make any old broken or cracked crockery answer as well as the choicest Dresden jars. We must both read up a little on the subject, and then talk or coax over to our side any unbeliever who makes too great disturbance in our plans."

This was finally agreed to by the mother, and after about a week of diligent perusal of works on the all-engaging subject, they sallied forth several afternoons to out-of-the-way spots in the vicinity, in the pretty little basket-phaeton, which was almost their only luxury. This continued for about a week, when the townspeople were thrown into a fever of excitement by the announcement that Mrs. Burnell and Miss Blanche were going to give a 'China' reception to the *élite* of the village 'on Thursday evening next.' I happened to be spending a few days there with a cousin, the primary object of my visit, in fact, being to improve my acquaintance with the young lady above mentioned, and soon found myself drawn into the whirlpool of social excitement roused by the issue of invitations to Mrs. Burnell's party. The whole town discussed it from morning till night, the old maids and gossips were fairly frantic, and even the corner grocery stores had their bit of it. Some curious people had gone so far as to attempt a call on the lady entertainer to catch a glimpse of her hidden treasure, but somehow she always managed to evade it.

Finally the night came, and as soon as was within the limits of politeness, Mrs. Burnell's guests began to flock into her house and examine the long talked about 'China.' I, in my turn, a rustic belle upon my arm, joined the others in their tour of inspection, and soon made the discovery that the cabinets and shelves were filled with nothing but the commonest old broken china, but so shaded, mended, tinted, and arranged as to have the air of precious relics. I have no doubt that my face must, at the moment, have betrayed my knowledge, but I trusted no one had noticed me, and loitered along, determining in some way to make good use of it, in getting more deeply into Blanche's good graces.

As we passed in to supper, I saw a look upon her face which completely puzzled me. Terror, entreaty, and promise were mingled. I was somewhat surprised, but exultant. Had she noticed my discovery? Or was it a mere coquetish whim of hers? In a few moments something arose which drove it out of my mind, and I probably would have forgotten it altogether, had not I met her on the street a few days afterward, and strolled home with her. As we approached the house, I laughingly made some allusion to the phases of the china rage, when again that indescribable look swept over her face.

"Oh, Mr. Holme, you surely will not reveal our little deception!" she cried, in pleading tones, at which I gave way in much surprise.

"Why what do you mean?" answered I. "Your collection is most admirable, and your ingenuity is beyond all remark. I think the account of your efforts should be rather spread abroad than hid under a bushel." But she continued to protest against such a disclosure, and finally I promised to help her keep the secret, only after hearing the tale of the wary collection of broken jars and bowls from the whole vicinity, I modestly requested and obtained permission to add one more fractured article to her assortment, and that, it is needless to say, was my heart.

DR. CHADBOURNE was in town at the beginning of the term.

BONDEAU ANNETIQUE

TO LADY ANNE.

A part is an ere troubled sea
Of doubt and fear and mockery,
And part is love beyond control.—
So stands it, my divided soul,
Whene'er I chance to think of thee.

Fain from such thoughts then would I flee,—
No! of each thought that comes to me,
Or sad or merry, wise or droll,

A part is—Anne.

If I should arm Love *cap-à-pie*,
As sentry, with the strict decree
To let no thoughts—e'en on parole—
Save thoughts of thee, pass his patrol,
Pray, in this warfare would you be

A partisan?

IN AN EASTERN BAZAAR

"TELL us a story, Nick," cried one of a merry crowd who were camping on a little creek in Ohio, "give us one of those innumerable bits of experience that you can always reel off at any moment."

"Yes," chimed in another, "some thrilling incident of travel on the continent, or blood-curdling sea-yarn; we all want it, and will not complain if it is a little long, as we request it."

Nick soon complied, as he was not unwilling to rehearse scraps from so adventurous a life as his had been, and then even if he had been, the melodious tone of the second speaker would have probably induced him to comply. So he began:

"In the afternoon of an intensely hot day, during one summer that I spent in the East, almost bored to death, and ready to accept anything to do that came up for the sake of killing time, I glanced into one of the common bazaars, and finally was led by mere desire of something to counteract my *ennui*, to look through it. Without troubling the owner by useless questions as to the price of his goods, I went leisurely along, observing the whole interior and making comment only to myself. I noticed in my first view of the property, that it was in many places stored with loose matter, and covered a little to conceal its real nature, but which was evidently placed there only to fill up. As I con-

tinued my course, several other out-of-the way things in the establishment and its make up attracted my attention, until I decided that it was a little "off color," and determined to make a rigid but seemingly careless investigation of the whole matter. So I proceeded with my promenade to and fro, unquestioning and unquestioned, but soon was struck by the fact that a singularly large number of women were in the place, and, what was more, were correctly dressed in American costume. I became deeply interested and curious; as I passed one of them I addressed her in a low tone, but received no reply in return, but, as I thought, a slight friendly gesture of the hand. I was now thoroughly roused, and, on meeting another, repeated my attempt, but with no better success.

"Almost desperate with failure, I thought I must either be in an American colony of deaf mutes, or unknown prison. I was about to turn away and try to escape detection, when another scheme suggested itself to my fertile brain. I would probe not only the affair, but the females, and remain no longer in doubt. I cautiously and silently approached one of them, and stuck a pin into her arm. She did not move, nor utter an articulate sound! What! had I been duped by a mere wooden image! I should be the laughing stock of my friends, the moment they heard of my silly performance, for I must have been observed.

"As I continued thus to brood upon my situation, I became furious with rage, and in a moment of madness I drew out my knife and plunged it into the helpless dummy — when my elder sister entered the room.

"Why, Nick, you bad boy, what are you cutting up my *Bazaar* for? You have spoiled Suzie's paper dolls, and Nell's story, too!"

"Paper dolls! story!" cried a bewildered group who had been intensely interested in the tale.

"Yes," answered the *raconteur* with a playful smile upon his countenance, "it was only *Harper's Bazaar* that I took up and glanced over one afternoon when I was down East. I think you were all pretty well sold that time. Come, who is going to treat on this?"

MIDSUMMER COASTING.

IT was a pleasant afternoon in October, 1880, that C., a Williams man, and the writer, alighted from the train at that most lovely of all spots in the Tyrolean Alps, Salzburg, Austria, interesting both to the musician and geologist. To the former, as being the birthplace of Mozart, and to the latter, on account of the famous salt-mines—distant from the village about fifteen miles.

The following morning after a German breakfast of coffee and rolls, we took the diligence for these mines, stopping on the way at the Hotel des Alpes, on the balcony of which stood, ready for the journey, two as pretty girls as one would wish to see, and Americans too—for an American girl is easily distinguished from the English and German by her taste in dress alone. A few minutes later the diligence rattles through the town with the following passengers. Outside, two young American gentlemen with the afore-said pretty girls. Inside, young ladies' chaperon and crusty old English gentleman.

In this delightful situation, the time fled quickly and altogether too soon (so C. informed me, for he was, it seemed to me, making a mash), we found ourselves at the mines, the entrance to which was an opening some eight feet in height, extending directly into the heart of a huge mountain. Before going in, however, we were shown to the office near by, where it seems we must dress in a suitable costume for the descent. The gentlemen's garments consisted of a pair of overalls, a belted blouse with lamp attached, and a thick leather apron, worn not in front, as is usually the custom, but tied on *behind*. Soon the door of the ladies' dressing room opens, and out steps—what? Ye gods! how can I describe it? First, the chaperon, and timidly behind, the blushing young ladies. But what have they on? Would that the Parisian Worth were by me, to fittingly describe this barbarous combination of dress. Did I say dress? that cannot be, for, believe me, they had no dresses on. Each wore a pair of white duck (I must say it), pants, extending just below the knee, thick stockings and shoes, a blouse similar to our own, and the apron behind. C. and I having finally recovered from

our hysterical attack, entered the mine, preceded by a guide and followed by the ladies. For fully twenty minutes with lighted lamps, we walked in a narrow tunnel toward the center of the mountain. Suddenly we come to a halt. The end of the tunnel is reached, and, in front of us, gapes open what seems to be a huge pit, filled, as it were, with Egyptian darkness. Out of this, at an angle of about sixty degrees, there juts a smooth, well-rounded log with a rope attached to its side. Now upon this log, our guide grasping with one hand the rope, straddles, and bids us follow his example. Naturally, we hesitate, while the maidens tremble and wish they had never heard of the "horrid thing." At last, after repeated assurances from the guide, we are seated, or rather straddled, à la double-ripper, in the following order: Guide, the writer, lady number one; C., lady number two; chaperon, and lastly, corpulent old English gentleman. The guide now gives a warning cry, and away we shoot at a rate of speed that would make even an express train turn green with envy. The use of those leathern aprons so peculiarly hung is now apparent, for, without them—well, the reader can easily imagine how we would have felt gliding over a log, producing a friction of one hundred degrees, with no other protection save a pair of duck pants.

In less than a minute we landed safely at the bottom, and here, thousands of feet below the surface of the earth, we stand in a spacious, well-illuminated grotto. The walls on all sides being of solid rock-salt, and in the center a small lake a quarter mile or so in circumference. Our guide, whom we now justly nick-named Charon, bade us enter his skiff, and soon having crossed the Styx in safety, we enter from the opposite side another winding tunnel, likewise hewn from the solid rock-salt, and, after devious wanderings, we at last espy in the far distance faint traces of daylight, when we retraced our way to the hotel, the old English gentleman grumbling not a little about the rough usage he had received. And now every winter when I join the jolly coasters on any of our adjoining hills, I recall my midsummer slide into a salt-mine.

WHERE is the "South College nine" this fall?

POUR MOL

(AFTER DOBSON.)

FAN.

It seems to me you're growing very slow, sir,
Letting young Brinton take me down to tea;
You're almost equal to a country grocer.

ARTHUR.

It seems to me, that you're too gay a trifle,
Walking so much with him beside the sea,
And helping him in joke those grapes to rifle.

FAN.

It seems to me, you might have been here early,
Such tardiness as yours I ne'er did see,—
And then to come in looking cross and surly!

ARTHUR.

It seems to me, you must have had to hurry
To get down here at four o'clock,—did he
Make an appointment then, to save you worry?

FAN.

It seems to me, you're injured by much study,
Such cold demeanor and *such* mockery!
And surely—to come in so soiled and muddy!

ARTHUR.

It seems to me, 'tis time to cure your blindness;
Now seek no longer what the quest may be
That me delayed. (Hands her a ring.)

FAN.

Oh! thank you for such kindness!
It seems to me, that I have acted badly.
Forgiveness now I ask.—Dear! grant my plea!

ARTHUR.

'Tis fully granted, Fan! Now, I'd dance gladly,
It seems to me.

ALL IN A MOMENT.

IT was a sultry midsummer night. My dreams, whether from the stifling effect of the atmosphere, or, perhaps, from the *crudus pavo* of Juvenal, had been of that indescribable, blood-curdling kind which will leave the strongest man in a cold sweat, and make him heave a sigh of relief when he succeeds in freeing himself from their horrible delusions.

Awaking with a shudder from a half-defined vision of some fell monster creeping on me, intent on my destruction, I could not separate the real from the imagined, and I lay in breathless quiet, not daring to open my eyes and, perhaps,

confront the object of my dread, whose presence in the room I felt with a lively certainty. Every rustle confirmed my impression that he was making his stealthy way toward me. Suddenly a light flashed before my closed eyes. It seemed as though my heart stopped beating. With that flash of light the full horror of my situation made itself clear in my mind. My dream had indeed been but too true; it had been the medium by which my quickened senses had been enabled to follow what was actually taking place in my room. The assassin had sought my chamber, his stealthy tread had woven itself into my dream as, in the black darkness, he had cautiously approached his victim. From my regular and subdued breathing he had perceived that I was asleep. Gaining my bedside, he had opened the slide of his dark-lantern and thrown the light upon me, for an instant, to see where to strike the fatal blow effectively, and without danger of outcry on my part.

This explanation of my situation was instantaneous in my mind, and meantime I felt the gleaming blade raised and ready to end this little tragedy, in which terror seemed to have deprived me literally of the power of raising an eyelid. But my mind was wonderfully clear and active. I went over my whole life with minute attention to details, even recalling many things that had remained long forgotten. As I traced the events of my life, it seemed as if they were those of some person that I had read about. I seemed to have lost my own identity, and I found myself bestowing a sort of calm compassion on the poor wretch condemned so soon to end his existence. I pictured him as he would be found in the morning by his friends, weltering in his life's blood. The dreadful thought rendered me more acutely sensible that it was really myself who was destined to undergo this experience, and brief enough was the time allowed me for preparing myself for death. A prayer without words was wrung from my soul. I seemed at last to be composed, and waiting till the knife should finish its descent. But must I lie passively awaiting the end? No. I exerted all the force of my will to—

Crash!—Not that of the murderer's steel cleaving my brain, but a peal of thunder started me from the painful tensi of my situation, and

assured me that I had lived this age of awful experience between the flash of lightning and the following thunder-clap—an interval, as I afterward learned, of only a fraction of a second.

COLLEGE NOTES.

“UNCLE ABE” has been around on his monthly visitation.

THE juniors report “Wheat” as “dropped.”

PEASE, '86, leads the singing at the Congo this year.

THE usual “Proclamations” has come and gone.

So old John Flagg is married. No Cards. No Keno, we suppose.

A NEW and interesting feature is the voluntary at *Sabbath Evening Chapel*.

THE Junior debates began Sept. 27th. The essays will be due Oct. 21st.

ALREADY doth the Fresh. inquire if this term isn't the hardest of the course.

IF all do not take a walk on “Mountain Day”—‘the three Sophs will have to go.’

IT is reported that homesickness is violently on the rampage among the members of '86.

FRESH. (to Librarian): “Professor, what departments do you allow '86 to draw from?”

BOTH literary societies have added large numbers of new books to their libraries this fall.

FOUR hundred dollars' worth of apparatus and chemicals is on the way from Germany for college use.

THE “house from the corner” has been tastily fitted up and makes a cosy house for Professor Hewitt.

THE French Juniors do not seem to mind the fact that a Sophomore acts as critic for their instructor.

'85 AND '86 give three cheers for each other, and shake hands in mutual amity. *Oleones! et lambia!*

MR. HENRY LEFAVOUR, '83, was suddenly called home last week on account of the death of his brother.

C. M. CLARK, '84, has rejoined his class, but F. E. Potter and W. Mercer are still absent—Where's "Bill?"

A VERY fine sermon to young men was preached on Sunday evening, Sept. 17, by Rector Jones, at St. John's Chapel.

"GRAPES and pears in this vicinity have suffered severely from marauders of late."—Who were the naughty boys?

'86 MADE her debut on Saturday evening the 16th, quite successfully. She evidently possesses several fine singers.

THE Juniors and Prof. Mears are making a deserving struggle with the advance sheets of the latter's new work.

THE days are near at hand when the wise student will avail himself of an opportunity for a tramp on the mountains.

THE violent wind accompanying the storm of the 19th overturned one of the large shade trees on the Sigma Phi grounds.

PACH's studio, at the time of his fall opening, will be fitted up as well as any college photographic studio in the country.

THE rapid rise of the mighty Hoosac, caused by the late storms, burst both the dam near the depot and the one at Pownal.

MORGAN HALL is at last covered with a roof which looks like a cross between the Star-Span-gled Banner and the capitol at Albany.

IT is probable that this year, for the first time since '83 entered college, there will be no disturbance between the two lower classes.

AT a Y. M. C. A. meeting last evening a new constitution was adopted, and delegates to the State Convention at Charleston were elected.

"SIC semper borbis," cried the Junior, as he slugged the forty-third man who asked him if he knew when Mountain Day was going to be.

PERI-HOWLS have been excommunicated and declared a thing of the past. What will be the next monument of antiquity to be overthrown?

IF our rising young poet does not remind himself that the spring is far past, and that he must change his tune—"the three Sophs will have to go."

An enterprising Senior sold a Fresh. a weak old Chair,
And now just through the paper wall he hears the Freshman swear.

A NUMBER of the students living along our New England coast reports that there is no way of spending the vacation as enjoyable as in yachting.

WE fear that the shades of the departed Calculi Brothers will rise up in wrath on hearing that the sacred number—three—has been violated.

THE *Yale Courant* has joined the æsthetic ranks, and donned a cover of almost exactly the same color as that of the *Tiger*. The design upon it is very tasteful.

THE measurements of the Freshmen are being taken at the gymnasium now, and it is desired that every member of the class should present himself to be measured. Hours from 11 to 1.

IT was amusing to see the excited Freshmen come down the stairs at College Hall "six steps at a time" on occasion of the usual bonfire in Mission Park one evening last week.

THE gymnasium instruction has commenced the routine exercises for all the students to join in the straight-arm club movements, the parallel bars, the horizontal bar, and the ladders.

C. H. PERRY, '86, advertises drawing lessons, in all styles and sizes, as a moderate price. Candidates for future "Gul" boards will do well to take advantage of his instruction at once.

PROFESSOR in Latin—"How do you account for the facts that the Roman paci was five feet in length?"

Fresh—"Were their feet larger *than ours*?"

EAST college is well supplied with musical (?) instruments this year, there being no less than four pianos and organs, beside the usual number of violins, flutes, etc., and "Unc's" clarinet.

THE *World's* College Chronicle of Sept. 11th, devotes its column to Senior statistics, making prominent and frequent mention of the pamphlets issued last term by C. A. Heath, '82.

How we all wished that we were Juniors the other morning, as the Freshmen, on coming out of chapel, hastened to pass over their canes into

the hands of '85 to take care of them until third term!

THE Junior now beginneth to dilate upon the argument that "the tariff protects home industries," and heedeth not the merry twinkle in the eye of the Prof. as he pulleth the string for a new thunder-storm.

Our subscription fiend has already several times spoken of early visits to the persons now indebted to him. Recollect, if you do not at once, and willingly fork out—"the three Sophs will have to go."

THE general revival of business the country over has at last reached Williamstown, and we were all agreeably surprised on our return at the commodious and handsome building of our genial friend "Dick."

BILL PRATT's latest addition to his museum is a potato which he says "looks just like a child." Among other features he says it has "a bald head, one eye and three legs, and a bearin' down o' the shoulder blades."

H. W. PHELPS, '86, and S. B. L. Penrose, '85, are the latest additions to the college orchestra. The former will toot upon a fine silver cornet, while the latter will play second violin, replacing L. Y. Gardiner, who retires.

THE seniors are struggling hard with the seeming perplexities of logic, and are trying to find some proposition from which to "infer," and eventually *prove*, that the recitation ought to end when the warning for chapel rings.

OWING to danger of freezing, the new biological laboratory will not be supplied with running water, but a tank sufficiently large for a day's supply is to be constructed. There ought, certainly, to be some way of obviating this difficulty.

THE '84 "Gul" Board are now actively at work and intend to push things to completion early in December. Special pains are being taken by the artist of the board, Mr. J. D. Colt, with the cuts, which promise to excel anything hitherto seen at Williams.

S. S. McCLURE, formerly Editor-in-chief of the *Northwestern*, has become one of the editors of a new eighty-page monthly called *The Wheelman*, devoted to bicycling interests. He desires

communications from all lovers of the sport, and especially from organized clubs.

APPLIED Aristotelian Logic: When the warning bell for chapel rings the members of the college "ought to stop work and get ready to go to chapel." A member of the Faculty is a member of the college. Therefore the Professor of—"ought to stop work and get ready to go to chapel" when the warning rings. (Note, the expression "stop work and get," etc., is equivalent to "close his recitation.")

THE "Williams College Lawn Tennis Association," held an organization meeting on Monday, when C. B. Penrose was chosen President; W. W. Seymour, Vice-President; and A. L. Holt, Secretary and Treasurer. Committees on a constitution, grounds, and games were appointed, and the use of West College Campus for courts was granted by the Faculty.

THE annual brush-pile fire in Mission Park occurred, as usual, the night of the 18th. Cries of fire and the din of horns attracted several hundred to the vicinity, and after a good hearty rush, college sing, etc., the line of march was formed, and various members of the faculty serenaded. (?) The procession disbanded about the same time as faculty meeting.

THE Freshman class elected the following officers at their meeting held a short time since:

Pres., H. W. Phelps.

Vice-Pres., Sanborn Fenny.

Sec. and Treas., H. L. Draper.

Base-ball manager, F. DeH. Ketchum.

Foot-ball manager, D. Hewitt.

Choragus, C. B. F. Pease.

THE following new men have entered college since the publication of the list in the first issue: '84, H. F. Baldwin, Cleveland, O.; '85, P. C. Richardson, Bryan, O.; E. C. Norton, Vinal Haven, Me.; '86, J. J. Thomas, Columbus, O.; E. C. Coulter, Brookfield, O.; T. Goodloe, Louisville, Ky.; I. Baldwin, Cleveland, O.; Burghardt and Nichols, given on our former list, have not come.

THE annual fair of the Hoosac Valley Agricultural Society took place at North Adams on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday of last week. The old tradition of giving up the college exer-

cises on the afternoon of Thursday having become obsolete, many of the students attended the fair on Wednesday afternoon, and the usual number of innocent ones got "roped in" at "three chances for five cents."

L. W. PRATT, '83, manager of our base-ball interests, is actively engaged in negotiations for new suits, and all the necessary outfit for a first-class club. Games have been arranged by him for this fall, which it is hoped will arouse popular interest, and if subscriptions come forward as readily as they were promised last fall we expect some day to be surprised at possessing a crack nine. We are sorry to announce that the new campus can not possibly be put in proper condition till spring; so for this fall at least, we shall have to content ourselves with losing a dollar or two in Christmas Lake at every game.

PERSONALS.

'11. Hermon Halsey, the oldest living graduate, is stated by the *Observer* to be hale and vigorous, visiting his old parishioners alone in his carriage. He is the only living member of the original Synod of Genesee.

'28. One of the illustrations in an article on "Medical Education in New York," in the October *Harper's*, is a fine portrait of Dr. Alonzo Clark.

'29. Dr. S. I. Prime has issued "Prayer and Its Answer," compiled from thirty years' experiences at the Fulton St. prayer-meeting. It is a wonderful book, and highly spoken of by the religious and secular press.

'44. Hon. Samuel W. Bonerman of Pittsfield, Mass., is the Democratic candidate for Lieutenant-Governor of this State.

'58. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have just issued from their press "The Book of Fables," chosen and phrased by Mr. Horace E. Scudder of Cambridge. Another "Bodley book" is also soon to be published, of which the title is, "The Bodley Grandchildren and their Journeys in Holland."

'62. G. A. Mill's school at South Williamstown has commenced the new year with fine auspices. We understand that seventy-five scholars have entered there this fall.

'62. J. H. Denison, son-in-law of Dr. Hopkins, has, with his wife and daughter, returned from a two years' trip through Europe.

'66. Rev. R. S. Underwood has been doing evangelist work at Alfred, Me.; the church where he labored has had an increase of thirty-eight in its membership list.

'67, '78. F. L. Stetson, Henry Colt, and H. H. Burden spent a few days in town recently.

'69. Dr. J. S. Cooley was one of the delegates from his county to the State convention at Saratoga.

'71. Prof. W. H. Herrick of Grinnell College, Iowa, has been visiting in Clarendon, Vt., where he delivered a graphic account of the recent tornado in his vicinity.

'71, '73, '77. Mynderac, Williams, and Livingston paid a visit to their Alma Mater this fall.

'78. Adolos Allen has charge of a large and growing church in Jersey City, N. J.

'79. Henry P. Perkins was ordained at Ware as missionary for China, Sept. 6, Prof. C. D. Hartranft preaching the sermon, and A. E. P. Perkins, his father, making the prayer, and Dr. E. K. Alden of the American board giving the charge. The council was nearly identical with that which was held last spring for the same purpose, since when the candidate has changed his views in regard to future existence.

'81. S. K. Phraner is doing finely in the stock-raising business out West.

'81. Chas. E. Barr has secured a position on the Cleveland *Spur*, a live western weekly.

'81. E. W. Bumstead has entered the General Theological Seminary of the English Church in New York City.

'82. N. F. Wilcox will teach in the Mt. Anthony Seminary at Bennington, Vt.

'82. Gulliton has entered Andover Theological Seminary. Downer will enter Columbia Law School. F. J. Demond is at work in the railroad branch, in New Haven, Conn.

'84. John Flagg, Jr., was recently married to Miss Ellen F. Gearey of Troy, N. Y., at St. Bernard's Church in that city.

'83. A. H. Walker is engaged in traveling as commercial agent for a large oatmeal firm out West. Allan D. Jones is employed in the freight office of the Baltimore & Ohio R. R., at Philadelphia.

EXCHANGES.

AMONG the first of the college journals to pass the threshold of our sanctum in the new college year, is that time-honored and thoroughly worthy sheet, the *Yale Record*. In an opening editorial it gives the number of the incoming class at Yale in the following terse terms: "We have exchanged '82 for '86. On face value this would seem a good investment. Perhaps it is. We have lost a hundred and nineteen good fellows, and about two hundred strangers have taken their places." We congratulate the *Record* in seeming to open another year with the same creditable subject matter, and equally as good management as characterized its issues last year. We extend to it the good-will greeting and wishes for its success which it is fitting here to give.

The *News*, like its sister, is as good as of old, and we cannot better show its true solidity and good character, and at the same time more interest our readers, than to give a few extracts from an editorial in the issue of Sept. 15th, in which a little advice is given to Freshmen, which is, we think, as reasonable and good counsel as could well be given. We hope our Williams Freshmen will at least read the extracts herein given, and would urge them, that they may better get the connection of the article, to improve the first half holiday by going to the ARGO sanctum and reading all of it. "It is a strange world that has now opened to you, Freshmen," says the *News*, "many of you have doubtless been the monarchs of the schools where you have fitted; everything has been under your direct orders. Or perhaps a clique of you have been the acknowledged head of your school, have long been looked up to and admired, if not by your instructors, at least by the poor underlings of the lower classes. Your beck and call has been all-powerful, your sway has been undisturbed. But here you will soon come to find

that there are many fellows in the world who have held just as high positions, men to whom it comes as natural to wield the sceptre of power; and to you *the chief value of your Freshman year* will be in making this discovery, and in adapting your individual selves to the circumstances attending it, that you may make a success of your college career." The next few words have in them special force, and of these we would invite careful perusal. "Strive to continue the proud life to which you may have been accustomed, endeavor to thrust yourself into prominence, to hold the reins of a class of 175 instead of 20, and your career may be brilliant, but it will be wondrous brief. The quieter men whom you would fain look down upon, will, by the beginning of another year, hold your place, while you will be forgotten." And here are the noblest, truest sentiments of all: "No man will respect you less for standing for manly principles which you have brought with you. No one will look down upon you if you choose to take your place among the Christian men, of whom you will soon find many among your companions. *But when you have once taken a high position you must never go back on it.* Sincerity above all things receives a full face value here. Indeed, we believe every man in college, whatever his own ideas and belief, will bear us out when we say that when a class graduates, there are none who command greater esteem and respect from every member of the class than they who have stood firm from the beginning, in unpretentious, unbigoted Christian life. It may be an intensely jolly life we lead, it may be that some few carry that jollity to too great an extent; but there is not a man among us who fails to respect a *manly* Christianity."

The *University Magazine* lies on our table, and, in fact, outside of those above mentioned, it is about the only publication of note which has just arrived. But we are glad to say to the editors of the *Magazine* that there is a vast improvement in its columns upon last year. Its editorials are more marked and vivacious, and there is a general air of vigor which seemed to be lacking before. We hope our other exchanges will return as much improved.

OTHER COLLEGE NOTES.

THE following table will no doubt prove interesting, as it gives a summary of the various Senior statistics issued during the last term by the different colleges here represented:

COLLEGE.	Class of 1882.	Average age.	Average height.	Average weight.	Oldest.	Youngest.	Tallest.	Shortest.	Heaviest.	Lightest.	Lawyers.	Physicians.	Clergymen.	Journalists.	Teachers.	Engineers.	Business Men.	Republicans.	Democrats.	Independents.
Brown,.....	52	22.10.4.5.9	148 1/2	29.2.0	20.3.0.6.2	5.3	190	117	4	9	8	1	2	1	4	38	3	11		
Cal. Univ.,...	44	21.6.15.5.7	146	25.8.12	18.5.17.6.0	5.0	175	95	3	1	2	1	1	1	3	27	6	11		
Hamilton,...	33	22.11.0.	150						6	4	6	2	6	1	2					
Madison,...	19								3	1	1	1	1	1	1					
Marilla,...	17	22.1.19.5.8 1/2	136						6	2	2	2	1	1	5	14	3			
Oberlin,...	34	25.2.5.							6	5	6	4								
Penn. Univ.,	54	21.1.0.5.9	139	28.8.0	19.4.0.6.2 1/2	5.2	175	109	6	7	4				120	3	34	5	14	
Syracuse,...	28	23.11.15.5.11	145	30.0.0	19.0.0.6.3	5.0	213	95	5	2	5	1	4	1	4	20	5	3		
Wash.-Jeff.,	39	22.8.0.5.11	151 1/2	30.9.9	18.2.17.6.5 1/2	5.5	205	120	15	5	2	1	2	2	3	27	12			
Williams,...	44	22.5.4.5.9 1/2	154 1/2	28.6.4	19.10.23.6.1 1/2	5.2 1/2	200	115	11	2	7				8	29	3	12		
Yale,.....	119	22.8.4.5.8 1/2	146 1/2	32.5.8	20.1.10.6.2 1/2	5.2 1/2	200	115	38	17	4				2	29	85	14	10	

CLIPPINGS.

IN one lot three or four calves, and in another two young men, with their hair parted in the middle. How many calves in all?

"Maid of Athens, ere we separate us,
Give me back my cordiac apparatus."

—Bates Student.

THE following inscription, found in a churchyard in a little hamlet a few miles this side of Boston, is suggestive of a wrecked and shattered

life: "He loved not wisely, but too Wellesley."
—Yale Record.

AN enthusiast on sailing has sent us a poem in fifty-eight verses. We insert four lines so that you may see why we do not print the rest:

Dreaming I lie in my yacht,
And I bless my happy lacht.
The wind is blowing; so whacht
If the sun be broiling hacht— —Record.

SOPHOMORE to sleepy room-mate: "Come, S., why don't you get up with the lark as I do?" S., grimly: "Been up with him all night."—Ex.

A WICKED Freshman who smokes cigarettes, claims the more men fume the less they fret.—Howard Herald.

A RATHER tough Senior remarked, casually, that his destiny was to be a shining light in society. When asked why, he said, "Because I will always be a full gent."

"The Senior blacks his boots and elbows up his way,
Makes his little bow, and says his little say;
And then he makes another, and waits for his bouquet;
While the people clap their hands and the band begins to play."
—Eates Student.

QUATUET.

Oh! I just met a girl—
What's the matter now, hey?
I don't care what you say,
She's a darn pretty girl.
You can say what you may
She's an awful smart girl—
Who are you any way,
And who asked you to bray?
She's my belle ideal girl.
You can go to—go 'way. —Record.

IN MEMORIAM.

I.

Again before me comes that girl,
Again appears her soft, fair beauty,
With maze of hair in tangled curl,—
To love but her were easy duty.

II.

The laughing eyes, the rose-wreathed mouth,
The shifting, fleeting, dainty dimple,
A smile as of the sunny South,
Enough to drive a fellow simple.

III.

A loveliness of form and face,—
No wonder that I've sadly missed her,
But perhaps there'd be more grace,
If she weren't my own younger sister.

—Advocate.

THE ARGO.

VOL. II.

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THE ARGO.

Published fortnightly during the college year by the students of Williams College.

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IF any of our subscribers do not receive their papers promptly and regularly, they will confer a great favor by immediately communicating with the business editors.

THE action which has recently been taken in closing the gymnasium during the hours of recitation is a good step in the right direction. The gymnasium and its apparatus are preëminently the property of the students, and the "cheeky" way in which the "townies" have heretofore, since the opening of the new "Gym.," allowed themselves to make use of the building and its contents during the absence of the students, both wore out the apparatus and brought needless dirt into the hall. We are glad to see it has been stopped.

THE Senior class cannot fail to congratulate themselves upon their recent class-day elections. This exercise, at least ever since Eighty-three entered college, has given rise to most unpleasant exhibitions of cliquing, wire-pulling, and

a general discordance among various factions of each class. But, remarkable as it is, the entire absence of all such spirit has always characterized Eighty-three heretofore, and this occasion proved no exception to her former course. Everything went smoothly; everyone was in good humor; no button-holing nor log-rolling was seen in the intervals between the balloting, and when the class sit smoking the farewell pipe on East College campus. Nothing surely can remain as a pleasanter memory of their college days than the spirit of harmony and brotherhood which has been continually manifested during their four years of undergraduate life.

EIGHTY-SIX, to use a slang phrase, is "little, but oh! my!" The fact that the entrance examinations this year were unusually hard surely gives us some evidence of their scholarship, but it is especially in regard to their athletic qualities that we wish to speak. The appearance and playing of their nine upon the ball field leads us to foresee no one-sided contest in the Fresh.-Soph. ball game next summer, while three of her men are filling positions upon the college nine in a very creditable way. At football, their first game proved a very pleasant surprise both to the audience and the picked eleven which opposed them. The fall sports we have yet to hear from, but doubt not that they will not retire from the track without their share of the spoils. Go in, Freshmen! make good use of your opportunities, and the legends of your strength and skill will be breathlessly repeated in after years to wondering new-comers. Even now the rest of the college are highly pleased with your appearance on the campus.

THE sketch by Prof. Beers of Yale, in the last *Lippincott*, descriptive of his experience with college chums, is highly interesting, and, no doubt, agrees in the rough with many a man's college experience. A college chum is generally

a very prominent factor in the character of a man's course in college, although it may not be so perceptible in some cases as others. Two men cannot spend their lives, day after day, week after week, and month after month, in the same room together without one of the two influencing the other, and especially is this so of those in the lower classes. There is no doubt that many fellows have been almost ruined, and others greatly assisted and improved by the character and associations of their room-mates during the early part of their four years. How many men regret, and how many men love to reflect upon, their choice of a chum, or the chance which gave him to them! The old motto, "you can't touch pitch and not be defiled," and the lesson which it teaches, were never more evident than in this case. Try your best to get a good chum,—better none than a bad one.

PROFESSOR PERRY'S statement, last term, in regard to the formation of a historical society, composed of members of the upper classes, who should do original historical work, study philosophical history, and present papers embodying the results of their investigation, seems at last to be about to take definite form. The use of the small room in the upper part of Clark Hall has been secured, and the collection of valuable and interesting historical relics, started some time ago in Jackson Hall by the Professor, has received some recent additions, among which are a slate tomb-stone of pre-revolutionary time, dating back to 1747, and an old arm-chair of some historical importance. To be sure we have no chair of American History, such as the one which Cornell has just endowed, but this organization will be of the highest practical value, under the efficient management of its director, to those whose tastes and abilities incline them to such pursuits. Original work, and practical work—that which will make a man think for himself, and teach him how to work well—is only too plainly lacking in the curriculums of many American colleges.

IT is perhaps to all of us one of our most pleasant recollections, and has been for years to our alumni, to look back to the first morning of

Freshman year and remember the time-honored speech of our veteran professor in mathematics. And while the majority of us may have considered it a joke and lightly allowed it to pass by without particular consideration, there was one important point advanced, which, if borne in mind, would have conduced to our health and comfort. We refer to his kind advice "set up your stoves as soon as possible." Coming, as the most of us do, from the pleasant rest of the summer months, accustomed to a free and easy life, we forget that it is not always summer here, and this we discover to our sorrow in the vast deluge of the "Freshman rain," and the chilling rain coincident with it. Our rooms shut air-tight through vacation are close and in many cases damp, and seldom receive a proper drying and airing. Indisposition and various kinds of ailments become general, and never has this been more noticeable than during the past few weeks. Change of water and other theories may be advanced, but this we believe is the true one. Surely our health is of sufficient importance to compel attention to our professor's kind advice.

WE have, or rather hope we have, better material for a college nine this year than has been our lot for some years past. But the material simply is far from enough, and what is needed in addition is what our professor of political economy would call "onerous effort" on the part of each of the ten or twelve men who are either on the nine or are chosen as substitutes for the same. An active, persistent business manager is undoubtedly a great step in the right direction, but we insist now, with all emphasis, on the personal attention of each member of the nine to what are unquestionably his *duties* as such, duties which every man in college, paying for the support of the nine, expects of him. Three men out of the regular nine are habitual smokers of cigarettes, and one or two others are users of tobacco. More than this, we will dare to affirm that not one of the whole twelve takes regular daily exercise of any kind whatsoever, be it in the gymnasium or elsewhere; and such being the case, can we look for the results which we might otherwise expect? While the weather allows,

constant practice, at stated hours, in batting, fielding, and base-running, as well as in general exercises should be diligently carried on under the supervision of the manager. Until Williams' nine will do as the nines of other colleges are obliged to do, we cannot expect results in the future differing from those of the past.

THE course in physiology, at this college, is decidedly incomplete. The four weeks which the seniors have just spent upon the subject is too short a time for the study of a subject which is of such importance and practical value. It is certainly of no use to spend years in developing and training the mind, when we are unable to preserve the general health of the body which is to support it, hence the study of physiology, and more particularly of applied physiology or hygiene, is of especial value to college students. Why then should it be put off until the last year? Certainly the lower classes are capable of comprehending the most of the subject with no difficulty, and some of the time which in the first two years is devoted to mere training of the mind could be well spared for so laudable a purpose. A decided advantage would be gained, and what is now a serious defect in the curriculum would be remedied if the more elementary part of the subject should be studied earlier in the course, accompanied by lectures on the practical application of the principles to student life (thus supplanting the Freshman lectures on the same subject), and if also the first few weeks of Senior year should be devoted to the consideration of the more advanced portions of the subject, especially to the relation of the body to the mind, which is of such great importance for a thorough comprehension and complete mastery of the metaphysical studies of the year. Though too late for eighty-three, we hope this change may be made for the benefit of subsequent classes.

WE desire to bring to the notice of our readers an incident which, if allowed to be repeated, might be the cause of great harm both to individual students and to the college, and even of almost universal disaster. We refer to

the incident of Tuesday morning, October 3, when, at the mythical hour of 4.50 A. M., amidst the undisturbed stillness of the last hours of nature's repose, suddenly and without warning, there rang through the frosty air, shouted by a dozen voices, the '83 class yell.

We will pass over the dreams and miniature nightmares which came upon the sleepers in East and South Colleges and count them as of little weight. But were we to rehearse in full the experience of the senior in Kellogg Hall who, hearing the noise, thought it was an alarm of fire, got up, striking and severely injuring his head against a door-post, saw the tail of the comet, and came near creating a panic second only to that at the Brooklyn Theatre, we feel sure the college authorities would fully realize the danger to which the students and the college buildings would be exposed should a repetition of the occurrence happen. But, to speak more seriously, it is a well known fact that violent sound-waves will produce correspondingly violent vibration in bodies on which they impinge. Again, sound-waves are transmitted with far greater rapidity and intensity in a clear, frosty air than otherwise. On this occasion both of these conditions were true, *i.e.*, waves of sound of unprecedented violence were propagated in an easterly direction through a clear and frosty air. The result must suggest itself to the most obtuse reader. It was exactly that which we heard from astronomical authorities a few days afterwards, that the magnificent nucleus of Crul's comet had been broken into three or more fragments. Let there be no repetition of such proceedings.

THE WRATH OF LUDONICES.

IT was an early hour on a fine spring morning in ancient Troy. The busy bill-posters were covering the Scaean Gate with flaming notices of "Anchises' Unrivalled Five-Tent Show;" the paper boys were running up and down crying, "Buy the *Telegram*! *Troy Press*! 'Ere's yer *Troy Times*! All the latest news—The Greek ships just off the coast—War menacing—Marriage of Priam's eleventh son to a fair young ballet dancer—*only five oboli*!" The carts of the milk-

men rattled up and down. Everything was in motion, and the day had fully begun.

The many noises of the great street soon roused Ajax, the son of Beeron, as he lay dreaming of last night's game supper at the "Phæbus Apollo." He turned restlessly upon his soft spring bed, and would again have entered the realm of the drowsy god, had not some one tapped lightly at his door.

"Please, sir, old Plautus is below, and says as he has waited an hour, he will be put off no longer," said a slatternly maid-servant.

"Very well, let him come up," and in a moment a grizzled little old man entered, and taking out paints and brushes, began work on the face of the young noble.

"Curse my luck, why was I so foolish as to get into that cestus match with Nicanor," growled the youth, "I might have known I would get pounded, but luckily the only bruise that shows is my black eye; that is all right now," as the old man, skillfully removing all traces of the injury, received his pay and stole out, softly whistling an air from Euripides' latest opera.

"Where can that hound of Damon be?" cried the youth, as he touched the electric bell. "By Pollux, he is never on hand, the brute."

The slave soon entered and quickly dressed his master, seemingly not heeding the abuse heaped upon him meanwhile. Soon after the young noble, arrayed in a toga of the finest wool, with its lapels turned back so as to show his patent suspenders, glancing fondly at his well-blackened sandals as he sauntered leisurely down the street, stopping now and then to look at the display in some shop window, and now turning with an admiring look as some new chariot or fancy bicycle flew by. He stopped just before the palace of Dardanus, as if trying to recall something, when Miss Julia Pinarius, the patrician belle, advanced along the crossing. He was delighted to see her, and after a friendly dish of cream at the saloon near the Temple of Minerva, at his suggestion, they turned down a side street toward the city wall to watch the approach of the Greek ships.

They had proceeded but a little way when they met a crowd of boisterous urchins playing the

classic game of shinny. "Stop! stop!" cried Ajax, as the pair came along, "or I will hand you over to the next policeman I see, and you—"

He did not have time to finish, for a shinny-block struck him full on his wounded eye. With a wild howl of pain he fled.

"By Haephestus, I forgot my vow to Ludonices, the god of sports," said he. "This, then, is his revenge. Gosh! how it hurts!"

THE INEVITABLE RESULT.

The house itself is full Queen Anne;
From roof to cellar—every span—
With windows square, and tiny, too;
With curious gables, of a hue
That frights as only Fashion can
When set by some peculiar maid or man.

Its fittings rich, besides, recall
Those bygone days, when court and hall
Resounded with the merry song
And shout, "Queen Anne," and "Live she long!"
The sofas, tables,—on the wall,
The tapestry and pictures—all.

Its inmates dress, too, in this style—
Instead of modern bonnet, tile—
They don the garb of ancient days;
Yes, imitate its minor ways—
And here—a most bewitching wile—
A maiden smiles—the Queen Anne smile.

A JUNIOR SOLILOQUY.

YES, the longed-for elysium at length is mine,
that period of glad repose when, taking a long breath after many grievous struggles with the perversities of well-meaning but thick-witted ancients, and oft-repeated wrestling with the cunning and elusive tricks and catches of mathematics, I claim the right to look down with complacent satisfaction on him who yet treads the lower rounds of the ladder.

Let him, as I did, shed the scalding tear of vexation and feel his bile stirred within him as he cudgels his brain over the unblushing disregard of perspicacity which distinguishes the style of Thucydides or Tacitus. Let him toil with that ingenious set of quadrilateral, circular, elliptical, ellipsoidal, polyhedral, parabolic, hyperbolic, and altogether diabolic puzzles dignified by the name of geometry; let him wearily beguile the long

hours with ringing all the changes on x , y , and z , and in vain try to extract some tangible and comforting conception of the square root of minus three. But on retiring nightly to rest on these toils, with a well-earned headache, let not his dreams be haunted by ugly phantoms of sines, tangents, co-sines, and the rest of the malignant brotherhood; may he be cheered with the thought that it will not be forever. In the sweet bye and bye, when every student treads the fair field of political economy, he encounters no incorrigible formulae, meets no problem that requires logarithms, and finds all disagreeable associations well out of sight. His pleasure will only equal his surprise, when he learns that the less he remembers of his mathematics the more conscientiously can he agree with some of the conclusions arrived at by his professor.

But alas! what can the Junior say in behalf of his mechanics! The poor, meagre little starveling of a text-book from which he learns his lessons is before me now. Its scanty and jejune contents possess no attraction for the eye. To be sure, there is a merit in conciseness. When I see a small urchin shooting peas at his sister, when I see that sister drowned in tears of agony at this harsh treatment, I feel myself a benefactor at being able to restore that boy's sense of compassion, ignorant as he is of the relations of force, mass, and acceleration, by gently hinting to him that K is to k as MG is to mg . Let any one apply this short formula in a similar case, and if the boy does not straightway desist and look up in mute admiration of the laws of mechanics, never more will I sing the praises of my theme. What can be a more faultless definition of direction than that it is "a straight line between two successive points, considered with reference to the first point?" Notice the modifying clause at the last, and you will see how variable a thing is direction. A student starts from College Hall to go to a prayer-meeting; he is then going south, with reference to that edifice. He gets as far as the chapel and, alas! he changes his mind, and with it his direction. It is no longer true to say that the direction of that youth is south. It is east, and his next successive point will be North Adams! Here we have

to pause; we are at a loss to conjecture whether or no he will again change his direction and come back. I am pained, perhaps, at seeing a victim of inebriation, but I profit by the experience by adding to the scanty illustrations of my text-book this example of unstable equilibrium. When the poor fellow is forced by natural laws to bite the dust, I am strongly impressed with the truth of the principle that if the centre of gravity pass without the surface of support, the body will be overturned. I breathe a prayer that I may always be able to preserve my center of gravity.

It is thus that a briefly-expressed principle, and one that I can easily carry with me, will be strikingly illustrated in my daily walks. But is this laconic style of text-book always to be commended? I go to the circus and admire the athlete who lifts a man at arm's length. I come back estimating the prodigious strength of this modern Hercules, and eager to read up on the lever. When I open my book, my interest in nature's laws dies a miserable death upon some such dose as this: " D equals P plus Q ," or " D equals the square root of P squared plus Q squared plus twice P times Q times the co-sine of α ." It is a descent from the sublime to the what? At any rate, it is a rude awakening, and the Junior, contemplating the severity of his course in mechanics, feels that he has not yet, after all, passed the elementary period devoted to mental gymnastics.

THE last *Critic*, in speaking of "Recent College Difficulties," says most of it is due to the greater progress in science which the members of the Faculty have made over the President, and finally thus speaks: "We doubt if even President Carter of Williams, who, at his inauguration, a year ago, started with such a vigorously religious programme, will be able to keep the scepticism at bay which is the pervading spirit of modern life; and if he does succeed, he may reduce his college to the rank of the many similar institutions in the West where the free spirit of scientific inquiry is unknown. It is difficult to find scientifically educated men at the present day who are as orthodox as President Carter, and a certain number of scientifically educated men is indispensable to a college Faculty."

BALLADE OF FRESHMAN YEAR.

'Tis the time when you turn in your toes,
 When the Profs. seem so dignified, grand—
 When the Sophomores are all deadly foes,
 And "Freshy!" is heard through the land.
 When society men are so bland—
 Long and late into text-books you peer—
 Ah! you never grub so for a "stand,"
 As you do in your Freshman year!

'Tis then that you stare at "swell clothes,"
 Not accustomed to tell the true brand,—
 Nor try to restrain "Ah's!" or "Oh's!"
 As you first hear the Blankville brass band;
 When you hope the false metres you scanned
 Didn't quite catch the Prof's. broad old ear.
 Ne'er feel you the sting of a reprimand,
 As you do in your Freshman year.

'Tis the year you are laden with woes,
 When you groan under "ev'ry man's hand;"
 'Tis mostly all thorns and no rose,
 Till you prove that you truly have "sand."
 'Tis the time you obey each command,
 For you ne'er felt so verdant and "queer;"
 (All hide is but crude ere 'tis tanned,)
 As you do in your Freshman year.

ENVOY.

Seniors, think o'er all you've planned,
 The antic mad, the work most dear,—
 What space of life and change e'er spanned,
 As you do in your Freshman year. BERCT.

CLASS-DAY ELECTIONS.

THE class of eighty-three spent an hour and thirty-five minutes pleasantly, last Friday morning, in choosing their Class-Day officers. One feature, new to Williams men, and one which will undoubtedly prove entertaining, was introduced into the programme—the presentation of appropriate gifts to the handsomest, ugliest, and dullest man, respectively, together with grateful responses by those honored in this way. The election resulted as follows. Those elected by acclamation being marked by a star:

President—Henry Lefavour.*
Orator—S. V. V. Holmes.*
Poet—G. N. Wakeley.
Marshals—E. R. Crowell,* Samuel Smith, 2d.*
Ivy Orator—John P. Hubbard, Jr.
Library Orator—F. DeL. Smith.
Address to Lower Classes—Horace Ketchum.*
Pipe Orator—G. A. Copeland.*

Committee of Arrangements—Chairman, L. W. Pratt, H. E. Adriance, W. W. Doyle.

Toast Master—J. E. Pierson.

Prophet—W. N. Hubbard.

Prophet on Prophet—L. G. Rogers.

Committee on Songs—R. S. Smith.*

Secretary—F. V. Pike.*

Historian—H. S. Underwood.

From our special correspondent.

AN AMBLE ABOUT AMHERST.

AMHERST, Oct. 10, 1882.

ARRIVED here on the five o'clock steamboat express stage over from Noahville, and was immediately seized upon by four Sophomores, under the impression that I was a new vocalist, and was hurriedly invited to join the Glee Club.

"We are well under way for the new year," cried one of them, "an organization of twelve voices has been formed, and only nine of the places in it are vacant." I asked them where their headquarters were, as I might want to come around and try for a position, and was told that it was in the cellar where Walker Hall used to be. "The piles of rubbish lying around give the voices rather an antique effect, you know," said another enthusiastic man.

"Who are you, anyway," said I, the "President of the College, or 'Hannah?'"

"I am neither," humbly replied the specimen, "but the business manager, the one, you see, who gets up the bills when they sing at a country fair, or an Irish wake."

"This is all very well," I returned, "but if you would like a contribution to the funds of your association, you will pilot me to the chief haunts of interest. Savvey?"

A gleam of intelligence for the moment lighted up his stolid countenance, and he led the way, putting his hands into his pockets, as if jingling the shadowy shekels. We walked along in silence for some time, seemingly right away from the little village into which I had first come. "Hold on!" said I, "you seem to be leading me directly away from what few marks of civilization there are here! What is that dismal cow-pasture over the way?"

"Oh! that is Blake Field, and, anyway, there aint nothin' interestin' 'round here, we all go over to Smith when we want amusement, so I supposed you would. Oh! such luscious girls! and what brings 'em to time over there is either the Glee Club or the octette. You should hear those last eight fellers holler at the concert! Jeeminy! Then they go around under the windows and murmur 'Comin' thro the rye,' and the dear girls throw down pieces of slate-pencil or lemon peel, or shoe-strings,—any delicate little favor. I know a feller got a whole starch-box full of 'memorabil' over there. But such luck seldom happens. Once a girl threw down a five-cent piece by mistake—but she wrote back for it next day."

"Well, you can choke off on that, I guess, I'll put that visit off until next time," said I. "What is that villainous old barn over in that lot?" for we had walked along some distance during his conversation.

"Why, *don't you know* what that is, and from Bellville, too? That is the Agricultural College; see the Seniors out here at the right, taking the potato-hoeing optional, which is said to be very popular this year. The Juniors are now at work in the piggery—that is prescribed for them; while the Sophs are in the corn-husking examination—a very stiff paper, I hear. The President is lecturing to the Freshmen on "Agricultural Health and Habits of Weeding." Here I showed some signs of impatience, and we returned at a rapid gait. As we neared the village again, he ventured to say,

"Did you ever see the Amherst *Student*, sir?"

"Why, yes, I glanced through the last number, I think."

"Then you will understand this procession; I am so glad. I thought the fame of it would get abroad!" And as he spoke, a gang of undergraduates approached, carrying on their shoulders an insignificant youth, crowned with Amherst pumpkin leaves, and holding a roll of manuscript.

"Who is the hero? is it the founder of your new-fangled system, in which every man has to cut one-tenth of his meals, and loses one glass of beer out of every ten?"

"No, was the haughty reply, you are wrong.

It is the rising young genius, the irresistible humorist, who wrote that rich article in the last *Student*."

"What, 'The Goat?'"

"Yes, he—"

"Here are some cough-drops and bandoline for the Glee Club. Tell me, quick! when does the next stage leave?"

THE GRAVE OF MERLIN.

The forests of Broceliande
Glooms o'er the yellow stretch of sand
Beside the tossing, purple sea
Which breaks on dreamy Brittany.
But never noise from out the deep,
Or boom of breakers on the steep
Passes beyond the silent band
Which marks the wood Broceliande.

There in the magic forest's shade
Lies Merlin, Arthur's wizard friend,
By her he loved the best betrayed,
He sleeps the sleep that knows no end.
Merlin the old who lived of yore,—
Merlin the proud who lived to rule,—
Merlin the wise, who knew all lore,—
Merlin the lost, who loved—a fool.

The sunlight shimmers through the trees,
The softly-crooning summer breeze
Pauses upon its vagrant way,
The hare speeds past,—a flash of grey,
And full-throat birds their singing cease,
Where Merlin sleeps reigns perfect peace
And o'er him blows a banner grand,—
The forest of Broceliande.

—E. G. B.

THE CHINESE MUST GO!

THERE is a small shop in New York, which bears on its windows in red letters, the legend,

WUNG KONG—CHINESE LAUNDRY.

The passer-by, who cares to turn his eyes to the interior, perceives vast quantities of linen lying around in all styles of whiteness, two or three diabolical little Chinese josses grinning from the corners, sometimes with a taper burning upon them, and in the midst of the same two moon-faced Celestials wielding the flat-iron with an energy which never seems to tire. The American Chinese are as potent with this weapon as were

their ancestors with the sword, and who will say that the latter is the more ignoble of the two?

"Oh! Son of the Nine-Cornered Red Dragon," began the elder of the Celestials, speaking in tea-store characters, "you are putting too much starch upon that shirt. Blessed are the economical," says Confucius, "and they who cheat their neighbors."

"Nay, revered grandfather," returned the other, "it is not extravagant to use this starch lavishly, for remember that this I did absorb from the box of Sam Ling across the way, when he was in his back shop. Therefore can we sling this starch in superabundance, and thereby get many patrons, thus drawing ahead of Sam Ling."

"My son," gravely returned the old man, "you are wise beyond your years. 'Cursed is he that takes not his friend's property when he can,' says Tsin Tsao, 'for his pig tail shall be abased in the land.' But here comes a foreign devil, and truly, he brings with him a large wash. Blessed is he who——"

"I want these articles washed," interrupted Mr. George Brown, entering the shop at this moment, and depositing a large bundle on the counter, "Can I have them to-morrow?"

"Yeh! to-morrow!" returned he of the almond eyes, abruptly dropping from the aphorisms of Chinese philosophy into more intelligible 'pidgin English.' "To-morrow, all ploppa!"

It is as impossible for a Chinaman to distinguish between Saxon faces as it is for an American to tell the difference between the moon-like faces of two Chinamen. Consequently, when any one leaves his wash at a Chinese laundry, he always receives a slip of paper marked with several hieroglyphical characters, and should he lose that, good-bye clothes. The Chinaman will neither recognize him nor his right to any clean linen. So on this occasion, Mr. George Brown received the customary certificate of deposit from the Son of the Red Dragon, and returned to his boarding-house around the corner.

Mrs. Popham's boarding-house was justly celebrated; her apple dumplings were the wonder of the neighborhood, and curious to relate, the steak one found there could be cut with an ordinary knife. But it was not for this reason that Mr.

George Brown snapped at the chance of getting apartments there. No! Miss Euphemia Haines boarded there, and to be under the same roof with her, George would have paid higher prices and endured much worse fare than that of the genial Mrs. Popham. For in the evening after dinner, when most of the boarders dispersed to their rooms, and the parlor was almost unoccupied, it was such a nice place for a quiet game of euchre, or for Miss Euphemia's efforts at the piano, with George to turn the leaves! And on this especial evening he was engaged in instructing her in the mysteries of Casino, when his evil fate led him to think of; and mention, the little Chinese washing establishment around the corner.

"What! do you patronize it too?" exclaimed Miss Euphemia. "Well, I fancy all of Mrs. Popham's boarders go there. I sent some things there only yesterday; here's the receipt, I got from them. Doesn't it look funny?"

"Yes, they all look alike, like spiders floating in a bowl of tea. No, no, build your seven and three into a ten and take it with the big casino. By the way, which of these laundry certificates is mine?"

"That one," said the lady, "I know it by the queer tail to the first letter."

"Is it? I should have said the other, but I suppose you know. You know everything, Miss Haines. Oh! Euphemia!——" But it is needless to chronicle the remainder of the conversation.

The next evening George sent to the laundry for his wash, and when it returned, he proceeded to open the package. Horror! the first article was a skirt beautifully ironed, the next was a pair of red stockings—George always wore blue—and as the remainder of its contents came into view, the poor young man's hair rose slowly on his head. "Saints of Heaven!" he gasped, "its Euphemia's bundle and—Holy Moses, mine has gone to her!" and as a vision of the buttonless shirts and dilapidated socks which he had sent around the corner rose before his eye, the table was the only thing that kept him from falling. "I shall never dare look her in the face again," he murmured, "lost! lost for ever!"

"Oh! Son of the Nine Cornered Red Dragon!" remarked the old Chinaman the next even-

ing, "a curious thing happened to-day when you were out hunting after more starch. A young foreign devil entered, looking truly like one possessed of an evil spirit. His voice was loud and loaded with a storm of imprecations; he shook his fist at me and threw a bundle of clothes at my head, and then departed, tearing his hair. 'Cursed be he that indulges in drink,' says Kong Ko, 'for wild mules shall sit upon his grave.'"

"Nay! but—grandfather," replied the Son of the Nine Corners, "you say he threw the clothes at you. That means that he wants them not. Therefore, they are ours. I will see what they are. One skirt, three pairs red stockings."

"Verily, my son," said the aged man, "you are wise beyond your years; but hide the articles in the back room, lest perchance the young foreign devil return to claim them. 'Blessed are they that bestow skirts upon the poor,' says Wun Lung. But strange it is that they should be given as by him, for really I thought those were garments pertaining to women. 'Truly,' says Tee Dod, 'we learn as well when old as when young!'"

RESOLUTIONS OF SYMPATHY.

At a recent class meeting of the Juniors, the following resolutions of sympathy were adopted:

Whereas, in His infinite providence, God has seen fit to bestow bereavement upon a member of our class, and,

Whereas, though the sorrow on our part is great, yet believing in the infinite goodness and mercy of the Lord God our Father, therefore be it

Resolved, that we, the members of the Junior class of Williams College, do hereby extend our heart-felt sympathy to our fellow class-mate and friend, Samuel J. White, Jr.

In behalf of the class,

G. R. TROWBRIDGE,

J. B. WHITON,

T. S. HOLMES.

WILLIAMS COLLEGE, Oct. 5, 1882.

Says the *Courant*, "What will Moses King do if *Lumpy* goes out?"

THE OLD CHAPEL BELL.

How dear to this heart the remembrance of college,
When fond retrospection recalls it to mind!
Its venerable piles, every brick steeped with knowledge,
Its moss-backed instructors, so thoughtful and kind;
The smooth placid lake, and the campus near by it,
The bridge o'er the brook—I remember it well—
The library musty, the stone chapel nigh it,
And e'en in its tower the old chapel bell.
The syren-voiced charmer, the mellow toned pleader,
The gentle exhorter, the old chapel bell.

That clear-voiced reminder I hail with ecstasies;
For often its summons—how sweet was the sound!—
Would call me to Latin, or else mathematics,
To absorb with delight erudition profound.
How ardent I heard it, how gladly betook me—
When oft on my ear all-attentive it fell—
To answer its calling, and never forsook me
That thrill of delight upon hearing the bell.
The silver-toned music, the gentle vibrations,
The soul-stirring strains of the old chapel bell.

Its call, oh how sweet from my couch to receive it,
At breaking of day on some cold winter morn!
My bed was delightful, but who would not leave it
To dress him for prayers, laughing "zero" to scorn.
And now, far removed from the scenes so endearing,
My tender regrets will persistently dwell
On that summons which ever I heard with revering,
The summons to prayer from the old chapel bell.
The soft invitation, the tender persuasion,
The gentle refrain of the old chapel bell.

BASE-BALL.

THE season has opened auspiciously. In the two games played thus far, our nine has made a very encouraging beginning of its work. The first game was played on Saturday, Sept. 30th, against a strong team from Bennington. Our boys won easily in a well-played game. The score by innings is as follows:—

Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Total.
Williams,	2	2	0	7	1	0	0	0	0	12
Benningtons,	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	4	0	5

Base hits: Williams 12, Benningtons 6; errors: Williams 7, Benningtons 10.

In this game, the places of Yates and Reynolds were well supplied by two new men, Carse and Blackmer, each of whom made a very good showing—the former especially at the bat, and the latter in the field.

THE game on Wednesday, Oct. 4th, was a most satisfactory one to Williams men. It was played against a strong semi-professional nine, the Stars of Fort Edward, N. Y., and was throughout the most exciting and hotly contested game we have seen for a long time. The Stars obtained a good lead at the start, but this was slowly overcome, and in the ninth inning, when the score was 8 to 7 against our nine, with two men on bases, Blackmer went to the bat and made a long hit to the left field for two bases, bringing in two runs, which virtually won the game. The batting of Crowell and W. Safford, and the fielding of Green, Blackmer, Crowell, and J. Safford deserve especial mention. The full score is as follows:

WILLIAMS.	A.B.	R.	I.B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Carse, c. f.,	5	0	0	0	1	1	0
J. Safford, i. f.,	4	1	1	1	2	0	0
Crowell, 2d b.,	5	3	1	2	2	4	0
Talcott, s.s.,	5	1	1	1	0	2	3
W. Safford, 3d b.,	5	3	3	3	1	3	0
Blackmer, 1st b.,	5	0	1	2	13	0	4
Hubbell, p.,	5	1	1	1	0	11	1
Green, c.,	5	0	2	2	8	2	2
Holt, r. f.,	4	1	1	1	0	0	1
	43	10	11	13	27	23	11

STARS.	A.B.	R.	I.B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Jas. Ryan, c.,	6	1	2	2	6	1	0
Jno. Ryan, 2d b.,	5	2	2	2	3	3	2
Maher, i. f.,	5	1	3	3	2	0	1
Van Loon, r. f.,	5	1	3	4	0	0	0
Goodfellow, p.,	4	1	0	0	0	13	2
Cheesman, s.s.,	5	1	0	0	0	2	1
Russell, 3d b.,	5	1	1	1	1	1	3
Lennon, 1st b.,	5	1	0	0	12	0	0
Cate, c. f.,	5	0	0	0	1	0	0
	45	9	11	12	*25	20	9

* J. Safford and Blackmer out for not running back to base on a foul.

First base on balls: Williams 1, Stars 1. Wild pitches: Hubbell 1, Goodfellow 1. Passed balls: Green 5, Ryan 3. Umpire, Henry Tinker of North Adams. Scorer, J. W. Bott, '83.

THE speeches made by the various members of the Faculty, last Saturday evening, in response to the politically enthusiastic crowd of students, were in a "hundred different keys."

It is very pleasant, to be sure, to see the ARGO's verse clipped by the *Exonian*, but it would be much more pleasant to see it duly credited every time.

TWO VICTIMS.

PATSY.

If Biddy, the darlint, would hear me,
I'd marry to-morrow, bedad,
Me heart's broke, but, sure, it would cheer me
If Biddy, the darlint, would hear me.
Woe's me! she does nothin' but jeer me!
Och! wirra! an' I would be glad
If Biddy, the darlint, would hear me,
I'd marry to-morrow, bedad!

POMP.

She's de fines' gal I ebber met,
But I's 'fraid of dat Johnson boy,
I say to myse'f de berry fus' set,
"She's the fines' gal I ebber met,"
An' whenebber I speaks to de little pet,
My heart keep singin' out fer joy,
"She's the fines' gal I ebber met,"
But—I's—'fraid—of dat Johnson boy.

—CARL.

COLLEGE NOTES.

ONLY five of the old Sophomore eleven will indulge this year.

"UNC" is a Frenchman.

How do you like the new fall hats?

WHERE are the text-books in Mechanics?

LOST by the Freshman Class—a Pearl of great Price.

DON'T fail to attend the Athletics, next Wednesday.

TATLOCK and Potter, formerly of '84, were in town this week.

MECHANICS must be very exciting when men go to sleep in the class!

OUR Ex-Pres., the Hon. Paul Ansel Chadbourne, was in town Sept. 28th.

MR. EDWARD PRESTON HILL of Chicago, Ill., has joined the class of eighty-four.

"SMILER'S" answer to exactly 203 anxious ones—"Oh, I only forgot my key."

REV. J. H. DENISON, Dr. Hopkins' son-in-law, preached in the college chapel Sunday.

BILL PRATT was not much more ready to speak than the "Moonlighter" on Monday afternoon.

FACETIOUS JUNIOR:—"Prof., does the law allow a woman to be a *silent* partner in a firm?"

THE Juniors have passed the "protoplasmic" stage, and are now wrestling with the secrets of Force.

THE Juniors will enjoy monthly examinations in Mechanics hereafter. '84's good fortune seems unending.

THREE Juniors walked to Troy on Mountain Day. "Thirty miles in seven hours, or how I lost a leg."

A FINE case of instruments for the use of the Zoölogy elective students has recently been obtained by Prof. Clark.

WHO will win the five-mile go-as-you-please? Certainly this is a chance for those who tramped to Troy, Mountain day.

THE Seniors who wrote an essay last summer term are not required to write on English Literature subjects this term.

'83 is not to be behind preceding classes in introducing new and interesting features for the exercises of Class Day.

WHAT do the unearthly noises issuing from Prof. Perry's room indicate? We thought the howls had been abolished.

THE "Congress" held a special meeting on Wednesday evening, electing a sergeant-at-arms, and appointing committees.

THE Seniors evidently thought the band such a novelty that they forgot all about any such thing as a recitation in Logic.

THE average age of the College nine, including substitute, is $19\frac{1}{2}$ years; the average weight, 144 lbs.; and height, 5 ft., 9 in.

RAMSEY, '84, returned from Europe on Thursday, the fifth. He reports Victoria and her family as in their usual good health.

NEXT Thursday evening the first division of the Seniors will furnish amusement and instruction for their auditors at Alumni Hall.

THE matter for the 1882-83 Catalogues has already been forwarded to the publishers, and the proof-sheets are expected in a few days.

SOMETHING novel, practical, and interesting. Professor O. W. was presented with a costly and beautiful pair of suspenders by the Class of '85.

EPHRAIM long since vanished from our sight, but we have dug up Jason and equipped him with the scissors and paste-pot. Keep your eye on him.

THE stone-work on Morgan Hall has been completed, and the last workman in that line has been discharged. The quarry, so long a scene of activity, is quiet and deserted.

THE Wilder Cabinet has at length been removed for the most part to its new quarters, and is in process of arrangement. A large part of the specimens will have to be relabeled.

SOME "real bad boys" hauled "Bill's" wheelbarrow and apparatus up the side of East College a short time ago, and raked the windows of our sanctum unmercifully. Try the other side next time!

THE Seniors are reveling in examinations now-a-days—one in Physiology last Monday, one (for the English Lit. electors) on Chaucer's Works last Tuesday, and others scattered along at the close of the week on each successive author.

WE have heard it on good authority that twenty-nine (29) (XXIX) Freshmen were on the summit of Greylock at sunrise on "Scenery Day," and the temperature was only 22° above zero!!! O tempora! O pneumonia!! Where is our Greenland explorer now!!

At the recent annual meeting of the Williams College Athletic Association, the following officers were elected: Pres., E. R. Crowell, '83; Vice-Pres., C. C. Richardson, '84; Sec. and Treas., J. H. Safford, '84; Directors, W. N. Hubbard, '83, H. J. Rogers, '84, H. D. Rockwell, '85, and D. Hewitt, '86.

THE popular half-hour exercises in Vocal Culture have been re-commenced in Alumni Hall by Prof. Bliss Perry. All students who have no other engagements between 2 and 2.30 P.M. should avail themselves of the valuable opportunities now presented for training the voice as well as for other elocutionary drill.

WE may reasonably expect that a stove will be placed in the new Nat. Hist. recitation room before Christmas. The absence of it, however, has already done its work. With the temperature

about 50° F. (perhaps overestimated) every morning, it is no wonder that so many are laid up with dangerous and incurable colds.

WE acknowledge the receipt of an interesting paper containing an account of some measurements of altitudes about Williamstown, made by John Tatlock, Jr., of the class of '82. We regret that we have not space in this issue in which to publish an abstract. We shall hope, however, to be able to publish it in our next.

THE hollow mockery of the anti-license, anti-billiard, anti-etc. law in Williamstown is clearly shown by the fact that to-day there are three public rum-holes in our village, conducted in the most open and offensive manner, and breeding the very worst kind of debauchery. One of them, the notorious "Fitz's," is still in operation, although his place was seized last summer, his stock confiscated, and himself heavily fined. What excuse is there for not enforcing the law? Are we not in Massachusetts?

ON Wednesday, Oct. 25, the annual Fall meeting of the Williams College Athletic Association will occur at the fair ground near North Adams. A programme of eighteen events has been prepared, consisting of five-mile go-as-you please, mile, half-mile, and quarter-mile runs; one hundred, and two hundred and twenty yards dashes; running, high, and broad jumps; foot-ball drop-kick, ball throw, putting the hammer, and throwing the shot. There will also be a hurdle race of one hundred and twenty yards, six hurdles, rope-pull between '85 and '86, bicycle race, three-legged race, and a mile walk. Let there be plenty of entries and a lively meeting!

PERSONALS.

'24. The Princeton *Review* for October contains a very interesting article by Dr. Hopkins, entitled, "Personality and Law—The Duke of Argyll."

The New York *Times* mentions Mark Hopkins as one of "a golden list" of men, recommending some tribute to Dr. Ray Palmer on the occasion of his golden wedding.

'39-'84. L. J. White has recently met with the loss of his wife by consumption. His son, L. J.

White, Jr., has left college for a few days by reason of this event.

'48. Hon. P. A. Chadbourne has an excellent article in the *Congregationalist* for Sept. 27, on "Education."

'49. John Bascom, D.D., has issued through the National Temperance Publication House a tract on "The Philosophy of Prohibition."

'52. Prof. Lewellyn Pratt read a paper on "Spiritual Efficiency" at the East Hartford Conference—twelfth annual meeting.

'54. Said Rev. A. E. Kittredge, D.D., of Chicago, a graduate of Williams, in his speech at the alumni dinner, "I always supposed Williams held the palm in beauty of location among the colleges, but now I yield the palm to Hamilton." *Hamilton Lit. Monthly*.

'59. Rev. Washington Gladden, D.D., is to be one of the lecturers in the winter course of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy at Boston.

'59. Washington Gladden recently delivered an address before the Great Barrington Agricultural Society on the subject, "Disadvantages of Country Boys."

'62. Rev. Henry Anstice of St. Luke's, Rochester, N. Y., has just returned from a European tour.

'65. Stephen C. Millard has been nominated for Congress in the twenty-eighth district of New York.

'67. G. Stanley Hall has in press a work entitled, "Introduction to Study of Philosophy," the prospectus of which has been issued by Messrs. Ginn & Heath of Boston.

'72. Luther Q. Woodbridge, who was instructor here in vocal and physical culture from 1873 to 1876, has recently been lecturing to the Freshmen on health topics.

'76. W. M. Green is engaged in teaching in Kingston, N. Y.

'76. J. H. Haynes has been appointed librarian of Robert College, Constantinople, Turkey.

'78-'79. At Riverview, near Troy, Oct. 5th. W. F. Burden was married to Miss Daisy McCoy, among the ushers being his brother, Howard H.

Burden, and Dr. Henry Colt. Rev. Walter Thompson of Grace Church officiated, and among the handsome presents received, was \$10,000 from the uncle of the bride.

'80. A. L. Van Antwerp has left Cambridge Theological Seminary, and is assisting at the cathedral in Davenport, Iowa, during the absence of Bishop Perry.

'80-'84. "Among the distinguished guests," says the New York *World*, "at the wedding of Miss Fargo at Irvington-on-Hudson, Oct. 5th, were Mr. and Mrs. J. C. B. Andrews, Cyrus W. Field, Benjamin Prince, etc., etc. Miss Fargo was a sister of L. W. Fargo, '82.

'81. M. L. Foster is studying medicine in the New York University.

'81. H. S. Stearns, who was in '81 part of Sophomore year, and afterwards in Williams, has entered the law school.

'82. E. G. Benedict is studying law at Columbia Law School.

'85. Van Meter has been heard from. He has entered Hamilton, '85. He does not state as regards any Literary Society being formed yet.

JASON'S LOG-BOOK.

PRINCIPALLY CONCERNING COVERS.

I was wondering to myself the other day, whether or no we should again behold the jocose *Yale News* supplement, when Medea dropped in and casually remarked, "Why, how pretty and bright the walls of your den look; you have all the hues of the rainbow represented here."

Yes, as I looked about, there was no denying it; a great color-wave, unpredicted by college Vennor, had left its traces upon the coverings of our sisters in the journalistic field. When the ARGO first set sail, not much more than a year ago, its modest blue cover was regarded as quite a novelty; and together with the *Spectator*, with its half-and-half, and the *Dartmouth* with its verdant hue, stood almost alone amongst college papers in colored mantles. Since then, first by gradual changes, then with a rapid alteration, a large number of student publications have "changed their spots." In regard to the color as an addition, Jason could not easily lay down

the law. There is no doubt that the *Courant* is remarkably pretty in its new dress, but, again, the simplicity of the *Advocate* cannot be denied to be attractive. Jason is not surprised to see the *Brunonian* in brown, nor the *Dartmouth* in—but he had almost forgotten that the latter had just changed—and was almost going to be sarcastic. Brown indeed, in various shades, seems to prevail—we have the *Tiger*, *Swarthmore*, *Collegian*, *Courant*, *Brunonian*, *Nassau Lit.*, *Yale Lit.*, and the *Tech.*, which was the first to adopt the æsthetic shade. The ARGO, *Acta*, *Targum*, *Concordiensis*, *College Olio*, half of the *Spectator*, and the new *Bohemian*, indulge in a symphony in blue, while neutral drabs and grays attract the taste of others. The *Occident* alone rejoices in a bright pink. This fall has produced several changes not alone in this line, but also in increasing the list of aspirants for fame in journalism.

First, we find the *Bohemian*, which is so big and heavy, it would well pass for the Jumbo of the list, while *Chaff* is, we fear, altogether too light to "crush its more solid rival" the *Univ. Mag.*, as was stated to be its object. Jason's little knowledge of mechanics would lead him to this conclusion at least.

The Marietta *College Olio*, by the way, has been so rash as to hand over its exchange department to the care of a sub-Freshman, who, sad to relate, cannot fathom a simple figure used in the opening editorial of No. 6. "Moloch," my dear child, was a huge metal image, in whose grasp, when heated red hot, were placed unfortunate babes like yourself. As for "student curiosity," Jason refers you to the looking-glass.

OTHER COLLEGE NOTES.

AGAIN the classic halls resound with the tread of Freshmanic feet, again ludicrous scenes are enacted by verdant youths upon the campus and in the recitation room, in short '86 has arrived.

The Boston *Advertiser* says of the present year's freshman class at Harvard: "Never in the history of the college have so many candidates tried for admission to the college, or so large a number being passed. In 1879 the number successful at the June examination was 200, and that

at the fall examination 43, making a total of 243; in 1880, the total was 249; in 1881, 232; this year the number passed in June was 245, an increase of 28 over any previous year, and to this number will be added the successful ones of the 53 candidates who are this week undergoing the test. Generally about 75 per cent. of those who take the September examinations are admitted, which would make a total for the class of '86 of fully 286 men."

At Yale we find a class numbering 152, with 80 in the scientific school, among the former being four Adamses and five Smiths. Amherst counts 80 as her share, while Princeton has 92 classics and 30 scientifics. Brown has 82 and Rutgers 50; Hamilton 44, and Lehigh 77, Lafayette 76, and Oberlin 66, while Williams calls 75 her portion. Smith has 69, and Vassar 169, Johns Hopkins has 70 new students, an undoubted evidence of its growing popularity.

As usual, there has a squabble grown out of some July boat-race, and this time it is Pennsylvania and Columbia that are waging war with one another. The Harvard papers do not at all uphold the action of their crew at New London in regard to the Columbia race. Fall athletics are starting up vigorously. A track meeting has already been held at Dartmouth and some very good records made, one the high jump 5ft. 7½ in., beating the best home record. Cane rushes are thick and bloody, Dartmouth, Cornell, and Lafayette, having especially enjoyed them. A Senior at Yale has been arrested and convicted of obtaining money from underclassmen on false pretenses. The whole amount was about \$300, and the offender is now in the hands of the law.

Harvard's new law school building is fairly under way of construction, as is also Yale's new athletic field. Rutgers has received \$60,000 in endowments since M. E. Gates was chosen president. At Hamilton, Prof. Burdick, a graduate of '68, comes from a lawyer's office to the chair of law and political economy. At Princeton the Marquand Chapel has just been completed, and at Yale the new chime of bells are now ringing out the hours, halves, and quarters in the chapel presented by Mrs. Battell.

"Knox college has 321 students and two

papers," says the *Lafayette Monthly* Man. When the news reaches him that Williams has 240 students and *two* papers, he will have a chance for another paragraph.

CLIPPINGS.

SOME HARVARD POETRY.

A GIRL'S REPLY.

DEAR BILLY: Your note is received, sir,
I vow it's a crying disgrace;
I declare, I would not have believed, sir,
You could say such a thing to my face.
It is *not* the return of the trinket
I mind, but you dare to assert
(I doubt if you honestly think it)
That I'm "*nothing more than a flirt.*"
On what, pray, is based your opinion?
Where on earth could you get the idea?
Can it be that I danced the "cotillon"
Last week with Sir Tillingly Weir,
Instead of with you? Oh, for shame, sir!
My susceptible feelings are hurt.
I should blush at a pretext so lame, sir,
To dub me a tuft-hunting flirt.
You think I can't see imperfections
In *you*. Well, perhaps you're not vain,
And perhaps you don't air your connections
With blue-blood from Key West to Maine.
I've noticed with grief the attentions
You lavish on Julia Burt,—
But I, if a man I but mention,
Am styled an unmerciful flirt.
I'm sure I've endeavored to please you,—
I've given up using French heels,
I've worn a detestable "*fichu*,"
And won't bow to Emily Steals
Who speaks disrespectfully of you.
[I think her both vulgar and pert]
And Billy—dear Billy—I love you,
So *pray* do not call me a flirt. —*Crimson.*

MARI MAGNO.

On smoother tide the summer moon ne'er shone,
The steady reef-lights burn far out at sea,
The boat grates on the sand and then is gone;
"Farewell, farewell, the night so short will be,
And with the dawn I shall return to thee!"
"Return, return to thee!" echoes the smiling sea.
The morning whitens over wave and sand,
The mist lifts up and hastens out to sea,
And others' lovers long have come to land,
But my own love returns no more to me.
"Returns no more, returns no more to me!"
Echoes the smiling sea, the careless, mocking sea.
—A. M. L., in *Advocate*.

THE ARGO.

VOL. II.

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No. 9.

THE ARGO.

Published fortnightly during the college year by the students of Williams College.

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Students and graduates of Williams are requested to contribute articles, verses, letters, and Alumni notes.

WE are obliged to announce the resignation of Mr. Norris Bull of '84, from the board of editors of the ARGO. Mr. S. B. L. Penrose of '85 has been selected to fill the position thus made vacant.

WHILE there is no doubt that the athletic strength of the college should be mostly expended in raising the base-ball standard, if there is any hope of Williams' entering the league, there is no reason why we should not enjoy a little amusement from foot-ball. Last fall, if we remember correctly, no little interest was aroused by the few inter-class games that were played, and now, even if we cannot afford to indulge in inter-collegiate games, for the reason above stated, why can we not repeat our experience of last year? The chilly weather of autumn is already upon us, when the cool and bracing atmosphere make a lively game of foot-ball the most enjoyable exercise possible. Let everybody fall in then, and even if the games are not quite up to the average of the famous block-code, all the more sport for the amateurs.

FROM a chance "local" now and then, a false impression may have been conveyed derogatory to the Junior class in its Polit. recitations. Perhaps in the warmth of discussion a rather too audible expression of feeling may sometimes be elicited. But it is only a measure of the interest taken in the subject by the class, and of the earnest attention which the instructor receives from his pupils. Surely that is better than the falling asleep which some recitation-rooms have witnessed. A tree is known by its fruit; and if we come out of this room feeling that we have learned more than in any other, what can we find to censure? But it is well to caution those who are given the liberty and freedom belonging to rational beings, not to abuse their privileges and thereby tighten the reins of government, but to prove themselves worthy of the consideration that is shown them as gentlemen.

EVEN while we join with the rest of the college in sorrowing for the death of our lamented alumnus, Edward Clark, of the class of '31, our gratitude for his past benefactions is increased by the news of another donation, to the amount of \$50,000. Although rather more was expected, to say the least, beggars cannot be choosers, and when we remember the past munificence of Mr. Clark, represented in the costly and elaborate hall known by his name, the Wilder Cabinet it contains, besides some pecuniary gifts, we cannot but be grateful for the gifts he has made to his Alma Mater. As to the places upon which the money could be best expended, there are so many as to make it almost impossible to state the want of all most felt. Perhaps it could not better be laid out than in better laboratory accommodations, or on the library, unless it is especially intended for some particular purpose.

WE are glad to recognize any further signs of musical activity among the classes, and to give the infant glee club, lately

re-organized, a little brace." Such are the words which in substance it has been the lot of Williams journals to repeat about once in so often ever since the class of '80 graduated from college; and nearly as often have they been obliged to sadly watch the decline and fall of the object of its solicitous affection as it pined away again into nothingness. But as long as the venturesome attempt has again been made, we hope that it will meet with better success than former ones, and its results will prove of more lasting duration. Surely there is abundant material in college to support such a club, and, remembering the good old days when the college glee club was listened to with delight, even by large city audiences, we utter our hearty wish for the prosperity of the undertaking.

"Miss Mary McLaren has gone to Massachusetts, to fill a position in Williams College."

THUS speaks the bucolic editor of the *Sandy Hill* (N. Y.) *Herald*, and thus doth he betray his unexampled ignorance of all things collegiate in our little town. What the lady was, in the mind of the aforesaid well-informed gentleman, to do in connection with our college, we are rather in the dark. To be sure, there has been some talk, at times, of nurses for various members of the Freshman class, and perhaps she was to serve in that capacity. Perhaps he was lead to believe that Williams had become co-educational, and that thus she would find employment for her superfluous energy in teaching Latin to the bewitching rosebud. Or perhaps the impression is running around at large that Williams is going to install a matron over the new Morgan Hall. However, sad but true, we have yet to see the lady filling a position here, *Herald*, and will anxiously wait for further developments in the case.

THE Fall campaign in college journalism has not been without its novelties. New papers have sprung up, old ones have donned new dresses or added new departments; and now has returned to us the well-remembered face of the *Acta Columbiana*, not only in a new coat, but accompanied by its familiar spirit, the inevitable

scheme for an Intercollegiate Press Association. At present, the phantom seems about to become flesh, to step from the shadowy into the living world and finally to take life, and do honor to its untiring guardian. Already it has been interviewed by the *Amherst Student* and the *Athenaeum*, who seem kindly disposed towards it, and evince a desire to see its realization. The *Cornell Era* last year supported it, and will probably renew its efforts this year. We, too, welcome it back from the solitude where it has been since last spring when the *Acta* bade it such a touching farewell, and add our "humble peep" to the voices now raised in calling it to life again. We have always been in favor of such a scheme, and will do our best to see it through.

IT has always been heretofore, and always will be hereafter, the especial aim and desire of the ARGO to present a full and accurate report of all college affairs, and to discuss them in a calm and impartial manner. But in regard to the late difficulty concerning the Sophomore class, the blame may have been thrown too heavily upon the shoulders of the President. Certain it is that in all such cases, in the excitement of the moment, statements are liable to be greatly exaggerated, and false impressions formed, from an incomplete knowledge of both sides of the story. However, the motive for passing the famous cane-resolution, for there must have been one, or such a thing never would have occurred, must have been due to the influence of the "powerthat be," or the men who visited them as mediators. From the most careful investigation we are unable to determine which of the two it was, and here let the matter rest, abandoning not in the slightest measure our position in regard to the "hostage" system, whether employed in this case or not.

IN many respects the recent fall meeting of the Athletic Association was noticeable, and highly to be commended. The entire lack of class feeling, together with universally fair decisions of the judges, formed a feature which could not be otherwise than pleasant, and in many cases differing from the history of past years.

The records were, as a whole, good, and in some cases remarkably good, as compared with those of our sister colleges, although some one or two, it cannot be denied, could have been considerably improved. The surprising success of the Sophomores in winning twelve out of the seventeen events, while leaving nothing more to be desired from her, does not speak very well for the athletic bearing of the other classes, especially of the two upper ones. The college turned out very well indeed to witness the sports, and their numbers were not a little increased by interested visitors, making altogether an inspiring audience for the participants. Taken as a whole the result was very satisfactory to all concerned.

THE Williams Congress, to which we believe the ARGO gave the first "boom" in the issue of June 3d, has at last taken shape and already assumes vigorous proportions. The meeting on Wednesday night, even if somewhat embarrassed by the ignorance of some of the men as to "what was what," was, on the whole, a success. The refusal of the Philologists, however, to allow each house to be composed of half from each society, seems somewhat open to comment. For it certainly seems as if this plan would have promoted a greater interest in the various bills brought up, the Technicians supporting Technician bills, and the Logicians, Logician bills. Still, objections can be made to this plan in the favor of the latter, and, as long as the idea of a congress was originated among them, courtesy would lead the Techs to yield a point. The interest in the new movement so strongly evidenced at present will probably continue as long as the "new" does not wear off. Let us hope that it will remain unabated and that it may somewhat increase the attendance on the regular literary exercises occurring on the alternate Wednesdays, which of late years has not been all they should be.

IN view of the fact that the season is now near at hand in which the mud reigns supreme in all Williamstown, it seems to us that one of the most important steps that could now be taken by the college authorities for the advancement of the

comfort of the students and for the protection of our beautiful lawns, would be in constructing and laying down plank walks in the principal paths around the college buildings. In the absence of brick or concrete walks, the mud (which is sticky and clayey above all other muds) every winter and spring is so deep on all the paths that the only recourse for those who do not wear high-topped rubber boots is to step aside and walk on the edge of the lawn. The result of this is apparent every spring, the lawns being so disfigured that the care of a whole summer will not in many cases repair the damage. And the damage is inevitable, as experience has fully shown. Therefore we most earnestly advocate the scheme mentioned above, namely, that plank walks, of a width sufficient for two to walk abreast, be constructed and be laid down in the principal paths, especially those leading through the beautiful lawns of the East College quadrangle. The cost of this experiment would be trivial, and we feel sure that the result would show full compensation in the improved appearance of our grounds, while the advantage to the comfort and health of the students would be fully appreciated.

HYPSONOMETRIC.

THE measurements of the altitudes of points about Williamstown, made recently by Mr. Tatlock of the class of '82, were made by the hypsonometric method; taking the differences in the temperature of boiling water and of the air at the points of observation and at the sea level. The measurements thus taken were made with extreme care, and are remarkably accurate. We find that a partial list of these observations was published in No. 8, Vol. I. of THE ARGO, so we add only a few:

	Height above sea level.
Greylock, - - - - -	3535 feet.
Prospect Mt. (centre peak), - - -	2591 "
Berlin Mt., - - - - -	2790 "
Berlin Pass, - - - - -	2192 "
Walker's House on Berlin Road, - -	1563 "
Petersburg Mt., - - - - -	2534 "
Petersburg Pass, - - - - -	2075 "
Williams College (old observatory), -	708.4 "

SONNET.

To her who at her window sits,
And sings, and smiles, and paints, and knits.

Whose shall I say the heart that beats to mine?
Whose shall I say those eyes that speak to me,
Before whose glance all thoughts unlovely flee?
Whose shall I say the influence divine,
That fills my senses as with mellow wine,
And draws me onward unresistingly?
Whose shall I say those dimpled cheeks I see?
What shall I call my future only shrine?

Oh! could she know, who so demurely sits,
Lighting my soul with ill-concealed smiles,
As stitch by stitch industrious she knits,
Or paints with dainty grace, that she beguiles
With every stitch and stroke my heart and wits!
Ah! she would cease her love inspiring wiles.

P. D. R.

ANNUAL ATHLETIC MEETING.

THE following contests took place on Wednesday, Oct. 18, the first five on the East College Campus, and the remainder on the North Adams fair ground.

Running Broad Jump.—Entries, Hubbard, '83, Safford, '84, Hubbell, Yates, and Winslow, '85. Winner, H. F. Winslow, '85; distance, 18 ft. 9½ in.

Throwing hammer, weight, 9½ lbs.—Entries, Campbell and Crawford, '83, Sparks, '84, Goodrich and Yates, '85. Winner, C. F. Goodrich, '85; distance, 93 ft.

Putting the Shot, weight, 16 lbs.—Entries, Campbell and Crawford, '83, Sparks, '84, Goodrich and Yates, '85, and Field, '86. Winner, C. F. Goodrich, '85; distance, 30 ft.

Running High Jump.—Entries, Dewey, '84, Winslow, '85, and Harrison, '86. Winner, G. B. Harrison, '86; height, 4 ft. 10½ in.

Kicking Foot Ball.—Entries, Johnson, '83, Underwood and Williams, '84, Safford and Herrick, '85, Hewitt, '86. Winner, W. B. Safford, '85; distance, 127 ft. 3½ in.

Five Mile, Go as-you-please.—Entries, Roberts, '83, Sparks and Seymour, '84, Ferris, Bradley, Herrick, Moodie, and Gordon, '85. Winner, W. S. Ferris, '85; time, 33 mins. 34½ sec.

Throwing Base Ball.—Entries, Safford, '84, Clark and Safford, '85, Tenny and Carse, '86. Winner, J. P. Carse, '86; distance, 366 ft.

One Hundred Yards Dash.—Six entries; winner, J. C. Hubbell, '85; time, 11 sec.

One Mile Walk.—Entries, Rogers, '84, Dowd, '85, Gregg and Forbush, '86. Winner, A. J. Rogers, '84; time, 9 mins. 14½ sec.

Half-Mile Run.—Entries, Yates and Winslow, '85. Winner, G. W. Yates, '85; time not taken.

Two Hundred and Twenty Yards Dash.—Entries, seven. Winner, J. C. Hubbell, '85; time, 25½ sec.

Bicycle Race, half-mile.—Entries, Adriance, '83, Penrose and Ames, '85, Reeve, '86. Winner, C. B. Ames, '85; time, 1 min. 40½ sec.

Three Legged Race.—Winners, Hubbard and Rogers, '83, in 7 sec.

One Hundred and Twenty Yards Dash.—Winner, H. F. Winslow, '85; time, 13½ sec.

One Quarter Mile Run.—Entries, Cookingham, '84, Hubbell and Yates, '85. Winner, J. C. Hubbell, '85; time, 61 sec.

One Mile Run.—Entries, Clark, '84, Taylor, '85, Hayden and Harrison, '86. Winner, C. M. Clark, '84; time, 1 min. 22½ sec.

Rope Pull, teams of fifteen men.—Entries, '85 and '86. Winner, '85.

The prizes, which consisted mostly of handsome silver cups and medals, with a gold-headed cane, silver-mounted clock, and gold pen, were very much admired, and reflect credit upon the purchasing committee.

GUNDLEMORE;

OR,

THE CURSE OF CLUMMIT.

CHAPTER I.

“SO you will never squeal on it.”

The floating tresses of Psyche Reardon softly waved themselves into the fantastic mouth of Apollo Medici Donahue, and gave him an indefinable, kind of a I-want-a-gin-sling and two-beers feeling. Dartmouth Senior as he was, and accustomed to the “Post-Office” nectar and high-pressure engine hugs of New Hampshire hayseed-nymphs, he did not feel at home as the fair Vassar Soph reflectively toyed with his two-and-a-half-eyebrow moustache. But the highborn daughter of Reardon, the champion of a hundred pillow

fights, looked at him again with an æsthetic wink.

"By the negations of Pinafore, I crawl not," cried he. "I fracture not no hoath hof mine. Let me drink to thee only with my eyes," gulped he, kindly.

"You would never get-drunk-any-more, Polly," said she. "But—we are here for biz. You hev sworn, and *this* is wot you hev sworn to. Never again, in the future of your cosmogonical existence, Dartmouth-piece though you be, to utter one syllable about the life, death, or college course of Dan'l Webster."

"Swicketts," cried he, "that rends me," as he fell into the river.

But it was only a Mass. river.

* * * * *

The remainder of this thrilling tale can be found in the *Amherst Student*, for sale at all Institutions for the Blind; price, \$2.00 per year.

SERENATA BUOOLICA.

Slumbers soft and sweet, oh, maiden
Be thy share!
Gay with visions, fancy-laden,
Graceful, fair.
May the sleep-god, tricky, teasing,
Grant thee dreams all bright and pleasing,
Cool, green groves or surf-washed shore,
Where the breakers—are thy snore.
In that dim-enchanted region,
As you roam,
With thy fellow-dreamers, legion,
Light as foam,
Think of him who kneels before thee,
Him who lives but to adore thee—
Him recall!—his ardent vows,
Then, Jane, rise, and milk the cows.

BERCT.

SLAWSON'S MUSEUM.

"SNIPE" SLAWSON was one of the most peculiar men who ever entered any college. His long, gawky figure, and proportionately long arms and legs, and a nose which greatly reminded one of the old Roman "rostra" or beaks, easily and quickly gained for him this undesirable nickname. Nor were his habits less curious than his figure. His room, situated in a

distant corner of an out-of-the-way building, was truly a sight worth seeing. Littered in every inch of space with the most unexpected objects, it went among the fellows by the name of "Slawson's Museum," "Snipe's Museum," or "The Snipery." This stock of oddities he continued to increase from time to time, so that one found something new at almost every visit, and it finally became quite a practice with some of us to drop in periodically—not so much, to tell the truth, to call on "Snipe," as to get a view of the latest arrivals. As the museum gradually grew larger, it overflowed even into his bedroom and closet. A new comer was almost bewildered as he entered the den. You found a human limb over the door, stuffed dogs and owls hanging from the ceiling, or perched on the furniture; the window-seats covered with queer canes, odd pictures, hideous Chinese nicknacks, or rusty horse-pistols. The curtains were constructed of handkerchiefs of every description, artistically patched together. The chairs had come from the four corners of the globe. Here was an autograph of Victor Hugo pasted on the edge of a rustic bracket; there, a valuable copy of some rare book served as a preserving case for a new specimen of orchis. The wonderful contents of the room were a never-ending delight to the owner, and he would gladly spend hours in exhibiting its treasures. Outside his den, he was unusually conservative, except towards a favored few.

One summer, meeting Snipe off on the mountains, where he and I had gone on separate errands, I became quite well acquainted with him, and gradually entered the select circle who were allowed perfect liberty in his museum. This opportunity I gladly improved, and on one cool day in September, as I sauntered by the building in which he roomed, I caught a glimpse of him inside, busily engaged with some new and unknown specimen.

My curiosity was roused, and I rushed in. There he sat upon almost the only unoccupied space in the room, cutting the leaves and branches from a decayed tree-limb.

"What on earth have you got there, Snipey?" I queried, in astonishment.

"Oh! This has a crow's nest on the end of

it, don't you see?" said he. "Did you never hear that it was lucky—good deal luckier'n a horseshoe? I found it out in Saxby's Grove this afternoon, while I was hunting for toadstools."

"You superstitious old loon!" cried I, "the rest of your ancient truck is bad enough, but that ragged old thing—I draw the line on that! Toadstools you were hunting! were you? Well, what will you go at next?" For the last freak of his was "æsthetic cookery," as he called it. He would rummage all the cook-books he could lay his hands on, for their wildest receipts, and then attempt the concoction of them on his newly-bought oil stove, that often smoked away vilely in one corner, and had kept us well away from him for two or three days. "Are you to have mushroom croquettes, or toadstools à la Slawson? May I stay to tea? And would you cook some 'Snipe on Toast'?"

He did not seem to mind my remarks, but kept on preparing the crow's nest for mounting. After he had placed it near the dried-up old arm, so that it resembled the side view of a mummy climbing up a dead tree, I persuaded him to come out to walk. We had gone but a few blocks when he stopped and gazed stonily at two ladies approaching on the other side of the street.

"By the beard of Mohamet! if I didn't forget all about it," gasped he; "there are my two city cousins, who told me over a week ago they were coming! Well, I'll have to stand it, but I wish the room was fixed up a little. And then some of the stuff is kind o' tough on a lady. Say, Billy, won't you please go down, like a good fellow, and clear up a little? I'll keep them a minute. Chuck the worst out in the bedroom."

I did not want to leave him in a fix, so I went; and I had but just finished, hurriedly throwing the crow's nest and arm on his bed in my despair, when they entered, and were soon deep in the mysteries of the "Museum." We talked and joked until about dusk, when unluckily I happened to think of the oil stove, and suggested that the girls make tea down there for us. The plan was readily agreed upon, and Snipe went out after some eatables.

The younger of the two girls had especially attracted me, and I continued my conversation with

her when he went out, leaving her sister to explore for herself. In her rambles about the room she came to the bedroom door.

"More curiosities in this closet, I suppose," said she, half aloud; "I guess I'll play Fatima." And opening the door quietly she peered in. It was too dark to see much, so taking a match from the Spanish inkstand which was in use as a match-box, she scratched it. Just as she jumped back with a fearful screech, Snipe entered.

"For gracious sake, Helen, have you seen a ghost?"

"No, no! but look, only look what is in your bed, Ned Slawson!"

There was the mummified arm dismally clutching the decayed limb, out of which a great worm was crawling!

It took Snipe a good while to get over this, but he has reformed since.

FAIR HELENE.

Her silky tresses, softest brown,
Will bear no strict confining band;
Quick out they slip, despite her frown,
And down about her cheek so tanned.

Methinks it is because they long
To twine about her graceful neck,
And hear her voice in sweet, glad song,
And so—her anger do not reck.

Mayhap they love to linger near
When gallants bend a willing knee
To whisper praises in her ear,
Or lover bold, his ardent plea.

But truest seems this last to me,
Of all the reasons, sought or known,
Their mistress' spirit, wayward, free,—
So natural, is all their own.

CARL

UNDERGRADUATE AUTHORSHIP.

A NEW and interesting feature of college literature has come into prominence in the last five years, which augurs great things for the future. Not content with the humble experience, the mild and subdued glory to be attained through the medium of college journalism, many have made more ambitious ventures. Doubtless

a collegian of fifty years ago would have been struck dumb with surprise on entering a metropolitan book-store, at finding prominently displayed a volume from the pen of a classmate. Such, however, is no uncommon experience among collegians of to-day. On the shelves and in the windows of any first-class New York book-store one may find half a dozen volumes bearing the names of men hardly yet graduated from college. Verily, it is an age of progress, and college men are moving with the rest of the world. It is true that not all of these pioneer publications are of the first grade of excellence, but that was to be expected. Time and experience will remedy many defects, and those who have thus early begun their literary experience will no doubt in the end be gainers by the lessons learned. The new departure seems worthy of judicious encouragement, and we may hope that it will lead to beneficial results. It is true that such work may be carried too far, yet we can see no reason why a young man looking forward to the profession of letters may not as safely make a few humble experiments in the line of his chosen calling as one undertaking the study of chemistry or medicine.

In this, as in most other lines of collegiate activity, Yale and Harvard have been the leaders. Yale is believed to have been the pioneer in the movement. Her beginning was made with "Four Years at Yale," a book descriptive of college life, written while the author was in college, and published, we believe, in 1871. It had many excellences and some defects, the latter of which seem to have been somewhat magnified at the time of its publication. Its reception on the whole was not such as to encourage college men in the writing of books. In 1879 appeared "Lloyd Lee," a story of college life, and at about the same time with it, "College Tramps," a record of a jolly tramp on the continent of half a dozen Yale men. Last year "Elm Leaves," a volume of short poems collected from the college papers, was added to the list of Yale publications.

At Harvard adventurers on the doubtful ground of undergraduate authorship have been numerous and successful. Among the first and best things published were the clever satires, "Little Tin Gods on Wheels" and "Oxygen, a Pastoral of

Mt. Desert." Then there are Mr. Hudgens' "Exeter School Days and other Poems," and the volume of reprints from the *Lampoon*. A recent daintily printed and brightly written volume is "Sly Ballads in Harvard China." We sincerely wish our space would permit a few clippings from it. We must, however, refer our readers to the book itself. In prose we notice the recently published "Guerndale" and "Forever and a Day," a society novel, written last year by Mr. Fuller of '82, and well worth reading. In other colleges little that is worthy of mention has been published. We were promised in book form "Wilbur of Williams," which appeared in the *Columbia Spectator* last year, but for some cause it has not appeared. His friends hope that Williams may soon be represented by Mr. Forman's "Nicotiana," a part of which has already appeared in this journal. Other colleges will no doubt soon come into line, and if one may estimate the future growth of this department by the great advance which college journalism has recently made, we may expect great things. It may be that this is the means by which the great writers of the coming generation are to be prepared for their work. For the present, however, it should be borne in mind that a college journal is the best place in which to make the beginning of a literary life, and that only by faithful work there can one be disciplined for larger ventures, such as we have mentioned above.

BOOT, AND SADDLE, AND SPUR!

Boot, and saddle, and spur!
Gallop like wind through the night,—
Ride, every man with his might!
Ride all, the foeman to smite!
Stirrup and girth ne'er so tight—
Boot, and saddle, and spur!

Boot, and saddle, and spur!
Deeming the danger delight,
Laughing, the labor despite,—
What is a king or a knight!
God is with us and the right—
Boot, and saddle, and spur!

Boot, and saddle, and spur!
Strive now, each name here to write,
Gleaming in letters of light!
Think of the troth you have plight!
Boldly ride!—on! to the fight!
Boot, and saddle, and spur!

—H. S.

SCRAPS FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A
BOHEMIAN.

I.

I SELECT the name with malice aforethought.

I know the feeling throughout the country towards those who are known as "Bohemians," and it is because I wanted to give those people a fair show to skip my articles that I wrote the heading. I have no desire to sail under false colors, and if my super-æsthetical friend, who is even now glancing at the title with his New England nose tilted heavenward, don't like the idea of associating, even in the pages of the ARGO, with a Bohemian, let him pass on. If I labeled my articles, "Log Book of the May Flower," or "Chips from Plymouth Rock," he might have cause to complain. And, speaking of æstheticism, reminds one of the immortal Oscar; his star is on the wane. He is only occasionally mentioned in the papers, then as being essentially vulgar. He went to visit Mr. Beecher, and changed his necktie six times in one day, and didn't clean his finger-nails at all. The other evening I was standing in the *foyer* of Wallack's new theater, talking to some half-dozen newspaper men, when Oscar lounged in, and stood conveniently near to catch the drift of our conversation. Bro. Joe Howard, of Fort Lafayette fame, dropped to his little game, and, fixing his eagle eye upon the poet, hummed:

"We hold ourselves like this, we hold ourselves like that;
By hook and crook, we try to look both angular and flat."

Oscar glared at him, and Joe continued:

"A blue and white young man," etc.

The Æsthete retreated, and the crowd were re-treated by Bronson Howard, the dramatist, who remarked as he saw the poet disappear: "You ought to have a medal for that, Joe."

"Make it a beer," was Joe's philosophical answer.

Speaking of Oscar Wilde reminds us of Kate Field's unsuccessful attempt to persuade gentlemen to wear knee-breeches, and now that staid and respectable old party, *The Evening Post*, proposes colored satin vests for full dress. What next?

Another English exportation is Mrs. Langtry. It is rumored that Anna Dickinson is trying to get a bill passed in Congress for the protection of home beauty and theatrical talent. There is no need in the case of The Langtry, however; judging from photographs, she is heavy, and too coarse looking to suit our American standard. Sarony recently showed me nearly a hundred photographs of "private ladies in zeesh city, who are more lofely than Mrs. Langtry." So at least said Napoleon, and I am half inclined to believe him. Certain it is that she will not compare with Lillian Russell, Adelaide Detchon, Nellie Larkelle, or dozens of our American actresses. In fact, our importations this year, in the theatrical line, have not been very brilliant. "Mankind" was a fizzle, with all its advertising; and now comes that unmitigated old fraud, Col. (?) Mapleson, with his opera company. It is said that it is a difficult thing to get ahead of the average reporter, but the Colonel did it beautifully this year. When they began to call upon him, he announced that there would be *positively no free list*; "but the 'igh respect I 'ave for you, ye know, hand your paper, hof course I'll make an exception in your case," etc. Thereupon the reporter, highly gratified, hurries down to the Press Club and writes several columns of taffy for the Colonel, when, much to their disgust, they find that he has the same regard for all comers.

Among the rising lights in the literary firmament is Frank D. Sherman, our old friend "F. D. S." He is a regular contributor to *The Century*, and is regarded as a youth of much promise. "E. G. B." is also coming out in the role of professional poet, and appears occasionally in *Puck*, with his charming little rondeau ballades, etc. Good luck to them both. They will find when they get in the magic circle that it is not all fun, and that even Bohemians have to work; aye, and work hard too. Elections are at present the all-absorbing topic, and our work is in that direction, for Bohemia don't go into politics for pleasure. New York is going Democratic this year, and if anyone wishes to bet a hat against it, refer him to the

ROMANY RYE.

MY DIVINITY.

Of course, I might dub her Venus,
But that game is old as the ark,
And any one who had seen us,
Might reply, "Well, yes, after dark."

Minerva would do very well,
She appears, on occasions, so wise,—
But (perhaps I ought not to tell)
The wisdom's all in the disguise.

I've thought *all* the goddesses o'er,
And settle, right here in the place,
To call her Diana,—you know her,—
Infernally swift at the chase!

WOE UNTO OEPHAS!

WEAR Y Williamstown had crept softly under the great wing of Night. The little hamlet had shrouded itself in a cloak of murky darkness, and pulled it close around its ears. It seemed perturbed, anxious. Even N. F. looked sad, and offered unusual bargains from trade sales. A general feeling of terror was abroad. It spread like an epidemic.

And well might all this be! Well might Freshmen shake in their shoes, and go to bed without daring to look at their Greek! Was it not the first night of the orgies of that mystic circle, that uncanny conclave, the Williams Historical Burglars? In the subterranean chamber of Clark Hall a secret bell was struck. The Chief Mogul and Arch-Pancake rose and thrice saluted a grinning mummy in the chamber-corner, as did his seven associates. The minor Begum now howled thrice, an incantation to Clio, and the prime Bone-Scraper moaned out the roll-call.

After a few moments of breathless silence, the Arch-Pancake rose again, and began to speak, amidst a storm of true historical gibbering from the fanatical devotees. "Fiends and fellow-burglars," quotha, "this even we are on the border of a glorious discovery, on the verge of undying fame. In a moment the box containing a precious relic, promised me by the chief of the Zûni's, will arrive. We shall poke about it and claim loads of fame for its investigation. Ha! a noise without—go thou"—but the Monkey-with-the-Door-Knob had already gone forth on his errand.

In a few moments he returned, bearing a small

iron-bound box, and was greeted with a howl of delight. Groping along in the dimly-lit room, he placed it upon the fantastic altar, and for some time naught was heard but the eager clawing of the Arch-Pancake, as his long finger-nails broke against the box. Finally he lifted out the specimen, and all formed a circle around it.

"What do you suppose its nature to be?" queried the Skeleton of the Chief Mogul, as they looked upon it.

"The generous giver said it was a domestic implement of some unknown race," responded the wail of the elder man. "Let us now proceed to work. Each one in turn will note some characteristic, and, arguing therefrom, add some information to the general store, until the last man names it. Now! all together—first!" and out rang the dirgelet—

"Hunkum wah, Berriboo snickle,
Sweetly chëw your gamto pickle.
One, two, three, Yums! Hikah!"

when the examination proceeded as follows:—

BEGUM THE MINOR.—It appears dark, oh, Panky, and black and doleful in color. I say that it is a relic of the Dark Ages, and therefore of the XIII century.

SKELETON.—Irregular it is in shape, and rough unto its texture; therefore, according to the doctrine of evolution, it is of the Kamschatkans. (*All bow low in deference to genius.*)

BLINKING WIZARD.—I gaze with unalloyed interest upon its dusky outlines. I see it frayed and tattered and worn. (*Thinks hard.*) So it must be an article of wear.

CHIEF BONE-SCRAPER.—Mashallah! loud and long shout the infidels when going to battle,—but they were trampled beneath the iron heel. This, as to its top, is round. It is easy to see now,—remembering the tales of Pliny the younger, and the famous history of Plato,—it is a shoe! (*All bow.*)

THE TOOTHPICK.—Thirty days hath September, April, June,—but remember,—ha! look upon the flatness of its base, and deny me that it is the well-known Kamachatkan Stove, of which Pancake hath read to us last week from the Nineveh slab. (*All look dubious.*)

MONKEYER-WITH-THE-DOORKNOB.—Surely, and that strap attached to the top; it is the attachment by which it is carried; also reversing it from a stove to the shoe of which Bone-Scraper hath remarked.

THE GHOUL.—Things are seldom what they seem; but this is, and I avow it to be, as it is plainly divulged by Josephus, in his pamphlet on "Free Trade"—(*the Chief Pancake seems pleased*)—but, oh! august one, may I look at it? (*The jubilant C. P. assents.*) Why! why! this is my card inside,—and—my old mortar-board! I gave to Cephas Hoose last spring! He has betrayed us?

* * * * *

"Skeleton," said the Pancake, solemnly, "you are the one chosen by lot to administer the deadly dose to Cephas Hoose. Hark! I hear a rap. The true relic must have come."

COLLEGE NOTES.

HOW many ball games have we had? How many will we have?

THE fiend "*incor-net*" dwells at 9 South College.

WHITMAN, formerly of '84, was in town on Saturday.

WHY did not the heavy Senior practice for the mile run?

'83 has won six prizes at athletics in four years. "Put up the shutters."

OUR Ex-President, the Hon. Paul Ansel Chadbourne, was in town the 19th inst.

THE Seniors now have Dr. Hopkins eight times a week, and Logic only twice.

G. H. BURGESS, '83, preached at the Methodist Church on Sunday evening, Oct. 15.

THE 'Logian Library has lately received an increment of about fifty new and popular books.

THE Joint Debate will be held in the Lecture Room of the Congregational Church this year.

AND now the Freshman will query: "Who's Cephas Hoose?" and Echo will answer: "ooze."

PROF. RICE now meets the Seniors taking the Continental History elective, at his study once a week.

PACH has completed his work of taking groups, and will begin on the Senior Class Pictures in a few days.

SEVERAL valuable newspapers have lately been added to the complement of our well-stocked Reading Room.

PROF. MEARS kindly obliged the Juniors by substituting a lecture for the regular recitation, the morning after athletics.

THE Historical Society is now composed of Penrose, '83, and Colt and Collins, '84. Its roll will be gradually increased.

THE Seniors find the Catechism somewhat more difficult now, than it was in childhood's days. The Dr. is a puzzler.

PROF. PERRY informs the Juniors that somebody has said his recitations are disorderly. Who ever made such a statement?

THE Joint Debaters are, 'Technian, Peirson, and Hubbard, '83, Burke, '84; 'Logians, Holmes, F. D. Smith, and Badger, '83.

THE night of Friday-Saturday, Oct. 20-21, was the first this season on which the temperature fell below the freezing point.

THE Junior's life is not a happy one. Prof. Rice was so cruel as to make the poor bankrupts purchase two new books this week.

THE "little ones" around East College were deprived of their annual fun in firing the leaves by their collection a week ahead of time.

A FRESHMAN at the Athletic Sports was heard anxiously inquiring "how they could tell which of the two men won in the three-legged race."

SOME of our zealous bicyclists had a race back from the Fair-Grounds after athletics, in which the Freshman turned the tables on somebody else.

ONE of the prominent curiosities at the fair grounds was a very "young" youth, with a circus-tent Tam-o'-Shanter, and knitting-needle pantaloons.

AN uninformed observer might have thought that the winner of the five mile go-as-you-please, rowed over the course, from a view of the prize alone.

AGAIN the squirrels and partridges have begun to suffer from the depredations of ambitious and successful Nimrods. The black bears are said to be unusually shy.

WILLIAMS is represented through Prof. Clarke in the Sea-Side Laboratory at Woods Hole, the main object of which, as far as understood, is the study of marine biology.

THE 'Logians have elected as officers for the ensuing quarter: G. H. Badger, Pres., F. V. Pilse, Vice-Pres., G. W. Titcomb, Sec., P. F. Bicknell, Treas., W. W. Doyle, Critic.

THE Sophomore Rope-Pull Team were treated to a supper at the Wilson House, North Adams, after the athletics, by the custodian of the overflowing treasury of the class.

AND now our poet is all broken up. The conundrum editor told him that one of his "pomes" ought to have been called, instead of "Fair Helene," "Hair Falleena."

REV. MR. BLANCHARD, thirty years a missionary in China, addressed the Y. M. C. A., Sunday evening, speaking feelingly of Williams' representation in the mission field.

ANOTHER issue of that comic serial on Mechanics has recently appeared. So popular is it that we are promised the complete work neatly published in book-form very shortly.

THREE or four prominent journalists occupied the judges' stand, in a short-lived career of glory, until the arrival of those dignitaries, making themselves useful, however, in removing the shutters.

It was with feelings of deep regret and unmitigated sadness, that at noon time of the 16th we beheld a Saratoga by the wayside with the simple inscription, "E. Bonfils, New York City." Alas! so young!

THE men who so defiantly "broke the law" by walking on the railroad track, on the way back from Athletics, are still in suspense, awaiting a billetdoux from their friend, the vigilant guardian of the iron rail.

THE resources of the universe are made to contribute to the biological laboratory. Fulton Market recently furnished some crabs, while the ubiquitous and irrepressible Argonaut has coralled and delivered a salamander.

THE personal editor of the ARGO has been instructed to prepare a few lively items hereafter, such as one in the last *Princetonian*. "'86 Hoodoo plays first base on the class nine." Interesting points of this sort may be looked for in the future.

IN the "Bohemiana" published elsewhere in our columns, the racy style of a former Argonaut, Mr. Allan Forman, now Associate Editor of the *Brooklyn Advance*, must be plainly evident to the many friends whom that gentleman won during his short stay here.

FOR the second time in their course have the musical exhibitions of Eighty-four met the disapproval of the Faculty. It was bad enough in Freshman year to be told they "could not sing, by gum," but now, to call their melody a nuisance! Tough!

THE fortunate Junior Frenehmen have been "relieved from recitation" this week by the absence from town of Professor Leake. This will afford them needed repose, since, on account of their paucity of numbers, each man is called upon at every recitation.

THE committees of the Senate and House of Representatives have discovered that their work is no "soft snap." The onerous efforts involved induced silent seclusion last Saturday, and nought disturbed the deserted village but their petty parliamentary prating.

THE Berlin and Pittsfield roads have become fashionable promenades for our adventurous pedestrians, and large crowds are on the go every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon—and Sunday also. Chestnuts and cider-mills have charms, to be sure, and a wonderful power of attraction.

THE SINGER.

As I hear each thrilling note,
Flow from out the busy throat,
Quicker speeds my blood along,
Touched by thoughts about the song.
For the "Singer" that I mean
Is the famous sewin' machine.
Would your stagnant blood be live?
Think of millions twenty-five!

It seems that there was a misunderstanding in regard to the mile-walk. It was given out that all but Mr. Rogers were ruled out for running.

It appears, however, that Mr. Gregg, '86, had been warned but once or not at all, and that by some mistake he was ruled out. It seems only just that the matter should be explained, as he stood a fair chance at the time of winning.

THERE have recently been several very serious cases of blood poisoning, some half dozen of which have proved fatal, in the little village of Zoar, just east of the tunnel. Last Wednesday Prof. Mears was sent for to make an analysis of the atmosphere of the place, supposed to have been contaminated by exhalations from the numerous charcoal furnaces kept constantly going. It will probably be abated as a nuisance. Whether anything criminal can be proved, is undecided.

PERSONALS.

'31. Edward Clark, a trustee of the college since 1878, died at his home in Cooperstown, N. Y., Saturday, October 14. Possessed of a large fortune, he has munificently remembered his *alma mater* by the gift of the Wilder cabinet and by the erection of Clark Hall for the proper display of the cabinet. After his graduation he studied law and practiced with considerable success in New York City. Holding some shares in the Singer Sewing-Machine Co., he was elected president of the company, and soon laid the foundation for the immense property which he left at his death.

'33. Martin I. Townsend has recently commenced a campaign tour in western New York, speaking first at Buffalo.

'47. David A. Wells was tendered the nomination for Congress from the third congressional district of Connecticut, but declined.

'48. Ex-President Chadbourne has in connection with B. F. Underwood, recently published a pamphlet on Evolution in relation to Revelation and Evangelical Theology.

'49. Dr. C. S. Robinson, of the Memorial Church, New York, has returned from a summer spent abroad, and has entered upon his pastoral duties with renewed health.

'52. J. Evarts Chamberlain died at Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, August 22, 1882, from atrophy

of the muscles. Mr. Chamberlain was a native of Honolulu. He came to this country in 1836, fitted for college at Easthampton and Phillips Academy, and after his college course studied law at Harvard Law School. He returned to Honolulu in 1854, and was then admitted to the bar, served two years as police magistrate, was a member of the Hawaiian legislature in 1856, being very influential as chairman of the Judiciary Committee. In 1859 he returned to this country, and during the Civil War was in government employ. After the war he became editor of the *Herald* at St. Joseph, Mich., but on the failure of his health, in 1873, he returned to the Islands, and was engaged for some time in connection with the Hawaiian Board of Missions. Gradually losing strength for labor of this kind, he employed the later years of his life in making collections of plants in connection with Prof. Gray of Harvard. His death was a great relief from suffering.

'55. Rev. Dr. E. P. Ingersoll, of the Middle Reformed Church, Brooklyn, has received a call to the pastorate of the Puritan Church, on Lafayette and Marcy avenues.

'56. Rev. Franklin Noble and family have moved from Washington, D. C., to Massachusetts, where they will remain in or around Boston.

'58. The October *Atlantic* contained an article by Mr. Horace E. Scudder, author of the famous "Bodley Books," entitled "The English Interpreter," and devoted to a careful review of the work of W. H. Shields, the well-known artist.

'60. Edward T. Hooker, who has been preaching for some time in Charleston, South Carolina, has moved to Somerville, about twenty miles from Charleston, among the pine woods, for the benefit of his throat and lungs.

'78. E. H. Clark is completing a course of study at the Union Theological Seminary at Chicago.

'81. W. B. Melick sings in the choir of St. Peter's Church, Albany, N. Y.

'82. Heath is still at his home in Stockbridge, Mass.

'82. Ingersoll is teaching in Cleveland, Ohio. Address 79 Arlington St.

'82. Rankin is studying medicine with his brother, Dr. A. C. Rankin, Pullman, Ill.

'82. Pierce is assistant bookkeeper in the Zylonite Works, Adams, Mass. Was in town Sunday.

'83 W. D. Kirby, formerly of this class, and then Amherst, '83, is now in New York studying medicine.

JASON'S LOG-BOOK.

WARS AND RUMORS OF WARS.

WHEN the poet M. Farquhar Tupper so eloquently remarks :

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
But I enjoy a good square fight,"

he seems only to be echoing sentiments now afloat in many portions of the college world. The Harvard-Columbia difficulty is still smoking away in the sullen embers of a fire that may be rekindled at any moment. The Harvard men have held a meeting, and published a statement in the columns of the metropolitan press, the Columbia men likewise; and, moreover, a number of Harvard graduates of some years' standing have sent a communication to the press. The upshot of the whole matter seems to be that the Harvard men were wrong, and cannot justly blame Columbia for her action.

And now that President Eliot has refused to allow the Harvard nine to play with professionals, and, besides, inasmuch as President Porter has given his consent to the same proceeding at Yale, the journals of the two colleges are hammering away at this subject, each defending the action of its own college. The Yale papers themselves, too, seem to be on the very verge of a playful war of words simply for the sake of a supply of matter; and it will not be long, Jason thinks, before those two journals, printed in such infinitesimally small type, the old *Chronicle* and the new *Argonaut*, will be plunged in a desperate struggle, whereof no man can prophesy the result, for out in Michigan their ways are "past finding out."

The Union faculty and their much-abused head seem still to be under arms. The yearly cane conflicts still continue, the most prominent and

recent one being that of Columbia, which was not alone fully narrated by the New York papers, in all styles and tones, but also had the benefit of one of those illustrations with which the imaginative artist of *Frank Leslie's* adorns the pages of that journal. President Arthur's son has been removed from Columbia to Princeton,—whether on account of deep grief at the attack of the *Columbiad* upon him or not, is doubtful. And Jason wonders if there was any significance in the fact that the same paper (*Harvard Herald*) which chronicled the visit of the chief magistrate to his son, also stated that President McCosh was going to bring the subject of civil service reform especially before his own students and thus, if possible, interest those of other colleges in this matter of practical importance.

The destroying and malignant exchange ed. of the *Niagara Index* has of late been calm and quite self-contained. But even now he begins to warm up, and before long he may be expected to swoop down from his haunt in the "Seminary of our Lady of Angels," and pour out the vials of his wrath on the head of some unconsciously offending victim.

Speaking of angels reminds me of Lampy: "What a perfect angel of a cover!" cried Medea, when she first saw it. It certainly is bright and cheerful, and the contents no less so, especially the pictures by the new artist, Mr. *Fact*, who attaches his name to all his productions. A new *Courant* has just come in, and that, too, is very good, especially the editorials, the verse, and *Yalensicula*. Mr. Doggett's "Ye Swelle Coquette," is a queer mixture altogether, seeming an incomplete rondeau with an extra verse thrown in. The fancy, however, is quite amusing.

But in the midst of this wool-gathering,—no allusion to the famous Fleece,—Medea has come in breathlessly, and reports a stern phalanx of Amherst *Student* editors approaching, with looks of deadly intent. Evidently, the wars above mentioned are not the only ones astir. So, having quietly withdrawn into the vacant space between the covers of the *Tech*, Medea and I are listening to the dull boom of the cannonade without, while ever and anon an ancient joke or well-worn editorial strike the sanctum door.

OTHER COLLEGE NOTES.

AS is natural at the opening of the fall term, athletics are booming almost everwhere. Trinity and Amherst have each held a college tournament, and the best men of each college tennis met in a mutual struggle at Amherst on the 17th, and at Hartford on the 18th. Harvard also indulges in tennis, and an University tournament was finished there the first part of the week. Yale's tournament was so crowded with entries that it was necessary to commence sooner than was arranged.

FOOT-BALL begins to show itself as the cooler weather comes on. Rutgers has defeated the College of City of N. Y. 2 goals to 0, while Princeton's eleven defeated Rutgers 5 goals 4 touchdowns to nothing. Yale defeated Wesleyan and played Rutgers Saturday, and has arranged a game with Amherst for the 28th. The football delegates from Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Columbia met the 14th at Fifth Avenue Hotel and arranged the following games: Yale vs. Columbia, at New Haven; Harvard vs. Princeton, at New York, Nov. 18; an Harvard vs. Yale, Nov. 25, at Cambridge; and Columbia vs. Princeton; and Princeton vs. Yale, Thanksgiving Day, at Polo Grounds. In a Yale man's opinion, the Harvard team is thought to be particularly strong on passing and dodging, the rushers playing on the whole rather a weak game, but finely supported by the quarter-back and half-backs. In a letter to the *Herald*, "T. Carlyle" speaks rather sarcastically of their prospects at foot-ball, as causing the abandonment of the fall regatta. The Yale and Princeton elevens are probably the best, and Wesleyan and Rutgers fair. The scratch races at Harvard were well attended and interesting, though taking place in a cold rain. Bicycling seems to flourish especially at Cornell nowadays, though Harvard men went out for a two days' run last week.

LACROSSE seems to be gaining in favor of late, despite the *Acta's* terrible attempt to crush it out at Columbia, past and present. Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and N. Y. U. have teams, and Princeton met Yale on the 14th, defeating her badly. The *Princetonian* strongly favors its practice.

CLIPPINGS.

THE TRAMP'S DILEMMA.

A TRUE TALE.

On Washington Street I walked last June,
One terribly sultry day,
When I noticed a tramp, a rollicking coon,
With a vitreous eye, like a half-shell moon,
Decidedly over the bay.

He laid his hand on my risible bone
(Familiarity breeds contempt),
And asked in an easy, drawing-room tone,
With a silvery voice 'twixt a roar and a groan,
Whither my way was bent.

"For I have come from a dishtant land,
Where bar-keepers shtand to treat;
And I'm the (hic) cove with shpinal shand,
Sho direc' me, if yer don' want ter be tanned,
To the *opposhite shide o ze shtrcet*."

I pointed out the opposite side,
When my tramp, with a toothless leer,
Said "Izh it now, honest and boney fide?
Why, over there a blank blank shnide
Direc' (hic) me over here."

[He collapsed into his native gutter.]

—Crimson.

SONNET TO AN OLD BROKEN SIXPENCE.

A silver sixpence, fair and spotless white,
On which a monarch's image was impressed,
Then sent to wander far and wide, nor rest
Till time and use had worn thy surface bright,
Effacing thy imperial features quite.

By dainty fingers hast thou been caressed,
Bestowed in alms by ladies gaily dressed;
Or spent for rum by some besotted wight.

The tale that thou couldst tell, I'd like to hear.

What lovers with fond vows, broke thee in twain?
Was he a long-haired dashing Cavalier,
And she, perchance, a fair young Puritan?
And were their vows then all in vain?
Speak, I conjure thee!

"He spent me for a beer!"

—Spectator.

How much Senior Elective German can a man safely take without injury to his moral and intellectual being, and yet be able to order up zwei beer with ease and fluency?—*Princeton Tiger*.

"WHEN I wath a little boy," lisped a society man to a young lady, "all my ideath in life were thentered on being a clown." "Well, there is at least one case of gratified ambition," was the sharp reply.—*Ex.*

THE ARGO.

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THE ARGO.

Published fortnightly during the college year by the students of Williams College.

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Students and graduates of Williams are requested to contribute articles, verses, letters, and Alumni notes.

WE take pleasure in announcing the names of Mr. Bentley W. Warren of the class of '85, and Mr. Sanborn G. Tenney of the class of '86, as among the list of Argonauts.

A WORD may not be out of place in regard to the weekly Senior "Germans" given by Prof. Rice. Not that this gentleman opens his house to swallow-tailed students and the full-dressed rosebuds of Williamstown one night out of every seven, but that he graciously invites all the German optional men of last year to his cheery study, and by conversation in regard to German life and literature, accompanied by the exhibition of some exceptionally fine photographs in his possession, manages so well to combine amusement and profit. Such a favor as this cannot but ensure the gratitude of his pupils, and incite them to better work in the class-room. We congratulate the Seniors on their good fortune, and hope that this plan, which is also carried out in the History elective, may be continued with succeeding Deutschers.

WE would not dare to say that it has resulted from the remarks in our last issue, but certainly there is now evident a decided interest and an unwonted activity in the foot-ball line here. Not only do we find the campus occupied by practise elevens each fair forenoon, but Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, more especially by the two lower classes, are utilized both here and in adjoining towns. The Freshmen, with great spirit, have contributed \$70 for the support of their class eleven, which, we are sure, is being finely trained by its Captain, Mr. Hewitt. In fact, the increased interest which the last two entering classes have taken in the Rugby game, as compared with that of their predecessors, gives no mean evidence for Williams' future, if ever that Foot-ball League for the smaller New England colleges, so much talked of in the papers last summer, becomes a reality.

THE subject of vacations again agitates us, and report says that a full week will be given Thanksgiving time. We hope that this is true, provided, however, that it does not curtail our holiday vacation. Our college has become and is becoming more and more cosmopolitan in character, and no longer draws its main strength from Massachusetts. The students coming from beyond its borders are now in a large majority, and in this matter their opinions and desires should carry with them great weight. To a large extent they return home for Christmas and New Year's, and, while not objecting to a short leave of absence in the Spring or at Thanksgiving, would prefer that the two latter should be shortened, and the surplus attached to the long Summer vacation. This is the system in vogue elsewhere, and we believe would meet the ideas of the majority of us here.

THE Graves Prize Essay subjects, announced in another column, seem to be especially good, and to give no one who can write at all a

chance to complain. Presenting something in nearly every field of writing, the practical subjects are ones that are at the present moment prominent before the public, the biographical by no means musty, and the literary quite novel and capable of powerful treatment. We hope that no Eighty-three man will be backward about treating them, if not with a view to the prize, just to see how fully and well he can treat a subject in the limit of twenty-five hundred words. Although, as it is somewhat curious to note, the class, through a combination of circumstances, has not taken up Rhetoric at all in its course, we have no doubt that she has somewhere picked up enough from former experience to produce efforts that will truly do credit to her and her members.

ALAS! for the gullibility of human nature! And especially of the editor of a daily college paper! We had always supposed that these, of all college editors, were well posted on the various matters of the college press, and were keenly alive to a joke or grind. But no, we have read the *Yale News*, and can no longer glory in their superiority to common foibles and failings. One of its men, whether from sheer blockheadedness or hopeless solemnity, reads the *Amherst Student*, sees therein printed a letter from Williamstown, and evidently ignorant of all such things as "grinds," swallows the story whole, and boldly announces that the *ARGO* has apologized to the *Student* for certain matter published. Aside from the fact that the former would sooner read one number of the *News* all through—dire punishment—than communicate with the *Student* at all, we should advise the *News* gentleman in question to read up thoroughly on a subject before he makes another such statement, or else get his sense of fun repaired. And, as for the proposal of the *Student*! Faugh! What an idea! A kiss from its editors? A whiff from Hunter's Point? No! Mouths off! We will die first! No, dear brother editors, we keep a big club in anticipation of any such attempt. Keep your osculations for the servant-girls of your bilious town, and lend the *News* editor a trifle of your superfluous wit, who, perhaps, ought not to be

rebuked quite so harshly, as he probably belongs to Eighty-six.

INTERCOLLEGIATE action and discussion seems to be the order of the day. Now it is that of students in regard to a new set of foot-ball rules, or a Press Association, then for the formation of a base-ball league, but just at the present moment it is that of college Presidents and Professors, in regard to educational topics. The association which met here the past week would seem to be of undoubted advantage to the colleges concerned, giving, as it does, an opportunity to the instructors of one institution to become acquainted with the methods and views of the others, and can not fail to broaden and make more liberal the views of all interested. The subject under discussion this time of especial importance seems to have been that of a chair of Pedagogy in our colleges. There is no reason why the colleges, who send out their share of teachers every year, and those, too, who are most apt to rise to eminence in that profession, should not be as well enabled to prepare a man for this walk of life, as the numerous normal schools scattered throughout the land. A college graduate ought not to have to proceed blindly where those who have had minor intellectual advantages are his superiors by reason of a better knowledge of the true method of teaching. This subject seems to have been unusually good for consideration, and we hope we may see actual fruit from it in the near future.

THE Juniors are, according to their custom, carrying on practice debates before the class every Wednesday morning, under the direction of Prof. Griffin, in regard to the preparation of which we wish to say a word or two. The matter lies completely in the control of the six men appointed each time as to the choice of question, division of points, and all minor subjects. It is an opportunity for increase of ability in close reasoning, for expansion of power in argument, for facility in making, on one's feet, a connected and systematized speech, which should not be overlooked. Each man has one or two points, and not the whole subject, to develop, so

that his entire attention can be concentrated upon the effective handling of his particular part of the question. We cannot criticise too strongly a loose preparation for this exercise; nor, on the other hand, can we commend too highly a careful study of the question, to give command of the salient points, an earnest, simple style to convince, and a smooth, careful use of language to please one's hearers. Nothing is more neglected by college-men than opportunities for drill in public speaking, and yet nothing do they admire more than an easy, fluent speaker. The objection is made that the opportunity comes but once in the term, but what of that? It is to two-thirds, yes, to three-fourths of every succeeding class the first time that they appear before their fellows with something of their own composition. One such chance earnestly taken, carefully disposed of, gives more ability and strength in that line than the reading of a dozen books on elocution, or a whole series of lectures on the same.

IN many colleges in this section the study of music is becoming very popular as an elective. Here at Williams, though we have kept up the organization of a Glee Club (some years with marked success), and this year have a College Orchestra of which any college might well be proud, yet until the present term the college authorities have done nothing to foster and support the musical genius of the students. Lately, however, they have employed a distinguished *tooter*, who has taken up his abode in South College, and gives lessons at least nineteen hours a day. He has adopted the principle of teaching one tune at a time, and so spends, at present, $\frac{2}{3}$ of his time teaching the beautiful composition by Mendelssohn, entitled "Over the Garden Wall." He also believes in attaining perfection himself (if possible), and so spends the remaining $\frac{1}{3}$ of his time *learning* the beautiful selection mentioned above. His praiseworthy efforts are fully, yea, *even more than fully* appreciated by the other dwellers in South College, but it is understood that those who do not desire to take this elective are about to petition the Faculty to have the professor removed from their immediate neighbor-

hood and stationed at some more convenient place, say in the Snow Hole on Petersburg, or in some valley in the fertile regions of Patagonia.

FOR SOLACE

RONDEL.

For solace all I ask are these—

The rhymes of Aldrich, Dobson, Lang;

A choice cigar, and cushioned ease,

Where heavy Persian curtains hang.

Apart from city din and clang,

Where breaths of perfume toss the trees,

For solace all I ask are these—

The rhymes of Aldrich, Dobson, Lang.

Yes,—one thing more,—the lips where slang

Has never slipped; where dulcet keys

Are touched to mellow harmonies,—

Ah!—in my heart I feel a pang!

For solace all I ask are these—

The rhymes of Aldrich, Dobson, Lang.

F. D. S.

GRAVES ESSAY SUBJECTS.

THURSDAY evening, November 1, after the Senior rhetoricals, Prof. Griffin announced the subjects for the Graves Prize Essays, which are as follows:

1. The American Judiciary and its Dangers.
2. The Imperfections of the Jury System.
3. Modern Inventions as related to Human Happiness.
4. The Influence of Physical Conditions upon National Character.
5. Athens in the time of Pericles.
6. The University of Oxford.
7. The Author of "Rab and his Friends."
8. John Quincy Adams.
9. Partisan History.
10. Howells as a Critic of American Life.
11. The Unrest of the age as expressed in its Poetry.

REMINISCENCES OF ERASTUS FYLER.

HE might have astonished the world if he had only turned his energies and shrewdness in the right direction. But there was a prominent streak of moral crookedness in Erastus Fyler, what seemed to be an almost ludicrous in-

ability to distinguish that difference between right and wrong which the majority of his fellow-men think themselves bound to recognize.

On the day of his arrival at college, he could not content himself with apprizing his family of his welfare in the ordinary way ; but going to the telegraph-office and being assured that no charge was made for the date, address, and signature of a despatch, he wrote his message thus :

"C——, September 28, 1872.

"MR. JOHN THEOPHILUS FYLER,

"Portland, Maine.

"EDWARD ERASTUS FYLER."

This he handed to the operator, saying he merely wished to let his folks know that he was all right. Of course his little game wouldn't work, and very properly, too ; for young Fyler was far from being destitute pecuniarily.

When the Sophomores, taking him for a raw specimen from the country, tried to impose on him in any way, they found themselves badly "left." In accordance with the time-honored custom he was offered the purchase of an exceptionally desirable seat in the chapel, near the side door and well sheltered from the Faculty's fire. Our friend Erastus heard the offer through, then took off his hat, laid it carefully on the ground, took out a pocket-comb and gravely and carefully applied it to his golden locks ; then, quietly replacing his hat, he walked away from the spell-bound group of Sophs, leaving them, if they were bright enough, to ascertain how much hay-seed had accrued from his "toilet act." When Steely the sharper offered him a broken-winded stove for only eighteen dollars, alleging that he himself could not afford to keep so much of his capital invested in such a superior and costly article of furniture, young Fyler wasted no words on him. He pulled down one corner of his eye-lid so as to lay bare the eye-ball and presented it in Steely's face for inspection. Steely retreated, evidently failing to discover anything green therein.

Like many another youth, Erastus found himself preyed upon by homesickness before he had been a month from the paternal roof-tree. His studies were irksome, and he longed for the vacation that should send him home again. The mode he took to obtain a temporary leave of

absence was certainly ingenious. One of the professors, calling upon him and finding him out, was depositing his card on the table, when his eye was caught by a labeled package in the partly-opened drawer. Amid bottles and powders of various kinds, and intensities of smell, was a small package carefully done up and marked, "Poison for Prof. Watkins." Beside it was a bottle of arsenic *partly full*. The gravity of this case blinded the faculty to its inconsistencies. What motive had Fyler strong enough to prompt the death of a professor? To be sure, this professor was far from popular with the students ; to be sure, poor Fyler had been heavily conditioned by him upon entering, and, it was thought, with injustice ; but could it be possible that he was a murderer? When examined by the faculty, he refused to answer any questions, and he was sent home to await their decision on his case.

How he could have spent his longed-for vacation in serene contentment, and without fearing that he had ignominiously terminated his college career so soon, I cannot understand. But his complacent trust that all would yet be well did not fail him. At the end of a week, which he wished had been longer, he was allowed to return. Last in the steps of investigation, the chemist had taken the death-dealing package into his own hands and found its contents to be nothing more than *powdered chalk*.

Perhaps it was the novelty experienced in earning money by his own exertions that led young Fyler to execute a scheme that has proved successful more than once. A valuable terrier was frequently seen around the college, owned by a rich citizen of the town. The dog was successfully kidnapped by Fyler and sold in the city for a handsome sum, Fyler personating his true character of a wealthy collegian, and declaring that in his present quarters he found his pet troublesome and that he was willing to dispose of the animal for a suitable consideration. When a large reward was offered for his recovery—and no questions asked—he successfully decoyed the dog from his new residence and restored him to the rightful owner, prepared with a plausible tale to meet an emergency, and received the reward. His prudence

forbade his pushing his game further and trying to secure a second reward from the last purchaser of the animal, though the plan of alternating between the two, if not in person, by proxy, seemed very pretty in theory.

Alas for the perversion of genius! The acuteness that might have gained him a fortune on Wall Street or distinction as a ward politician was misdirected. His light is hid to the world and shines not out for all to see.

BALLADE OF THE HAUNTED STREAM.

AFTER THEODORE DE BANVILLE.

I.

Like some fair girl who hastes to meet her swain
Yet hesitates each step with maiden fear,
So the still stream glides downward to the main,
Pausing at times in fern-set pools,—and here,
Where bend the willow branches to the clear
Deep pool beneath, and where the forest hoar
Seems whispering old tales of magic lore,
They say by night the fairies dance in glee,
And on the moss beside the curving shore
The Queen of England holds her revelry.

II.

From beds in purple buds where they have lain
Until the mystic midnight time drew near,
To chimes of hare-bells and the far-off strain
Of forest melodies, the elves appear
In all the gorgeousness of goblin gear.
With brilliant dress the golden-beetle wore,
With scarlet plumes the humming-bird once bore,
They come in troops from every flower and tree
And round the fairy throne in concourse pour,—
The Queen of England holds her revelry.

III.

Yet mortal eyes see not the goblin train
Whose bells sound faintly on the passer's ear,—
Who dares attempt a secret sight to gain
Feels the sharp prick of many an elfin spear,
And hears, too late, the low, malicious jeer
As long thorn-javelins his body gore,
Until, defeated, breathless, bruised and sore
He turns him from the haunted ground to flee,
And murmurs low, as grace he doth implore,
"The Queen of England holds her revelry!"

ENVOY.

Sweet mortal maid, that fairy world of yore
Has vanished—with the midnights that are o'er;
Yet come and sit beside the stream with me,
That I, beholding thee, may say "Once more
The Queen of England holds her revelry."

—E. G. B.

SOME OLD CATALOGUES.

I KNOW, my dear Freshman, that it is hard to wait so long to behold your name, so undoubtedly destined to become famous, printed in all its length and breadth in the college catalogue. Still, while you are anxiously awaiting its arrival, or even after it has come, a few facts and fancies about some of its ancient predecessors may not prove uninteresting to you, or even some of your wiser and more advanced friends.

In the first place, let me confide in you the fact that Williams was the first college of all to publish a printed list of her officers and students. Yes, if you or Sophomoricus will any day stroll into Jackson Hall, the fabled haunt of the L. N. H., amongst Indian war-clubs, Fejee relics, and near that wonderful tree with its bright-colored birds (stuffed), you will find along the wall in plain brown frames, copies of these first catalogues, with their Latin titles, quaint borders, and fantastic type, printed on paper now deeply yellowed by the touch of time. Published in a time when this place had hardly grown unaccustomed to the war-whoop of the savage, they are notable souvenirs of the early days of the college.

Leaning up against the glass case, if the janitor will let you, translating the Latin, and deciphering the old "s"s and "f"s in the oldest one, you will find the officers, graduates, and those on whom degrees were conferred from 1795 to 1799. The five classes here enumerated were of good size for those early times, being four, six, ten, thirty, and fifteen respectively. Looking over the nine other frames we find that Ebenezer Fitch heads the first, and Zephaniah Swift Moore the last; that in 1810 there were 127 students, and in 1819 only 87—due of course to the beginning meantime of the trouble which led to the founding of Amherst. At first, too, you find beside the President and Vice, the preceptor of the grammar-school is the only teacher, but in 1807 they have risen to the dignity of a Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, and afterwards to another, of Languages. In the catalogues of 1800, the classes are called by the same names as those of to-day, but in 1810, the two upper ones became Senior and Junior Sophisters, thus continuing for a long time. Perhaps they felt the

need of a more sounding title to fitly describe the elevated position. You will find such little-tindignitaries in your own days.

Passing along from these dingy old frames, go to the library, and on the librarian's desk you will find a book presented by Dr. Stoddard of the *Observer*, most of whose contents was issued in the under-graduate days of such men as Mark Hopkins, David Dudley Field, Dr. H. M. Field, Cyrus Mills, and the donor himself. On its dingy pages, dating all the way from '23-'53, curious statements about college life and customs in those days will meet you. You will see "tuition \$7.50 a term," "the price of board is from \$1.00 to \$1.34," and washing .17 a week." Even in those far distant days, a half century ago, "Vincent on the Catechism every Saturday morning," was in the same place which it now occupies. For the ten years '23-'33—the "Berkshire Medical Institution connected with Williams College," was catalogued with the college. Among the terms of admission were "the ability to construe and parse correctly any part of Virgil," "to write true Latin in prose," and "Cumming's Geography." Freshmen labored over Lindley Murray, then logic was a Sophomore study and the jolly Junior had an optional between "Hebrew, Fluxions and French." We can imagine the ancient joke about a Hebrew class of one going the rounds even then.

"Testimonials of good moral character" were requested for admission, and "parents and guardians" were recommended not to "allow their senior wards more than a moderate allowance of spending money." You wonder if these formalities were of any more consequence then than now.

Soon you find notes of libraries, new apparatus, and new collections, appearing here and there. Now East and South Colleges replaced the older East, burned down now, new professors are added to the corps, and now a new gymnasium goes up. These and a hundred other interesting things are open to those who will pry about a little. You can see what men, now famous or no, occupied your own especial little den, what men have belonged to your literary society, or took honors. Your father's or grandfather's classes, and rooms, and countless other such stray bits of

information will repay the antiquarian. And nothing is better than a knowledge of Alma Mater and her past.

COLLEGE VERSE

TRIOLET.

In college verse, both Love and Fun
Now strive for foremost place,
And though to sing we've but begun
In college verse, both Love and Fun
Close side by side in metre run,—
Ah! Cupid sly will win the race
In college verse,—now Love and Fun
Both strive for foremost place.

BERCT.

THE COLLEGE PRESIDENTS' MEETING.

ON Thursday and Friday, Nov. 2 and 3, the Association of College Presidents held its annual meeting in Williamstown, consisting of three sessions, all of which were held at Prof. Rice's. The ten presidents of the colleges in the heart of New England who form the association were all present but that of Tufts, and each college sent one professor as delegate. So the men present were, Pres. Eliot and Prof. Palmer of Harvard, Pres. Porter and Prof. Newton of Yale, Pres. Pynchon and Prof. Andrews of Trinity, Pres. Seelye of Amherst, Pres. Warren and Prof. Huntington of Boston University, Pres. Robinson and Prof. Williams of Brown, Pres. Bartlett and Prof. Brown of Dartmouth, formerly Pres. of Hamilton, Prof. Shipman of Tufts, Pres. Beach and Prof. Westgate of Wesleyan, Pres. Carter and Prof. Rice of Williams.

The principal subjects discussed were "The Study of Philosophy in College," "The Causes of the Lack of Growth in New England Colleges, proportionate to the Increase in Population," referring especially to growth in numbers, and "On the Establishment of a Chair of Pædagogy in Colleges." The next meeting will be held at Boston University, at which Modern Languages will be the subject under consideration, and to which the respective Professors of Modern Languages will be delegates.

SEVERAL nights ago it was curious to see how suddenly the thermometer dropped in Chapel.

AN EXERCISE IN VOCAL CULTURE

O I, ai, ow! *oi, ai, ow!* OI, AI, OW! Cheese it!
 CHEESE! Fight gentlemen of England.
 Willyums! yams! yums! Willyums! Dra-aw bow-
 man! the 3 Sophs must g-ooo! Oh! Pige! when
 is the Gul coming out? KENO-PERI! *Peri!-Peri!*
Peri! Hoo-rah, Hoo-rah, Hoo-rah, 'aláza, '86.
 OO-H FRESH! FROSH! OH! UNC! where's my
 coal? Yawn—yet you—STEAL AWAY—ip-it-ik—
 which church miffed—OH! BONE!—Toll the bell
 slow! HIKAH! Hikah! Hikah! Hiss-boom-bah!
 '84—Cannot *Sing*, by gum!—Rawkshehaw,—as-
 tronomy of the Shakespeare of chapel gingerbeer
 —Otta - Ringtailed otta! SLE-E-E-P FRESHMAN,
 SLE-E-E-P!—la-la-la-la-la—SEYMOUR!—DOWN-
 INFRONT!—Rah-'rah-'rah, wah-ho-uah, '83—Ma!
 MA! I want some milk—Give us a kiss!—LOUDER!
 —SPE-E-E-CH—Has the gentleman *done*? has he
completely done?—I should smile—DOWN! DOWN!
 —He-l-l-l-l-l-D! 'Rah-rah 'rah—ne-ni-ka-ku! '85—
 KEEP OFF THE GRASS—SHOOT THE HAT!—oi-ai
 ow! *oi-ai ow!* OI, AI, OW!

THE NIGHT'S FINALE.

VILLANELLE.

As the ball is quite done and 'tis late,
 Please, I'll pay you one compliment more,—
 You've such sweet disposition, fair Kate!
 You've not time for one more tete-à-tete,
 And a "schottische" I will not implore,
 As the ball is quite done and 'tis late,
 But I'll say, and I mean it, with weight,—
 There, your carriage is just at the door,—
 You've such sweet disposition, fair Kate!
 But perhaps you would rather not wait,
 And think explanation a bore,
 As the ball is quite done, and 'tis late,
 For *your* time has flown on at a rate,
 That would quickly put you nigh "threescore,"
 You've such sweet disposition, fair Kate!
 Since, whoe'er for the time was your mate
 Owned your heart. Would I'd found out before,—
 As the ball is quite done, and 'tis late,
 You'd such sweet disposition, fair Kate! CARL.

WORKMEN are diligently preparing West Col-
 lege for the enjoyment of sanitary privileges at
 home.

CONCERNING MR. SOLOMON LEVI.

ROOM No. 13, first door to the left, third
 floor of Mrs. Jewsbury's modest little
 boarding-house, presented an unusual appearance
 on the evening of Nov. 14, 18—. A mysterious
 air of bustle and preparation seemed to pervade
 the neighborhood of that particular door, and
 made its influence felt by all the occupants of the
 third landing. Many were the conjectures, and
 many the causes that were assigned by the gos-
 sips of the said landing, for the remarkable cir-
 cumstance. What could Solomon Levi be doing?

Room No. 13 I say presented a remarkable
 appearance. Garments in various stages of dis-
 integration were suspended from hooks in the
 wall. But this was no unusual circumstance.
 The extent of Solomon Levi's wardrobe was well
 known to all, and could not be the occasion of
 such excitement. No; the cause was elsewhere.
 In one corner of the room crouched a stove—de-
 bilitated and shattered to the last degree; as
 though in the last stages of some lingering dis-
 ease. It was the peculiar nature of this disease
 that was the cause of so much prospective com-
 ment among the occupants of the aforesaid land-
 ing. For the long attack of ague from which
 this stove had been suffering, was now superseded
 by a burning fever. Its hollow orbs (the lids had
 long since disappeared) shone with an unnatural
 luster. While its cheeks glowed crimson with a
 hectic flush, that betrayed the consuming fire
 within. It was this circumstance that filled the
 breasts of Solomon's neighbors with grave mis-
 givings, and aroused within them an inordinate
 curiosity.

But whoever had seen Mr. Solomon Levi him-
 self on that particular evening, would have felt
 more convinced than ever that something un-
 usual was about to happen. He had selected the
 gaudiest apparel from his wardrobe, and had
 spent fifteen minutes before a small piece of
 cracked looking-glass in arranging the chosen
 garment to its best advantage, by the light of a
 half-consumed candle. Having adjusted things
 to his satisfaction, and carefully waxed his mous-
 tachios with the butt-end of the candle, he paused
 a moment to survey his person in the glass. There
 was no concealing the gratifying result of the in-

vestigation. Mr. Solomon Levi's shining, round face beamed all over with delight. He smiled, and so winning was that smile, that he was fain to smile again. He felt that if he could only force that smile upon her at the right moment, she would melt. And at the thought, Mr. Solomon Levi turned resolutely from the glass, and stepping into the middle of the room, swore a mighty oath, that he would force that particular smile upon her at the right moment, or perish in the attempt. Having adopted this important resolution, he watched the fire with great complacency.

"Vell! dis here ish peesness! I vill be pachelor no more, so 'elp me!" But who was she for whom he was about to yield up the freedom of bachelorship, and for whose sake he exerted-himself in such an unusual manner on that particular night? You shall hear.

Mr. Solomon Levi was of a romantic disposition, which twenty-five annually recurring spring campaigns among the colleges (for I have neglected to state that he was an itinerant clothier) had not served to quench. Twenty-five campaigns had served, however, to satisfy his appetite for travel, and had awakened within his manly bosom a strong desire for the comforts and happiness of domestic life. And when in the course of his last expedition, he sojourned at the widow Jewsbury's, and beheld the form and features of the irresistible Rachel, he determined to wander no more, but to abide there, and win the affections of his landlady. One month had passed, and Solomon Levi was more determined than ever. I would not like to say that he was at all influenced by the fact that he now owed the charming Rachel one month's board-bill; but being a faithful biographer, I am compelled to state that the said Rachel had that very evening presented to Mr. Solomon Levi a slip of paper which bore a great resemblance to a bill, and that, upon the receipt of it, he instantly prepared to put into execution his mighty project.

"I vill be pachelor no more, so 'elp me!" repeated Mr. Solomon Levi; and without more ado he left the room, and stole softly down stairs. A gentle tap at the parlor door, a cheery "come in" from the interior, and he was ushered into the presence of the widow Jewsbury.

History does not record the details of this meeting. For some moments after the door had closed upon the portly figure of Mr. Solomon Levi, his melodious voice could be heard by the curious on the third landing, mingling with the softer notes of the divine Rachel. But by degrees the sounds grew fainter, until nothing was heard save the loud ticking of the clock on the stairs, and the chirping of a solitary cricket on the hearth. After nearly an hour of this oppressive silence had been spent in breathless expectation by the occupants of the third floor, who were craning their necks over the banister to catch the least sound, they were rewarded by the sound of music which was gently wafted up the three flights of stairs to their expectant ears. The widow Jewsbury was at the piano, accompanying her suitor in a sentimental and passionate burst of music upon his native harp. Then the strains of the harp died away, and the rich, full voice of Mr. Solomon Levi swelled with emotion as he sang "*Du bist wie eine Blume.*" Then all relapsed into profound silence, until finally the door opened, and forth issued the widow, and Solomon Levi. Her hand reposed confidently in his. While about her mouth a shining halo, which carried with it vague suggestions of candle-grease, seemed to vie with her pearly teeth in brilliancy, and to contrast strikingly with the ruby hues of her lips. And while I offer no comments, yet as a faithful biographer I must state, that, judging from the dilapidated appearance of Mr. Solomon Levi's moustachios, another application of the butt-end of the candle to them would not have been amiss. The truth was this: Mr. Solomon Levi had smiled the proper smile, at the proper moment, and the widow Jewsbury had melted! His plump, round face glistened with pleasure, and his little black eyes sparkled with delight, as she accompanied him to the stairs. Mr. Solomon Levi had one foot upon the first step, and was in the act of departing; but she drew him toward her. He bent his head very low, and when he drew back the halo shone brighter than ever, while the necessity of another application of the candle-end to his moustachios became more apparent. Again he started to depart. She drew him gently to her once more. "Solomon, dear-

est, you must let me haf dot moneys right av way do-morrow, if I am to haf any sord off a dru sso for the wedding."

"Tamn!" ejaculated Mr. Solomon Levi.

* * * * *

Room No. 13, first door to the left, third floor, was the scene of unusual bustle and activity throughout the entire night of November 14th. Mr. Solomon Levi was engaged in packing up his earthly effects; and in the "wee sma hours" before dawn, he

"folded his tent like the Arab,
And silently stole away."

* * * * *

The following Spring, as the students of W—'s College were filing out of chapel one bright morning, they were greeted as usual with "Got any old clothes to-day?"

HER VALENTINE.

RONDEAU DU FEVRIER, 14TH.

My! Valentine? "Yes, for Miss Anne,"—
I leave Sir Walter's Highland clan,
And wond'ring "who?" break quick the seal—
"With love from Jack,"—that makes me feel
As wretched as a woman can.

Oh! how I loathe their cruel plan,
And hate that wrinkled, rich old man!
You find this heart as true as steel,
My Valentine!

Ah Jack! come back! we'll brave their ban,
I'll suffer, perish, sooner than
Be wife . . . What's that? the door-bell's peal?
The horr—Why! . . . Jack? . . . Can this be real?
Yes! you are still . . . don't break my fan—
My Valentine.

—H. S.

SORAPS FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A BOHEMIAN.

II.

A CAPITAL story has just drifted from Williamstown, which to my surprise was not known there. It is saddled on Bill Pratt, and, true or not, is worth re-telling. It seems that last year a certain Senior was in the habit of accosting his friends on the street with a most winning "*Bon jour*," delivered in faultless accent

and with the grace of a Parisian. Bill "caught on," and soon electrified one of the most dignified members of the faculty by waving his hand graciously, and remarking, "Dam-sure, Professor, Dam-sure!" The Prof. fainted.

I see that the *Harvard Crimson* is published weekly now. It is a great improvement, and is due in a great measure to the energy and ability of my old friend F. W. Moulton, who is President of the *Crimson* Board. I also notice that in Williamstown the lion and the lamb lie down together. This is as it should be. There is no earthly use in fighting, though there is nothing in the world which improves people so much as a little healthy competition. Witness the "brace" the *Athenæum* has taken.

The latest sensation in theatrical circles is "Young Mrs. Winthrop," the new play at the Madison Square Theatre, for it is true that "Esmeralda" has followed "Hazel Kirke" and "The Professor," and, after a run of three hundred and sixty nights, has gone on the road. It drew immense houses even up to the last night, but it had to stop sometime, and the management were wise in taking it off before it began to lose its attractive power. "Young Mrs. Winthrop" is by Bronson Howard, and, as it is all that a play should be, of course it will be a success. The mere fact of its being produced at the Madison Square guarantees that. But "Young Mrs. Winthrop" and the Madison Square deserve a letter all to themselves. For some occult cause Bronson Howard and Bartley Campbell are indissolubly associated in my mind, and I am continually getting them mixed; why, I don't know, unless it is because at one time they both had a trunk-full of neglected plays, and managers regarded them as men to be avoided.

A good story is told of Bartley Campbell, which goes to show that Bohemia is not a Utopia. Like most young dramatists he had several plays produced before he made his hit with his "Galley Slave," I think it was. On the first night of its representation he was afraid to go into the theatre, but hung about the door in an agony of suspense. The play was well received, and the author was called for. A friend was des-

patched to hunt him up. He was found in a neighboring saloon, his head buried in his hands.

"Come Campbell, old boy, they want you."

Campbell shook his head mournfully.

"But you've made a hit, and the audience are calling for you," urged the friend.

"What?" said Campbell, stupefied. The assertion was repeated.

"A hit? A play of mine?" murmured Campbell incredulously. "Who the devil has been monkeying with my manuscript?"

But perhaps the best story about him is one in which the veteran John Gilbert's dry wit is displayed at its best. It was at a dinner-party; Campbell had grown reminiscent, and had favored the party with an affecting tale of how he was broke in Pittsburg, and had to raise three hundred and fifty dollars before night.

"Pooh," said Gilbert, "that's nothing."

"But not a person in the place knew me," urged Campbell.

"All the better," replied John.

"I'd like to know what you would have done?" growled Campbell, somewhat miffed.

"If I was in a strange place, and had to raise three hundred and fifty dollars in six hours?" inquired Gilbert.

"Yes."

"There is a river near Pittsburg?" pursued Gilbert.

"Yes," replied Campbell, thinking that the veteran was about to acknowledge the difficulty of the task by suggesting suicide.

"Well, if I was in a strange place and had to raise three hundred and fifty dollars, and had six hours to do it in, and there was a river handy, I—"

"Would have thrown yourself in," said Campbell eagerly.

"I would have borrowed a rod and line and spent my spare time fishing," said Gilbert deliberately, not heeding the interruption.

This was greeted with a shout, and Campbell sank in his chair in disgust. But Bronson Howard and *not* Bartley Campbell wrote "Young Mrs. Winthrop," and in my next I shall tell you the result of his labors.

ROMANY RYE.

COLLEGE NOTES.

DON'T fail to visit the "Hub" during Thanksgiving week.

G. A. COPELAND, '83, has been elected to the Glee Club.

VANDERBECK, '86, plays the organ at the Episcopal church.

JENKINS, '84, is reported as being in the Columbia Law School.

THE last division of Senior orations will be delivered next Thursday evening.

DR. WOODBRIDGE has completed his course of lectures to the Freshmen on Hygiene.

HOLMES, '84, has been compelled to return home for a few days on account of sickness.

THE "Gul" editors are working hard, and will issue about a week after Thanksgiving.

(Free Ad.)

THE Glee Club and College Orchestra expect to give a joint concert at Pittsfield in a short time.

THE second proofs of the catalogue have been corrected, and they may be expected now very soon.

THE Freshmen have bravely met and undergone the fiery ordeal of four examinations in one week.

HALLOWEEN was socially celebrated the 31st, by a company of students and village "fems" at N. F's.

THE Sophomore Class, having finished Philology, are deep in the mysteries of *Saccharomyces cerevisiae*.

A LARGE delegation of Williams men will probably attend the Yale-Princeton game, on Thanksgiving day.

THE Sociable Club of the Congregational Church intend giving a series of tableaux during the winter.

Have you paid your coal bill yet? If not, please walk up to the Captain's office and settle. No. 5 E. C.

MR. E. C. COULTER has been elected historian, and J. M. Lasell foot-ball manager, of the class of '86.

AND now doth the periodical, anthropomorphic fiend accuse college students of setting fire to East Mountain!

THE Senior German Elective have finished Storm's "Immensee," and are reading Immermann's "Oberhof."

THE Freshman foot-ball team, in their first regular game, defeated the Greylocks, by a score of eight touchdowns to nothing.

THE Seniors have completed their course in Logic and will take up Arnold's Manual of English Literature shortly.

WHEN does the Fresh-Soph foot-ball game come off? We shouldn't miss the chance by putting it off too long.

THE Juniors were relieved of *one* recitation last Friday on account of the convention. Truly their star is in the ascendant.

A FRESHMAN asks if Williams was ever more successful at any thing, than lately at athletics. The question is very pertinent.

THE Williston foot-ball team defeated the Freshmen on Oct. 28th, by the score two goals and one touchdown to nothing.

THE Freshman foot-ball team defeated the eleven at Greylock Institute last Saturday, four goals and ten touchdowns to two.

C. A. HEATH, '82, was in town for a few days last week. He is hard at work trying to choose between his numerous business offers.

OUR Ex-President, the Hon. Paul A. Chadbourne, was not present at the recent meeting of the New England College Association.

MORGAN Hall is rapidly nearing completion, all the outside work being finished; the windows are now being put in, and the plastering done.

A GAME of chess is arranging with Cornell. Williams, though not as "flush" in chess players as of old, ought certainly to make a good game.

IN view of the fact that '86 undoubtedly has a strong team, the Sophomores had better look out for their laurels in the approaching foot-ball game.

NOVEMBER 1st the Juniors and the "Technians" both debated the question, "Resolved, that the fifteenth amendment was premature." Was it a put-up job?

G. A. TAFT, '83, is settling up his business, preparatory to engaging in the cattle business in Wyoming Territory next spring. We wish him all success.

THE Glee Club is expecting to accompany the orchestra next vacation. They will probably give several concerts in the western cities. Success to them.

THE Amherst nine defeated Williams, Oct. 25th, by a score of 5 to 0. The game was mostly played by the pitchers, and Holt distinguished himself by a fine fly catch.

WE are sorry to announce that Faitoute, '85, was suddenly called home on account of the death of his brother, who was accidentally killed while hunting in the Adirondacks.

AND now the solitary sentry paces along past East College and Cole's Block, and the mediæval cry, "Two o'clock and all is well," resounds from his sturdy throat. Are we always to be under guard?

THE last *Acta* contained a very humorous and graceful "Ballade of the Law," by E. G. Benedict, '82, whom it has announced as a contributor. The Ballade is said to be the result of personal experience.

ONE of the pleasant items of Pach's visit was that of the Junior who preferred to make his exit from Goodrich Hall by a side window rather than encounter the Freshmen who were being "taken" in front.

THE Sophomore Class Rope Pull Pipe has been secreted far from the gaze or reach of the wily Junior or the cooney Fresh. They have "shut the barn-door before the horse is stolen," by the advice of the class "Owl."

ON Thursday, Nov. 2d, a tennis game was played between Messrs. Briggs and Learned, of Pittsfield, and the A. K. E. team, consisting of Messrs. W. B. Safford and S. B. L. Penrose. The score was 6 to 2, 6 to 3, 6 to 3, all in favor of the latter.

A NEW and *handsome* ash-hod was placed in one of the halls of East College recently, and after it had remained there peacefully for three days and nights the genial "Pat" threatened to report to the Faculty the names of all the students in that hall if they didn't start the hod on its usual journey the very next night.

OUR Prof. in Mineralogy was busily engaged on the Wilder cabinet the other day, when he was interrupted by an old lady, who asked if he

could show her the stones of Aaron's breast-plate. With admirable presence of mind a few specimens of amethyst and topaz were brought out, and she was sent on her way rejoicing, declaring that she would always understand "that passage" better in future.

RELIEF is at last at hand for those who usually spend the Thanksgiving recess in a rather monotonous manner within the precincts of Williamstown. A grand excursion to Boston is projected, and if fifty names can be guaranteed for the purchase of tickets the round trip between North Adams and Boston will be offered at the extremely low rate of \$3.00. These tickets will be good to go and return any time during Thanksgiving week, and will furnish a fine opportunity to visit the "Hub of the Universe," with its numerous attractions in the shape of libraries, art museums, theatres, etc., etc., and also offering a fine chance to visit our sister college at Cambridge. Those wishing to go can leave their names with Winslow or Pike, '83, or at the College book-store.

PERSONALS.

'14. At the request of the trustees of the Church of the Messiah, the Rev. Robert Collyer has recently repeated his memorial sermon on the Rev. Dr. Orville Deway, which he had before delivered at Sheffield, Mass.

'31. Mr. A. C. Clark, who has inherited most of the wealth of his father, the late Edward Clark, has quietly bestowed some munificent gifts on several of his father's old family employes. Two of these gifts amount to \$50,000, others are for considerably smaller sums, two of \$5,000 and two of \$4,000.

'40. Henry M. Scudder, pastor for the past eleven years of the Central Congregational Church of Brooklyn, has received and accepted a call to the Plymouth Church of Chicago. Much regret is felt at his withdrawal.

'45. Rev. Dr. Stephen Bush, of Waterford, New York, has been appointed, by the synod of that State, a member of a committee to raise an endowment fund for Hamilton College.

'47-'67. The *Princeton Review* for November

contains an article by David A. Wells on "Tariff Revision," and another by G. Stanley Hall on "The Education of the Will."

'48. Dr. Chadbourne, of the Mass. Agricultural College, was called to give expert testimony in a malaria case which has attracted considerable attention, at Pittsfield, Mass.

'48. John G. McMyrm, who has held for years a prominent place among the educators of Wisconsin, has recently been appointed a member of the visiting committee for Normal schools of that State.

'51-'79. At the meeting of the General Association of Congregational churches, of the Pacific slope, held Oct. 3-5, at San Francisco, Rev. Prof. George Mooar gave an address on "Progress in Theology," and Rev. H. P. Perkins, who was on his way to a mission station in China, also made an address.

'59. Washington Gladden, D.D., has commenced a serial in the *Century* magazine entitled "The Christian League in Connecticut."

'59. The First Congregational Church of Columbia, Ohio, has extended a unanimous call to the Rev. Washington Gladden, LL.D., of Springfield, to become its pastor, and strongly hope that he will accept.

Dr. Gladden will lecture, Nov. 14, at the Broadway Tabernacle, New York City, on "Christianity and Social Science," it being the first in a course of lectures before the American Institute of Christian Philosophy.

'67. Rev. A. C. Sewall is to deliver an address before the Congregational S. S. Association of Western Massachusetts, which will hold its meetings in Pittsfield the present month.

'79. Married, Oct. 24, R. B. Leake to Miss Annie M. Nichols. Benjamin Prince, E. R. Crowell, H. E. Adriance, and A. H. Decamp were among those present.

'81. "The singing at the Payson church, Easthampton, will hereafter be conducted by Prof. Demond of the Seminary."—*Springfield Rep.*

'83. C. K. Ober, who has been assistant secretary, the past year, of the New York City Y. M. C. A., was appointed Assistant State Secretary of Massachusetts in the recent meeting at Charlestown.

JASON'S LOG-BOOK.

FRENCH FORMS IN COLLEGE JOURNALS.

"WANTED—a college paper without its triolet," said the observant Valensic editor of the *Courant*, lately, thus tersely epitomizing a growing tendency of college verse which Jason has been greatly pleased to note during the last year and a half. It is about so long ago when appeared in a number of the *Acta*, always so noted for the excellence of its poetry, a dainty bit of rhyme by our old friend F. D. S. It was a triolet, the first one of the fixed French forms of verse ever appearing in a college journal, the few indeed ever seen by Americans before coming out in the "Bric-à-Brac" of the *Century*, mostly from the ready pen of Bunner.

This little scrap was soon followed by a rondeau, and then by a second, whose graceful diction and novel form needed not the *Acta's* poetical prestige to draw the attention of other papers to them. Early the following fall, Mr. Sherman contributed "An Old Rondo" to the *Century*, and "Her Buckle Shoe" to the *ARGO*, both of which quickly met the appreciation of wideawake "scissors," and soon ran the rounds of the college press. Interest being thus awakened by these specimens, and by others which followed them in these papers, other college poets were not slow to discover the charm that lay in these "tripping tunes of France," as caught by the English poets Dobson and Lang, and our own Bunner. Since then, by a gradual increase, these exotics have gained a deserved place among the manifold moods of the college muse.

At first the rondeau was more especially cultivated, but soon the ambition of college rhyme-sters increased, and they essayed the more difficult tasks of rondel, ballade, and villanelle, and, though not wholly successful, did much credit to themselves and their papers. The *Courant*, next to the two papers mentioned above, was the first to present French forms in T. E. D.'s villanelle, and rondeau "Helas!"; and has since quite often enlivened its pages by good examples of these and other fixed forms, prominent being that ballade of the highly blue-blooded damsel in a late number, a remarkably graceful rondel, and numer-

ous triolets, among these "The devil is gone." Two ballades in the *Hamilton Literary Monthly* by Scollard, of '80, deserve especial notice, the one "To Villon" being worthy of high praise. The *Bowdoin Orient*, in its issue of Feb. 22d, presented a pretty rondeau, after Froissart, and the *Princetonian's* "Her Bangle Ring" was not all bad, though that line which has been called "plus et moins que vers" seems rather tacked on than to join the rest naturally. And it is the handling of just this little line, in one way and another, which has marred so many otherwise perfect college rondeaux, such as "A pair of eyes" in the *Knox Student*, "Across the Sands," in the *Courant*, "A Skein of Zephyr," in the *Acta*, and the "Cupid" rondeau of the *Crimson*, last summer. The inflexible rule that the refrain of the second and third verses must agree with the opening syllables of the first has been transgressed, and the completeness of the work has suffered from it.

A late *Advocate* contains a very fine villanelle, which, by the way, as a feat of versification is most difficult. The *Athenæum* has lately presented two rondeaux, and as for triolets, as has been said, they are found everywhere. But even triolets can be faulty, as this from the *Tiger* will prove.

"Jesh lemme alone—
'M comin' home from the club;
Though 'tish very near morn
And the gash is turned down
While the keyhole is gone,
Jesh lemme alone—
'M comin' home from the club,"

where the failure to repeat the first line as the fourth makes it lack a line. The rhymes, too, would bear criticism, but perhaps that is due to the jocose state of the poet.

And it is just for this reason,—that such especial attention is paid to form, metre, and rhyme, that Jason thinks these fixed forms good practice for the undergraduate poet. Most college poetry is not over-burdened with thought, but rather the neat turning of a phrase or compliment, and so these forms are especially suited. If the college muse must sing, even though in rather airy strains sometimes; let her at least sing in novel and attractive metres. And now no better plea can

there be as a close, than this dizain of Mr. Dobson's, the Finis to Andrew Lang's "Thirty-two Ballades in Blue China":

As, to the pipe, with rhythmic feet,
In windings of some old-world dance,
The smiling couples cross and meet,
Join hands, and then in line advance;
So to these fair old tunes of France,
Through all their maze of to-and-fro,
The light-heeled numbers laughing go
Retreat, return, and ere they flee,
One moment pause in panting row
And seem to say—*Vos plaudite!*

OTHER COLLEGE NOTES.

RECKLESS pistol shooting has nearly caused the death of a professor at YALE.—Their foot-ball men are practising in large numbers in view of the Thanksgiving game.—Seniors can get heliotype pictures of the whole class for ten dollars, if a hundred names can be procured.—Hare and Hounds flourishes.—Why not have some at Williams?—Freshman Glee Club numbers thirteen.—Lacrosse booms.—At COLUMBIA, '84 scooped things at athletics.—New Library to be one of the finest in country.—*Spectator's* illustrations improve.—A Literary magazine is to be founded by '83, rumor says.—Is there room for it?—Foot-ball is doing well.—At CORNELL, Hallowe'en proved destructive to a town bridge.—*Era* calls it misplaced college humor.—We think so.—A course of nineteen Shakesperian readings to be given there.—Four previous best Cornell records broken on Field-day.—Woodford subjects more than ordinarily good.—A University Athletic Association to be formed.—BROWN sticks by Pres. Eliot in his non-professional theory.—Hope Amherst same will not.—Hereafter the Freshmen will have to attend church.—Moral status of Brown evidently on the brace.—PRINCETON's fall meeting was given up.—Association too poor.—Better sell the *Tiger* and get some cash.—Kennel Club organized.—Wonder what class the members come from.—5,349 men have graduated, upon 2,000 of whom malaria has already done its fatal work.—TRINITY's bicycle club growing, but rather sleepy.—Athletic meet successful.—Glee Club numbers seventeen, and is quite melodious, for Trinity.—Pres. Pynchon

has resigned, to take effect next spring.—*Chaff's* No. 2 is a great advance on first issue.—LAFAYETTE Sophs follow Smith in plan of hazing.—Give a supper to Freshie.—Wish such things had happened in our Freshman time.—HARVARD trouble about steward.—Balch of Memorial continues.—Prof. O. W. Holmes has resigned from Medical School.—Mr. Higginson's Symphony concerts all the rage with students.—*Crimson-Advocate* race did not come off.—Cricket team defeated St. Paul's.—'84 won base-ball class championship games without a defeat.—Freshmen played Andover Saturday.

OLIPPINGS.

The Sophomore's brow was sad, and the Sophomore's speech was still,
And darkly looked he at the bridge, and darkly up the hill.
"The cops will be upon us before the bridge goes down;
And if we do not fell the bridge, what hope to gain renown?"
Then out spoke one brave Senior, a man most blessed by fate,
"To every man upon this hill death cometh, soon or late.
Hew down the bridge, Sir Sophomores, with all the speed ye may,
I, with two more to help me, will keep the cops at bay."
From "Macaulay Revised for Cornell-I-yell."

A MODERN PARIS.

Down the orchard's fruit-arched lane,
Past its hedge-rows, autumn-gloried,
Strolled a youth with maidens three,
Fair as nymphs in fables storied.
Long they talked on classic themes,
Till the youth, to show his learning,
Told how Paris gave the prize,
Venus favoring, Juno spurning.
Tired at length of sober talk,
With a laugh one saucy maiden
Sprung and caught a ruddy apple,
From the branch above o'er-laden.
"History repeats itself,"
Cried the maid, with smile the rarest,
"Take, Sir Paris, take the prize,
And award it to the fairest."
Slow he took it from her hand,
Waiting till the laughter ceases,
Drew his knife—sly dog!—and then
Cut the apple in three pieces.

—*Chaff's latest.*

THE ARGO.

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THE ARGO.

Published fortnightly during the college year by the students of Williams College.

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Students and graduates of Williams are requested to contribute articles, verses, letters, and Alumni notes.

ACCORDING to the terms of our agreement with the *Athenæum*, our next issue can be delayed for one week, and come out on the sixteenth instead of the ninth, of December. As the work would nearly all have to be done Thanksgiving week, when the majority of the students will take a little rest and vacation, we can not deny ourselves the privilege allowed us, especially since the absence of the most of the college would leave but little, if any, news to chronicle. Number twelve will therefore not appear until December 16th.

CONSIDERED as a deep-dyed, cold-blooded fiend, it is well known that the printer is second only to the plumber. Instances of his malice have existed ever since Gutenberg first carved out his clumsy type. But none, we believe, can surpass that one so prominent in our last number, "The queen of ENGLAND holds her revelry." What on earth has old Victoria to do with fairies, elves, and such sprites. It was most mortifying to have the best ballade certainly ever printed in a college journal, as we considered it, to be so murdered. For this reason we reprint it this time, out of compassion for the poor poet whose best effort was so foully dealt with.

IN another column will be found an invitation to all Williams alumni who can, to be present at the dinner, Dec. 28th, at the Windsor Hotel in New York City. Dr. Hopkins, if possible, and President Carter will be present, and the occasion, as is specially designed, will give all an opportunity of meeting the new head of affairs at Williams, and not at all a subterfuge for collecting funds. For the organization and arranging of this plan great credit and hearty thanks are due to Mr. A. V. W. Van Vechten, one of our graduates, who ever seems to be one of the foremost to set on foot or participate in any undertaking that will conduce to fellowship and friendly feeling among his brother alumni, or accrue to the welfare of his college. This is distinctly stated.

WE were very much pleased with the letter from Williams which appeared in the last *Philippian*. It was written in a clear, manly style, and besides being interesting as a communication to the Andover "Cads," can not fail, we think, to arouse their interest, and attract their interest to our college. There are many ways in which the bearing or representations of college men can avail to the benefit or harm of the institution of which they are members, and while such unfortunate occurrences as occurred last commencement do no little harm to the college, things of a character such as the one mentioned above can not fail to lend to the prosperity and success of "old Williams." It would not be a bad plan for recent graduates of other fitting schools that publish a paper to do the same.

IN making a general review of the fall athletic season, which has just closed, there appears on the surface one glaring fault, exhibited by some of the players, but especially by those men called upon to umpire or referee, of a lamentable ignorance of the latest rules. This failing inev-

itably lessens our chances of victory, and affords our opponents an opportunity to bull-doze the umpire, which they are not slow to improve. If men come here to college with a general knowledge of some game, picked up on the highways and by-ways, and, relying on this, consider themselves thoroughly adequate to decide the disputed points in a closely contested game, apparently regardless of the fact that a new code of rules is issued each year, they can not avoid making many unjust decisions. That there should not be a copy of the revised rules at hand in an important game seems absurd, but we all know that it is true and has often been taken advantage of, to our own loss, by visiting clubs. The college and class base-ball managers should take precautions to have the players and possible umpires fully instructed in the last set of rules, and secure us from a repetition, next spring, of any of those mortifying mistakes from which we have suffered in the past.

WE have watched with considerable interest the progress of the Harvard Coöperative Society, formed by the students of the University last February. Any student becomes a member by paying \$2, and already over six hundred students have joined. The society deals in furniture, books, paper, sporting goods of all sorts, which are bought at wholesale prices, sold for five per cent. additional, thus reducing below retail prices the price of books one-third, of stationery one-third, of sporting goods one-fifth, of photographs one-half, and of other articles an average of one-tenth. Says a recent newspaper: "The sale of second-hand furniture is a prominent feature of the society's work, and one which is of no little benefit to retiring Seniors and incoming Freshmen, saving them from the cupidity of local speculators." The society is conducted by students. Certainly no comment need be passed on the advantages of such an arrangement, nor on the need of it among ourselves. That it is feasible is demonstrated not only by the success of the experiment at Harvard, but by like long-established facilities on a smaller scale in other institutions.

THE Cornell *Era* kindly states that we were laboring under a wrong impression when we surmised that it was going to join the Press Association boom, at least, until it knew more definitely about it, and applies to us for information. As we understand it, the Association will consist of the principal papers throughout the country, and is an organization whose purpose is to raise as much as possible the standard of college journalism. Of these papers at least one representative will be a delegate to an annual or semi-annual convention, where subjects relating to such matters will be thoroughly discussed. To be sure, each editor knows best the tastes of his readers, but, for all that, there are many general topics of which a free discussion and investigation cannot fail to be interesting and useful to all concerned. A bureau of correspondence, also, we believe, forms one of the principal features, and one of no little advantage, as is plainly seen by the letters from other colleges printed continually by the *Harvard Herald*. These are some of the principal points, but for further details we wish that the *Acta* would give a full presentation, herself, as the originator of the scheme.

THERE is one thing in whose possession Williams may challenge the world. We refer to the gas-generator in the rear of Goodrich Hall—an object so unique in construction and so phenomenal in character that it may fairly be worshiped, being in the likeness of no created thing in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth. But seriously, while its capacity may have proved amply sufficient, in days gone by, for a Professor's private use, or for an occasional promenade concert in the hall above, it is really inadequate to the heavy demands made upon it of late by the two laboratories. It cannot run continuously without loss, nor is it possible to generate and store up a quantity of gas for use whenever required; so that it necessitates the presence of some one who understands its mazy complications on every occasion that it is needed. It is, moreover, liable constantly to get out of order, and owing to the fact the machines

have long ceased being manufactured, no duplicates can be obtained, and repairs are difficult, to say nothing of the danger of explosion, a thing which it has once already seen fit to do. While the college authorities are making so many improvements, cannot something be done in this direction?

IN reply to a letter from one of our alumni, requesting permission for our new Musical Association to visit our Western cities and give concerts, President Carter says that the Faculty has no control over the actions of the students during vacation; and that if the Association decides to make such a tour, they will present no obstacles. He closes his letter with the following remarks: "I hope the young men will have a successful trip if they decide upon going—singing well, and making money, winning friends, and coming back to do a hard term's work through the cheerless winter." Thus the last obstacle to such a tour is removed. We have now an orchestra that has proven itself entitled to the high esteem and admiration of the college. We have a Glee Club which, though in its infancy, is in no wise inferior to that former club which won such renown in 1880. These two musical bodies, which have recently united under the name of the *Williams College Musical Association*, have received most urgent invitations from the alumni of two of our western cities to give musical entertainments in those cities during the approaching holidays. And finally, they have the co-operation, or at least the consent of the Faculty. Nothing is now wanting to put the enterprise in motion, but courage and decision on the part of the organization itself. And if, when the whole college is expecting and looking forward to a brilliant campaign of the Association, and in view of all the inducements offered, and the probability if not certainty of success, the *Williams College Musical Association* timidly declines to embark upon the adventure—why, our little college world will mournfully relinquish one more hope, and commiserating itself for being once more the "victim of misplaced confidence," will invest its credulity in another market, only to be duped again. That is all.

THE results of the recent elections throughout our country afford unmistakable proof of the fact that the people desire reform and are bound to have it. It is a well known fact that in England during the early days of Oxford almost all the great reforms of the day had their origin in the action of the students of that University. Why should not the great reforms that are demanded in this country at the present day receive their initiative in the colleges and other seats of learning, since the contest of political parties, which acts as the great balance-wheel of American social life, is not sufficient to bring them about? Why should not the faculties and students of our colleges, who are interested in the much-needed reform in our civil service and tariff system, take some measures to bring the questions prominently and forcibly before those students and other citizens who are less interested in the matter? By creating an enthusiasm in this way an immediate influence would be felt by the outside world, and every summer a goodly number of men would be graduated who would go out into the world ready and eager to use their influence, as citizens, in behalf of the right. We believe that something of this nature has already been done at Princeton, though to what extent we do not know, and we believe it is a highly commendable action.

In furtherance of our scheme we would suggest the concerted action of faculty and students in our various colleges, in arranging for public lectures or discussions on these subjects by speakers who are well acquainted with the bearings of the questions, and are able to present them in a forcible manner. In this way many of the evenings of our otherwise dull winter terms might be very pleasantly and profitably occupied. And as a second suggestion, we would urge upon all officers of instruction in the department of social science and political economy to lay particular stress upon these subjects, and endeavor to awaken a corresponding enthusiasm for personal investigation into them by each individual student.

How about the men who thought they were down as partial course men in the catalogue.

IN THE CATHEDRAL.

Fragrant censer smoke is stealing
Up in circles toward the ceiling,
While the monks chant,
Grim, grey, and gaunt—
In their tones so deep with feeling.

Mellow sunlight soft is streaming
Through the panes, in bright hues gleaming—
Hark! the bell tolls!
How its knell rolls!
Surge of distant breakers seeming.

Humble suppliants now are bending,
List to fervent prayers ascending—
"Mercy grant us,
Naught shall daunt us,
For thy arm is e'er defending."

—BERT.

THE GRUBLEIGH INSANE ASYLUM.

WHEN my friend Blodgett offered to show me through the Grubleigh Insane Asylum, I embraced the opportunity with alacrity. You must know that this institution owes its existence to the munificence of the Honorable Barton Grubleigh and other college graduates, who have appreciated the need of such an asylum as a place of refuge for those poor wretches whose powers have succumbed under the grinding of the college mill, and who come out pitiable wrecks in mind and body, lamentable cases of abnormal development. Old Jack Fizzledon, whose college course of five laborious years had failed to secure him a diploma, had been appointed keeper of the Asylum on a handsome salary, by the unanimous consent of the board.

"Yes, boys," said he, "you may go where you will and welcome, too. Our patients are only too glad to have some one to talk to."

On our first call we had scarcely entered the room when its occupant, Bartholemew Todd, a sharp, nervous little man, addressed me in quick, eager tones.

"Stop! tell me the difference between the major and minor axes of your hat, together with the tangent of the angle of inclination of your forehead."

"I am sorry not to be able to accommodate you to-day, sir," I replied, in some bewilderment.

"That is too bad! With those data I could have worked out the problem of your existence, told your name, your past, your present, your future, your especial capacities,—in fact a good deal more than you will ever know about yourself."

Here Blodgett explained in an undertone to me that Bartholemew had taken the prize in the higher mathematics in his academic days.

"I tell you what," broke in the mathematician, "the world would make one big stride forward if it only understood the mathematical rules underlying all human actions and destinies. People complain of the hard times. I can prove to you conclusively that national adversity is to prosperity as the square root of protection is to the cube of free-trade. If, with an intelligent understanding of this principle, the remedy could be applied, the mountain stream would leap to the wheel of industry with a song—its momentum varying directly as the volume and the square of the time of fall—and the buzz-saw of the lumber mill would indicate a revival of business equal to the square of its radius multiplied by the number of revolutions per second."

"Pitiable wreck!" said I to Blodgett, as we made our escape from this torrent of words.

"Yes, and on the head of Professor Cosine be it," replied he. "But you cannot help being interested in Sophocles Simpson. He shone in Grecian lore in his college days. Indeed, in the intercollegiate contest on conditional sentences he took the first prize."

We found Sophocles taking dinner at his ease in his own apartment. He was a dyspeptic looking man of about thirty; his large head and feeble body bore witness to the evils of the exclusive pursuit of Greek. He nodded in a friendly manner to us, and proceeded to direct the conversation in his favorite channel, remarking with earnest seriousness:

"If any one eats too much dinner, he is always sick; general supposition, present time. If I were kind enough to invite you to dine with me, I should not have enough myself; present time, *contrary* implied. If I should eat too much dinner, I should want no supper; future time, less vivid form. And now, gentlemen," he added,

with a condescending smile, "if you wish, I will turn these forms into the conditional relative construction. Whenever any one eats too much dinner"—

"Pray, don't let us give you so much trouble," I hastened to interpose.

"Oh, not the least trouble in the world, gentlemen," he replied. "I can turn out that style as easily as Andromache spanked the infant Astynax. But if you will please to pull that bell, I will order some more of this beef broth. It has a rare and classic taste that does my heart good, an *oxytone* flavor, you know."

This was too much for us, and we gracefully tore ourselves away, Blodgett wishing me, before going, to see Marcus Thompson, the Latinist and antiquarian.

"If your sister-in-law's baby has finished cutting his eye-teeth, Balbus and the army are glad," exclaimed that worthy as we entered.

"Well, well, Marcus Aurelius," interrupted my companion, "your remarks are very pertinent and entertaining, but we are more interested in your mythological researches. Can't you show us something old and rare?"

"To be sure I can. Shall it be a hair-pin from the head of the beautiful Helen or a nail from the hull of the Argo? But first let me show you a relic that is still more ancient. Here is something that looks like an old fashioned candlestick; but it is not an old-fashioned candlestick. It is the tube in which Prometheus stole fire from heaven. You may well believe I prize it highly as a relic and as a link between the terrestrial and the celestial."

"But Marcus," broke in my companion, "what assurance have we that you are not imposing on our credulity?"

"Alas! my friends," he replied, "I see you have caught the spirit of scepticism of the age. But calm your doubts. I am one of the few that you may rely on. I wonder not at your question, for there is much promulgated that is false. The spirit of antiquity has been largely misinterpreted. My investigations are gradually correcting many errors. I am at work now trying to convince classicists and antiquarians of the true motive that led Æneas to quit his native Troy. However historians may try to disguise his true motive

by dwelling on the minor points, I am well assured that it was primarily to establish a branch of the *Troy Laundry*. Westward the star of enterprise and trade takes its way."

"These, then," said I, as we left the Asylum, "are some of the fruits of a college education."

"Yes," returned Blodgett, "and new specimens added every year. The institution is run to its full capacity, and still there are hundreds of men at large in the world who ought to be within those walls."

EIGHTY-NINTH CATALOGUE.

THE college catalogue for 1882-3 is out in good season, and a glance at its contents apprises us of many interesting facts. The whole number of graduates has reached 2,691, and there are 249 men now enrolled in the list of undergraduates, 13 of whom are partial course students. Of the whole number 49 are Seniors, 56 Juniors, 75 Sophomores, and 69 Freshmen. Prof. Hewitt's name duly appears amongst the Faculty, but the Massachusetts Professorship of Latin still remains vacant. The Senior Chemistry elective is \$15 and the Zoölogy \$7.50 extra. The History elective newly instituted this year, and under the charge of Prof. Rice, is added to the former list, from which, however, French has disappeared, as only two men in the class desired it. Notice is taken of the advantages now offered to students for a graduate course in Astronomy under the able instruction of Prof. Safford, including use of all the Astronomical Instruments, Reduction of Observations, Calculation of Orbits, and a course in Geodesy, for which PH.D. is given. "Vincent on the Catechism" bobs serenely up in its unvarying place, and the subjects for the Rice prize work of '84, are stated to be the "Persians" of Aeschylus; Pliny's Epistles, Books 1, 2, 3, 6; and "Rudens" of Plautus. Commencement is to occur on Fourth of July. Altogether it is quite delightful reading, almost as exciting as the "Freshman Bible."

THE beginning of the Freshmen's troubles was indicated in the shape of a preliminary algebra examination, recently.

ORUEL EYES.

Those eyes, so large, so blue,
Bright mirrors of her heart,
Now mocking seem, now true—
She's mistress of the art!

Ah! still I feel their smart!
I thought they bade me sue—
Those eyes, so large, so blue,
Bright mirrors of her heart.

But, no! to pastures new
I sadly must depart,
Some other maid must woo,
While more find Cupid's dart—
Those eyes, so large, so blue,
Bright mirrors of her heart.

CARL

A FISHING EXCURSION.

WILLIAMSTOWN, Nov. 13, 1882.

DEAR ARGO:—A fishing tour is considered by some fanatics as little short of supreme bliss. I have never been but once. This was last summer. One evening, while I was at Mt. Desert, I was intently regarding the dancers in the "whirligig waltz," and heartily envying a nimble-footed son of fashion, holding in his arms one of New York's fairest damozels, when a fellow, whom up to that time I had considered, but whom I now—wait till I see him—came up, and, slapping me on the back, yelled:

"I say, Crabbe, old feller, let's go a fishin'!"

I was rather dull that evening, and answered, "Fishin'—what's that?"

"Well," says he, "I'll tell you." And then he slung off a long lingo about the beauties of "fishin'." Why, to hear him talk, you'd think all you had to do was to hold a weightless line in your paws, with a piece of boiled blue-fish and Worcestershire sauce tied on one end, and haul in fifty-pound cod at the other. I asked him if there was much motion on the water.

"Motion? Not a bit! 'Twouldn't turn the stomach of a mosquito!"

"Well, is it hot?" said I.

"Thunder, no! You'll be as cool as a cucumber all the time."

"Cold?"

"No, balmy!"

So there was no getting out of it; for, as I am

a truthful sort of bird, I couldn't feign another engagement.

"What time do we start?"

"Well, I guess you'd better be at the wharf at 5.30 to-morrow morning."

Heavens, what an hour! But I was there, expecting to find my friend and his party, four Harvard students, waiting for me. At precisely seven o'clock, after I had waited a full hour and a half, Ellison (my friend's name) put in an appearance.

"Bin 'ere long?" he inquired.

"Only about seven hours," I replied. "Where's the rest of your party?"

"Up at Rodick's, I guess. You stay here, and I'll go after them." And off he went. In about twenty minutes a young fellow came sauntering along, and asked if I'd seen a fellow named Crabbe anywhere around. Thereupon he introduced himself as Sam Dodman, Harvard, '85.

"Mappy to meet you, Sam. My name is Crabbe, Peter, from Willyams," said I.

"Yes, I know. Ellison told me you were coming. Seen Ell this morn'?"

I told him about my interview with "Ell"; and he said he guessed he'd go up to Rodick's, and tell the fellows to hurry. Off he went. In a short time two others, Boolidge and Frayer, Harvard also, and sub-Fresh, came along, introduced themselves to me, and asked if I were going fishing. I told them I was going too, and they inquired where the others were. On supplying the desired information, they also skipped, "to look up the rest of the party."

I have vivid recollections of making use of a small word which rhymes admirably with ham, when I saw their manly forms disappearing around the corner.

At nine o'clock they all appeared on the scene again, this time together, probably by accident. We then tackled the captain of the "Sairy Jane," who "hedn't reck'ned we'd try fishin', it was so foggy," and didn't have any bait, but would get some "mighty quick." "Mighty quick" is Mount Desert for two hours.

At eleven o'clock, five hours and a half after time, we started for the "Sairy Jane." I was

nearly frozen; for, encouraged by "Ell's" "balmy," I had togged out in a tennis shirt and cheese-cloth knickerbockers. Arrived at the sail-boat, the breeze was reported missing, and, in the rôle of millionaires, we were towed out at the cost of \$2.67 apiece, to save rowing.

The water at the fishing-grounds was as smooth as glass, and nothing but a long swell from the ocean moved our boat. The cold of the morning had changed to the other extreme of a nose-peeling heat; and my nose went in and peeled for all it was worth.

"Thar ye be," said the "cap'n." "This yere's the best place for cod on the coast. Take this yere line, an' haul 'em in." Thereupon he threw me a clothes-line, more or less than a mile long, with two hooks at one end, which I baited with half a sardine. After pulling in my line three times, under the impression that the sinker was biting like time, I finally felt a ferocious jerk. I pulled for dear life, and landed my fish.

"Cod?" I asked.

"No, idiot, lamprey eel! Chuck it over!"

I chuckled. But in five minutes more I hauled it up again. I went through the formality of catching that eel eleven times before I killed it. Then my luck turned, and I caught three fish closely resembling the cover of the *Century*, five tin pots, a consumptive haddock, and finally, much to my delight, a two-pound cod. I was just getting proud of that cod, when the rocking of the boat became more pronounced and my emotions became most pronounced. The effects were harrowing, and, although the Harvard men seemed to enjoy it, I will not relate them. At my urgent request we weighed anchor and sailed back.

When we got within the harbor, I was nearly myself again, and undertook to learn the piratical art of sailing. I took the helm, and the captain attended to the sails. We got near another boat, when he yelled:

"Go off on the other tack."

"What did Cap'n say about tacks?" said I.

"Go off"—*Whang!* We'd busted the other boat badly, and our own considerably.

"Blamed lubber!" said the cap'n, "gimme that 'elm." He took it, and I crawled away into the bow.

"Say, leggo that main brace, will yer?" asked he, in a minute. I wished to retrieve myself in the eyes of Harvard, so I tackled a thing in the middle of the boat, and undid a big knot. Suddenly there was a splash, and the keel grated on the rocks beneath.

"Yer tarnal *eejit!* You've dropped the centre-board, and we're in a—" I omit the rest. We were stuck in the mud, and had to swim ashore.

Of my day's trip I made this schedule:

PETER CRABBE.			
Cr.			Dr.
Boat Hire,	\$7.00	Two lbs. cod, at 5c.	\$.10
Bait,	1 00	Experience,	47.23
Damages to Boat,	18 00		
	\$26.00		\$47.33

That's all. But may I be used as bait the next time I go fishing.

Yours,

PETER CRABBE.

PONDERINGS.

I wonder what a maiden thinks
When she receives a bunch of pinks
From some young man aspiring,
Or e'en while these admiring,
Some sly youth boldly, gayly winks—
I wonder what a maiden thinks.

I wonder what a maiden thinks,
When down upon his knees there sinks
A sighing, sobbing wooer;
Or what, perhaps, is truer,
He tumbles there, in skating rinks—
I wonder what a maiden thinks.

I wonder what a maiden thinks
When, after scribbling in all inks,
A youth drops her forever,
And never tells her, never,
Why he away so coolly slinks,—
I wonder what a maiden thinks.

REST AT LAST.

THE early dawn of a cheerless day had crept timidly up over the distant hills. The sun had shone out for an instant and then vanished into a mist of cloud. The poultry had long since descended from their nightly perches and innocently and noisily hailed the beginning of the day destined to be fatal to so many of them.

And now the people in the little village themselves began to stretch their arms and rub their eyes, with just one last yawn, preparatory for that bold plunge into the frosty region outside the bedclothes. Among the rest, old Uncle Smithers arose, and after dressing himself peered out through the frosty panes at the matutinal smoke-spirals rising in the brisk air. Sombre and distressing thoughts, instead of the bright and cheerful ones common to this day, seemed to be brooding in his mind. He fairly scowled.

All through the day, during breakfast and dinner, despite the tempting array of eatables that his housekeeper had prepared for him, during the perusal of his papers, and during his inevitable forenoon constitutional, this mood never seemed to leave him. Muttering away to himself, looking up and down the street with a vague, apprehensive, and yet menacing air, he took his walk; grumbling at the weather, and starting up as any one entered the lane, he spent several hours in solitude and soliloquy. Once when Farmer Brown's little girl came to borrow some yeast, he seemed almost to break forth, but whether in a fit of anger, or convulsive spasm of terror, it would not be easy to say. From daybreak to sunset this unaccustomed frame of mind continued, and even into the night.

True, as he sat there in the fire-light and dusk, he formed by no means an uninviting picture, his old gray head leaned forward on his hands, while the dancing flames cast fantastic shadows about him and lit up now and then odd bits of the scene. But had one drawn much nearer he would have been repelled by the grim, set expression that overspread his features. It had all the sadness of an unfulfilled hope, and the indefinable horror of a haunted being. Only as the clock struck the regular hour for his retiring did it relax. Then suddenly a smile lit up his face.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" cried he, acting more like a delighted child than a wrinkled grandfather. "The day has come and gone, without its happening. I hardly could have expected it, but at last it is accomplished. Oh, ho! A whole Thanksgiving without long-lost son, daughter, nephew, runaway couple, or even a long-lost dog turning up. Hurrah! Hurrah!" and he went

off to bed with a burst of merriment that alarmed the neighbors who happened to hear.

BALLADE OF THE HAUNTED STREAM

I.

Like some fair girl who hastes to meet her swain
Yet hesitates each step with maiden fear,
So the still stream glides downward to the main,
Pausing at times in fern-set pools,—and here,
Where bend the willow branches to the clear
Deep pool beneath, and where the forest hoar
Seems whispering old tales of magic lore,
They say by night the fairies dance in glee,
And on the moss beside the curving shore
The Queen of Elfland holds her revelry.

II.

From beds in purple buds where they have lain
Until the mystic midnight time drew near,
To chimes of hare-bells and the far-off strain
Of forest melodies, the elves appear
In all the gorgeousness of goblin gear.
With brilliant dress the golden-beetle wore,
With scarlet plumes the humming-bird once bore,
They come in troops from every flower and tree
And round the fairy throne in concourse pour,—
The Queen of Elfland holds her revelry.

III.

Yet mortal eyes see not the goblin train
Whose bells sound faintly on the passer's ear,—
Who dares attempt a secret sight to gain
Feels the sharp prick of many an elfin spear,
And hears, too late, the low, malicious jeer
As long thorn-javelins his body gore,
Until, defeated, breathless, bruised and sore
He turns him from the haunted ground to flee,
And murmurs low, as grace he doth implore,
"The Queen of Elfland holds her revelry!"

ENVOY.

Sweet mortal maid, that fairy world of yore
Has vanished—with the midnights that are o'er;
Yet come and sit beside the stream with me,
That I, beholding thee, may say "Once more
The Queen of Elfland holds her revelry."

—R. G.

MUSICAL ASSOCIATION AT PITTSFIELD

LAST Wednesday night the College Club and Orchestra gave a most successful concert at Pittsfield. The large hall in which was held was entirely filled by a select enthusiastic audience. The stage was very

fully arranged, being decorated with flowers and growing plants, to resemble a drawing-room. Following is the programme :

PART I.

1. Overture, Orchestra.
2. College Songs— { "Mermaid" and "Solomon Levi," Glee Club.
3. Violin Solo—Traümerei, W. W. Wilcox.
4. Banjo and Guitar Selections, Troubadour Club.
5. Duo Violino—Pleyel, Dewey, '84, and Wilcox, '85
6. College Songs—"My Bonnie" and "Golden Rule."

PART II.

1. Maple Wood Waltz, Orchestra.
2. Clarinet Solo, M. Sullivan.
3. College Songs—"Way down South" and "Jingle Bells."
4. 'Cello Solo—Romance, F. C. Squier.
5. College Songs—"Clementine" and "Spanish Guitar."
6. South Mt. Galop, Orchestra.

Every selection was heartily applauded, and several encored. The violin music was justly appreciated, while the clarinet and 'cello solos received a due share. The banjo and guitar selections are always sure to "take," any way. College songs, when well rendered, never fail of interest in an outside audience ; and in this case the good townspeople and fair "daughters" of Pittsfield were not exceptions. The Orchestra as a whole were in fine trim, and did finely. The Glee Club is now composed of Copeland, '83, and Adams, '86, 1st tenors ; Dewey and Ramsey, '84, 2d tenors ; Kemp, '85, Colt, '84, E. A. Blackmer, 1st bass ; Penrose, '83, Trowbridge, '84, P. W. Blackmer, '86, 2d bass, and is led by R. S. Smith, '83. Of the orchestra, Ramsey, '84, and Wilcox, '85, are 1st violins ; Colt and Penrose, '85, 2d violins ; Martin and Squier, '84, 'cellos ; Kent, '85, Adams, '86, cornets ; flute, King, '84 ; trombone, White, '84 ; bass, Trowbridge, '84, and is led by H. P. Dewey.

SOCIAL EVENTS.

DELTA PSI SPREAD.

ON Saturday evening, the 18th, the Delta Psi society gave a spread to the Junior and Senior society-men of the college. Quite a large number were in attendance, and a very enjoyable time was had by every one. Williams

of Troy furnished the refreshments. During the evening there was a 'cello solo, by Squier, '84, and piano music, by O. W. Lansing, formerly of '83. Lansing Van Schoonhoven, of '80, and Danforth Geer, of '79, were present, and the former gentleman favored the company with singing. The affair was a pleasant break in the quiet of the term.

PRESIDENT'S RECEPTION.

On Thursday evening President Carter opened his parlors for the reception of the Senior class, the Faculty and their families, and graduates in town. Eighty-three, remembering the pleasant evening spent last winter at Prof. Perry's, on that gentleman's birthday, and the interesting "Germans" at Prof. Rice's, turned out in full force, and the evening passed very pleasantly away in conversation. This custom, in vogue at Yale and some other colleges, always proves a pleasant remembrance of Senior year, and is only one step more toward the promotion of perfect good feeling between Faculty and students.

THE OAP THAT FITS.

That adage old comes home to me
About my cap, this gift from thee,
Of summer's days a memory,
Queer Tam O'Shanter—
In which I see, or think I see,
A bit of banter.

But in the cap lies my chance, too,
It came "with love," to me, from you ;
And as that "fits," it's on ; now Sue,
Hear me, instantler.
I'll come at once, say'st thou, but "do,"
At Tam's own canter.

COLLEGE NOTES.

THE first snow of the season was visible on the mountains the morning of the 14th inst.

A. W. LANSING, '83, was in town last week.

F. B. FARTOUTE, '85, will rejoin his class after the Thanksgiving vacation.

A. J. PARSONS, '85, has temporarily left college, but expects to rejoin his class in the spring.

H. A. GARFIELD, '85, has been elected a member of the *Athenaeum* board, vice W. F. Hawkins, '84, resigned.

THE Hare and Hounds run Wednesday the 8th, with Copeland, '83, and Clark, '84, as hares, proved very successful.

* PRESIDENT CARTER will deliver his lecture on "German Mythology" on Tuesday, to the German and History electives.

It is quite amusing to watch the unsuccessful attempts of two Sophomores to beat a certain Freshman on the tennis-field.

OUR conundrum editor has been working for two weeks on "What is the Amherst *Student* like, and why not?" He gives it up.

MESSRS. HOLT and Pease will be unable to sing with the Glee Club in Pittsfield next Wednesday. Dewey and Ramsey will substitute them.

"THY vaunting I deride!
And if thou said'st that I should score
A cut"—which means one absence more—
"By waiting till the stroke of four,
Chum Chugly, thou hast lied!"
On the Chum's chin in hue of red
A ten-day's beard then bristled;
Fierce he broke forth:—"And think'st thou then
To make the Chapel in seconds ten,
Thy proper seat to gain?
Thou canst not do it, haughty Jo,
No, by Saint Chad of Chadville, no!
Ring, sexton, ring! Now, Joseph, go!
Thy utmost efforts strain."

Bold Joseph turned,—well was his need!
He grabbed his Livy, then his steed,
Like lightning through the doorway sprang,
He gave the door a mighty bang;
So swift he sped, so fast he flew,
His feet scarce brushed the morning dew;
Clung he to horse, and reached the door
Just on the latest stroke of four.
Not lighter twangs the Jews-harp's note,
Not nimbler skips the mountain goat.
And when young Joseph reached his seat,
He chuckled o'er his nimble feet,
And thought upon the Chugly's woe
At being once outwitted so.

It is understood that the visiting Presidents and Professors were especially well satisfied with the general appearance of the college and students.

WE are glad to see that Williams is to be represented in the "Actasnde Library" by Mr. Rolmes of the *Athenæum*, and await his novel with great interest.

THE *University Magazine*, *Student*, *Orient*, *Dartmouth*, *Athenæum*, *Brunonian*, and *Argonaut*, have spoken in favor of the I. P. A. Let it boom!

THE Sophomores have been informed that, unless they take a decided brace, the usual Christmas "weeding out" will not be confined to the Freshmen.

THE first lot of *Gul* matter has gone down, and things all predict a most successful number of that much maligned periodical. (*This kind three for ten cents.*)

AN operetta, entitled the "Crimson Scarf," will be given at Adams shortly, under the direction of Prof. Roberts. Mr. R. S. Smith, '83, will take the leading part.

OWING to the usual failure of the Troy and Boston train to be on time, the Sophomores were unable to make their trip to Easthampton, and play Williston on Saturday.

OUR Ex-President, the Honorable Paul Ansel Chadbourne, D.D., LL.D., and now President of the Agricultural College at Amherst, was seen to drive through town recently.

MESSRS. R. S. SMITH, Dewey, and Wilcox, of the college orchestra, supplied the musical part of the programme at the Improvement Association entertainment in the "Congo," Tuesday evening.

PROF. WILLIAMS' reading at the Congo, enlivened by the music of R. S. Smith, F. C. Squier, and W. W. Wilcox, proved a very interesting entertainment, for the beginning of the V. I. A.'s course.

EQUESTRIANISM is becoming popular among the students, and deservedly, for in no part of the State is there a better opportunity afforded for this exhilarating and healthful exercise, than about Williamstown.

ARTHUR PERRY, '85, has left college to accept a lucrative position offered him in a Holyoke paper manufactory. Will our Prof. in Political Economy continue to advocate the removal of all duties on "pulp?"

THERE is truly need of a chapter of "the society with a long name" in this college, as any

one will acknowledge who witnessed the dignified action of the Prof. who threw a dog out of chapel a few evenings ago.

"DID you go to the Sophomore racket at F(r)itz's? Kemp, '85, "set up," and from all accounts a remarkably lively time was indulged in," says the *Acta*. Williams, '85, is waiting for its Kemp to go and do likewise.

WHO says Williams does not contain footballists? In the Sophomore scrub games last week, five men were carried from the field disabled. What we lack in skill is more than equaled by our superfluous muscle.

WE have finally solved the meaning of that mysterious local in the last issue, 132d page. It did not refer to getting left on the last four, nor flunks in the Lord's prayer, but to the chilling presence of so many college presidents.

A VERY pleasant surprise was given to the persons who attended the sociable at Mrs. Wheeler's the evening of the 17th inst., in the "impromptu" charades given by the young people of the town, assisted by some notorious characters in college.

PACH has never been more successful in taking class groups at Williams than this time. The *Argo*, *Athenaeum*, and *Gul* boards were all taken Thursday the 16th, and now his assistants have departed to the abode of "McCosh and Malaria."

WE hope everybody will enjoy to the full extent their ride to and from home, as well as their fifteen minutes' visit in their respective depots. Still, if you are good at catching severe colds, or missing trains, you may manage to get a day's vacation.

OWING either to the returns of the late election or to some reason which is not clear, the town authorities have taken measures to construct stone crossings over some of the most frequented mud-holes of the village, and the work is already progressing.

A MOST enjoyable sociable was held at the house of Mr. Sewall recently. Among the entertainments of the evening a quartette from the class of '86, consisting of Messrs. Pease, P. Blackmer, Adams, and E. Blackmer, rendered some vocal selections very finely.

WE would especially recommend to our readers that they make sure to attend the reading to be given by Miss Jessie Cothoni at the Methodist Church this evening. Her talents are more than the ordinary, and have always elicited favorable comments from her audiences and the Press at large.

AT the foot-ball game a week ago last Wednesday, between the Sophomores and a picked eleven, several of the players received severe injuries. Johnson, '83, had a tooth broken. H. W. Bishop, '86, was injured in the jaw. Williams, '84, was badly hurt in the shoulder. Yates and Count, '85, were more or less done up.

PRESIDENT CARTER has said that he has no control over the actions of students during vacation, and that he imposes two conditions only upon the *Williams College Musical Association* in the event of their making a western tour: First, that they do themselves credit in their performances; and second, that they return promptly on the opening of the next term.

PERSONALS

'25,-'59a,-57. Among the distinguished company who gathered at Delmonico's, in New York city, on the evening of November 9th, to give a complimentary farewell dinner to Herbert Spencer, were David Dudley Field, Cyrus W. Field, and Samuel H. Scudder.

'40. The November number of the *Brooklyn Advance* contains a biographical article on Dr. H. M. Scudder, who has just accepted a call to the Plymouth Church of Chicago. To this a good portrait is attached. He has preached at New Rochelle, Jersey City, and the Central Congregational of New York city, having remained at the latter place twelve years. Twenty years of his life were spent in India, as missionary, in which he undermined his health somewhat. The membership roll of his church in New York has been increased from 368 to 1358, and the mission school under his charge from 55 to 1300.

'44. Mrs. Wm. E. Dodge, of New York city, has just given \$2,000 to the Mills Seminary at

Oakland, Cal. Mr. Cyrus T. Mills, who was for some time a missionary in Ceylon, and lately President of a Seminary in the Sandwich Islands, founded this Seminary at Oakland in 1865. They have the most complete establishment on that coast, largely the work of their own hands. Last year there were one hundred and ninety students, and the number of graduates for the past sixteen years is two hundred and forty-two.

'47. A. V. Van Vechten, of New York city, has arranged for a gathering of Williams College alumni, to meet Franklin Carter, LL.D., the President, at the Windsor Hotel, in that city, Thursday evening, Dec. 28th. Dr. Hopkins will be present if health permits. Any Williams alumnus in the city whose address may not be known to Mr. Van Vechten is desired to inform him. It is desired that as many as possible be present.

'47. Hon. David A. Wells delivered a telling address on the subject of "Revenue Reform," as suggested by the recent elections, before a large number of revenue reformers, in New York city, November 9th.

'48. Pres. Chadbourne addressed the Housatonic Agricultural Society at Great Barrington, Nov. 14th, on the subject, "Education of Farmers."

'56. A. G. Potter has been appointed Master of Chancery for Berkshire County, Mass., by Governor Long.

'59. Rev. T. M. Coan, the veteran missionary to the Sandwich Islands, has lately suffered a severe stroke of paralysis, unfitting him for duty.

'60. Hon. James M. Barker, until recently a member of a law firm in North Adams, Mass., took his seat on the Superior bench at Boston, last Tuesday, Nov. 21st.

'60. Hon. James M. Barker has been appointed a Justice of the Superior Court of Massachusetts. An exchange says: "Mr. Barker was one of the committee on the revision of the statutes, made in 1881, doing his full share in making that work the success that it is."

'61. Charles L. Hutchins, of Medford, Mass., has received a call to the pastorate of a church in San Francisco.

'77. W. L. Adam was admitted to the bar, at Pittsfield, Nov. 14th.

'79. G. T. Dewey is practicing law in Worcester, Mass.

'79. Rev. H. P. Perkins arrived safely at Yokohama, Japan, October 10th, after a pleasant voyage of seventeen days from San Francisco.

'82. Townsend and McCamant are in Columbia Law School.

'82. J. D. Hardy is working in the office of the firm of Delong & Seaman, No. 5 Central Wharf, Boston, Mass.

JASON'S LOG-BOOK.

COLLEGIATE FICTION.

THE sanctum fire was burning brightly; many of the western exchanges were for the first time showing brilliancy; and even the paste-pot looked sociable. So, naturally, Medea did not want to go. But it was necessary. There were many and tempting-looking papers waiting to be reviewed. At last Jason took courage.

"All right, Medea, we'll flip up. Heads I win, tails you lose."

She rashly assented. The penny came down heads up. "You will have to run down to the post and get the *Cornell Sunbeam*. Now don't come back very soon," said I, and turned to the exchanges. "Tails, tails," still echoed about the room, and so "Tales" it shall be.

There is a sort of flavor about every college paper that distinguishes it from all others. It pervades its editorials, it runs through the verse as a sort of refrain, gives a coloring to the stories, and even shows itself now and then in the college notes. The Harvard journals, now that they are for the most part devoted to news, do not present as many light articles as formerly, but what they do contain are of the same sort as those of former days. They seem to pertain more or less to satire on Harvardisms, or the easy narration of some society incident, imaginary or otherwise. For the most part they are capital, but Jason has seen some which he would hardly have looked for in their pages. The late hit in the *Crimson*, on the catalogue's statement

of minimum yearly expense, was very bright, while the recent "Haze little," a miniature tragedy, is a form of literature to which the *Advocate* has for a long time seemed especially attached.

Of the Yale papers, the *Courant* never fails to present the inevitable maiden in all her manifold relations to susceptible students, its literary department often presenting a woeful series of abandoned crushers following one another in a melancholy procession. The *Record* somehow runs to weird, wild tales, in which lovers sail off and never return, or eat one another up in the most nonchalant manner. Its plots are, indeed, dreadfully and wonderfully made. It is true, however, that last spring, about the time of those famous didactic editorials in regard to college stories, that the *Record* gave some very good examples of the doctrine it preached.

For undiluted and unequalled slang, for wide-awake style, for ludicrous situations, and on many occasions undeniable wit, the *Acta* is surely unequalled. The *Spectator's* stories usually give the impression, somehow, that the authors are "travelled" men; they refer so familiarly to "Yurup;" they deal with Nihilists and French Countesses so often, and manage to give a flavor of been-all-through-it-you-know to their productions. One story of the *Spec.*, though, Jason remembers to have tickled him immensely when he read it. It was entitled "A Costly Introduction."

The *Burr's* tales are usually readable, and are quite burr-y. The *Princetonian's* are dramatic to the highest degree. The Amherst *Student* delights in blood-and-thunder romances, with nightmare titles, or clumsy ebullitions of wit at the expense of the ancients. To be sure "Little Anne and her Friends" was an exception, but, if Jason remembers correctly, that did not receive an universal round of applause. Speaking of continued stories recalls the fact that the *Era* has recently sprung on its readers the opening of a serial. It ought to be unusually good, to bear printing in this way. As for most college tales, one dose is enough.

Of all the serials ever published in college papers, "Suspense," by Smintheus, in the *Acta*, was, without doubt, the best. "A Bird of the

Air," in the *Crimson*, was rather strained, and "Wilbur of Williams" exceedingly unsatisfactory. "Viola's Vassar Venture" had a few good points, and as for "The New Swiss Family Robinson," although it has been reprinted in pamphlet form, it did not seem very good to Jason. The "Cast Aways" is, however, a good deal of an improvement on it.

The *Orient* has, for some time, displayed a leaning to light literature, and has, from time to time, printed stories that would do credit to more pretentious papers. In the *Lits.* we do not often find them, but when they do appear they are sure to be worth reading.

To proceed further in the discussion of tales is, alas, impossible. Beyond these papers, and those of our own college, all is a dreary waste of encyclopædic essays or musty articles upon the "Ark," and subjects of a like antiquity. To print such effusions, Jason believes, is wasting just so much printer's ink and paper. The claim that they are such grand intellectual training for their authors may be true enough, but it can also be said, and with equal truth, that the writing of a good story or the careful development of some humorous subject is fully as profitable. A lively imaginative power is as desirable as forcible logic. Still, as a writer remarks in an eminently sensible article in the *University Magazine* (which, by the way, has improved wonderfully of late), on "The College Paper," a journal's mission is to be newsy and *interesting* to its readers, and, as every editor is supposed to know best the tastes of his subscribers, it is to be inferred that the perusal of these antiquated compilations concerning "Jonah," etc., is considered delightful.

However, as the college story is hard to produce, and produce well, so it is hard to criticise, and criticise justly. But, judging from all attempts hitherto made, it is best simply to treat of some short incident or adventure, than to try to condense a novel with a deep-laid plot into two or three columns of a college journal.

Jason wonders why the last *Olio* has not reached him. Possibly the kid tuned up again, and he was afraid to send it on. Hurry up, please, the fire is getting quite low!

OTHER COLLEGE NOTES.

HARVARD defeated Columbia the 11th, 2 goals, 4 touchdowns to 0.—Fuller, '82, at work on new book, "Fellow Travelers." Wish him success.—Prof. Bowen's lectures on study of Bible in literary and secular aspect largely attended.—Annex has secured incorporate charter during last year.—"Muckers" infest Holmes Field.—Seven hundred members in the Coöperative Society.—Hare and Hounds flourishes. Whole chase swam the Charles in the last hunt.—*Crimson* says elocution needs more attention from students.—Lacrosse team now champions of the U. S.—YALE'S foot-ball team somewhat injured by accident to Camp.—Examination papers for last ten years to be published soon in book. Pleasant reading for tutors and professors.—Three alumni presented library with \$500 of old English newspapers, 1789-1821.—Alumni Association met 18th at Delmonico's.—Senior reception given by Pres. Porter Monday.—PRINCETON'S library deficient in fiction.—*Princetonian* thinks Amherst, Dartmouth, and Williams should play ball together, and leave Harvard, Yale, and Brown to themselves. About right there, Prinky.—College conference Y. M. C. A. held here the 11th and 12.—Glee Club will make extended tour in vacation. Hope Williams ditto will not fail to.—Denny '77 has a record 375 ft. in ball throw, 9 ft. over Carse.—Class-day elections yesterday.—Faculty sat on Kennel Club. Too "doggy."—VASSAR has Monday, instead of Saturday, as holiday. Saturday better, though, if recitations late enough Monday to prevent Sunday study.—HOBART faculty fool with base-ball game, and get left. Rather fresh, wasn't it?—CORNELL to have fine memorial chapel in honor of Ezra.—Seniors will give concert under class auspices.—Work on new Physical Lab. braces.—BOWDOIN men trying to get a gymnasium.—Sophomores were beaten in hazing suit.—*Bugle* well under way.—Boston alumni reunite and dine once a month. Big scheme.—Pres. Cleaveland's History of Bowdoin, edited by Prof. Packard, just issued.—MICHIGAN UNIV. has 1,390 students, and 13 to 20 secret societies.—The *Amulet* has not shown up yet.—DARTMOUTH to have a daily soon.—A dozen tennis

courts in operation.—'83 took base-ball championship.—AMHERST, defeated by Yale, Harvard, and Wesleyan at foot-ball, beats the Aggies! Hurrah!—Hare and hounds resuscitated.—Senior Geologists journey about cracking rocks.—COLUMBIA'S class day elections very harmonious.—Seniors have it easy in English. Ours *thought* they would.—*Columbiad* board peaceful again.—In English Lit. exam. men will be asked to state, on their honor, whether or no they cribbed. What! a Columbia man crib?

CLIPPINGS.

SUSPENDERS for College breaches, is a Junior's definition of Faculty.—*Dartmouth*.

STUTTERING PROF. (*at the board*): "If a plane cut the figure of an angle of 90° the section will be a-ur—ur—be a-ur—"

SLEEPY JUNIOR: "No beer, thank you, but I'll have a little plain soda, if you please."

—*Spectator*.

THANKSGIVING.

By a man who starts for home during the Recess, and actually gets as far as his room door.

While raising the latch
I glance at my watch,
And find that vacation's begun;
But I've not turned the lock
Ere a stroke from the clock
Announces vacation is done.

—*Advocate*.

A.I.L RIGHT, WE WILL.

Opera—Billee Taylor;
Last week, Friday night.
She, full dress with lilies,
Opera-cloak of white.

Only met on Tuesday,
Impudence ungraced,
Tries to put, however,
Arm around her waist.

Heavens! how she shuddered,
Shivered like a saint,
Whiter than her lilies,
Seemed to want to faint.

He began to stammer,
Not a word would come;
She, "Sir, Oh, how dare you!
Wait till coming home."—*Princetonian*.

THE ARGO.

VOL. II.

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THE ARGO.

Published fortnightly during the college year by the students of Williams College.

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Students and graduates of Williams are requested to contribute articles, verses, letters, and Alumni notes.

ABITURI SALUTAMUS.

O readers, we who are about to fly
From Williamstown salute you, is the cry
Now chorused full by Argonautic lips,
As each man quickly grabs valise and skips.

O ye familiar scenes, ye bleak, bare halls,
Where stern Professor oft the fizzler hauls
Across the coals of Greek and Latin roots,
While Phlunkit pallid shivers in his boots;
Ye chapel seats, whose cushions red to gain,
Before the four is tolled, with might and main
The tardy wretch oft strives, but, slipping on the ice,
Adorns his coat skirts with some strange device;
Thou mucker's Gym; thou motley host of books,
Which Freshmen use instead of "babbling brooks;"
Maison de Hashe, whose ever hungry crowd,
Wail for their waiters in tones so shrill and loud;
Ye sharp, steep hills, adown whose snow-clad sides
The daring bobber with the "rose-bud" rides;
Thou wee Post-office, with thy master Sage,
Whence draw we *billets-doux*, or duns; thou stage
That to and from the dismal depot runs;
Thou Glen Fem. Sem. with maidens fit for nuns;
But most of all, old sanctum, trusty quills,
And well-worn ink-pots, big as "Berkshire hills";
To ye our "*Vale*" now,—without a groan,
For three long weeks we leave you well alone.

IT has been decided to fill the vacancy now existing in the Board of Editors of the ARGO, and caused by the resignation of Mr.

Thomas Nelson, Jr., from any one of the three lower classes, the new editor to be chosen solely upon the merit of contributions made before the first of February, 1883. These should be poetical in character, and of such a nature as those which now appear in the two Williams journals. If more than one is received, of course numbers will be considered, although one first-class production will be regarded as surpassing more of a minor quality. Although original verse, if good, is of course the more meritorious, parodies, if well carried out, are by all means more acceptable than poor originals. There certainly ought to be no hesitation in competing; Williams has always had a good reputation for poetry, and we feel sure that there are plenty of men in college who can court the muse successfully, if they will but try. As for time, there is certainly no lack, and, too, an unlimited inspiration can be gained during the holidays.

WE have been requested by the '84 *Gul* Board to announce that it is extremely doubtful whether they will be able to issue their publication before the beginning of next term. Embarrassing, though unavoidable delays were experienced in obtaining the cuts from the engraver, owing to the quality of the work which would not suffer haste. The covers required three or four days seasoning to allow the ink to set firmly. The printers have deceived them, and day after day has passed without the fulfillment of their contract, till deferred hope hath made sick the heart of the Business Editor. If it can possibly be effected the *Gul* will be ready for sale Monday morning, but while of course possible, it is not in any way probable.

INASMUCH as the opportunities for athletic pastimes are very limited in the college, it would seem as if every one of them should be taken advantage of. Now that the out-door sports are ended for the season we are obliged

to fall back for our amusement on the "barn" which has received the dignified title of Gymnasium. But even this grows tiresome, and our only refuge now is the bowling alley, and it is about this that we wish to make some suggestions. We have in the first place only two alleys, which are insufficient for the number of students who wish to use them. But the insufficiency might be overlooked if the alleys were kept in repair. At present they are in a wretched condition. A new assortment of balls is needed, and most of all the whole room needs a thorough cleaning from settee to mattress, as the cloud of dust which now never ceases to float in it, renders the place unhealthy, not to say highly disagreeable. The coming vacation will afford a good opportunity to put things in order and give us a comparatively good alley. We hope some improvement will be made before the beginning of another term.

OWING to the energetic efforts of some of its leading spirits, the Intercollegiate Press Association at last seems to have reached the point not only of tangibility, but of an actual convention for organization. It is now requested that the delegates from all papers, both those who have expressed their willingness to support it, and those who have as yet been "on the fence," assemble in New York city on the 27th of December, in order to discuss the matter, draw up a constitution, and make whatever other arrangements that may be necessary or advantageous for mutual work and progress during the coming year. This meeting, whose exact place will be announced in the *Acta*, being the first one of its sort, will no doubt prove of the greatest interest to all who are present, and it is urged that as many men be present as possibly can, although each journal will probably have but one vote. We hope to be on hand, ourselves, and look forward to an interview with the *Amherst Student* men with great zest.

ALL the classes prior to the present junior class have undoubtedly felt and expressed more or less dissent in regard to "moonlight"

appointments, though they were made in the best judgment of the professor to whom that duty falls. We appreciate the delicate position in which the one making the appointments is often placed, and receive with great pleasure the announcement of a new method of selection from the junior speakers. Ten or twelve of the best speakers will be selected and after further opportunity for drill the "moonlighters" will be drawn from this number. One step more we would like to see taken, that a similar arrangement be made for the selections from the sophomore class. Furthermore, let the contestants from this class have a chance to base their appointment on the delivery of pieces of their own composition instead of on mere declamations as heretofore. They are obliged to give original orations at Commencement, and one chance for preparation is certainly not too much to ask. We are not overburdened during our first two years of college with work of this sort, and a large number feel a lack of training in this respect when they are called on to perform such work in the last two years.

AGAIN the Joint Debate has come and gone. For the second time in succession has 'Technia triumphed. The exercises were, on the whole, very interesting, and well sustained. Yet we were somewhat surprised, as no doubt was our esteemed contemporary, on seeing so speedy a compliance with its suggestion that an oration be included in the programme of the evening. But one oration did not seem enough, and five more were added, whether or no to heap coals of fire upon the head of the suggester, would be hard to decide. However, this oratorical character of the speaking seemed to us a particular noticeable, and to say the least not commendable, feature of the whole debate. This, in fact, was thus made to consist rather of separate speeches in advocacy or defense of the question, seemingly all memorized, than hot and spirited thrusts and keen and skillful parrying of argument, such as have been witnessed of late years, where each speaker acted not only on the defensive, but also on the offensive, and not only attempted to strengthen his own side by confirmatory argu-

ment, but also to dissect and overthrow the points of his opponent. With this exception, which would not, to be sure, apply in the fullest degree to all the speakers, the affair was most creditable to the two literary societies there represented.

FOR some time the question of changing the composition of the base-ball league has been under discussion, and the opinion seems to have been gradually established that two leagues will hereafter answer the purpose better than one. The former, including Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Brown; the latter, Amherst, Cornell, Dartmouth, Williams, and Union. The only colleges which expressed any especial disapproval of this are Amherst and Cornell, who seem more inclined to "tail" the former colleges in a contest, than to lead the latter. We understand that the latest boom for the small college league was started by our own B. B. manager, during the Thanksgiving recess, when he met several men from these institutions, who agreed to work it up. To us, this division of forces and re-formation of associations, seems eminently practicable and desirable. In the first place the old scheme would make the membership of the league too great for a large or advantageous series of games between the different nines, and in the second place, such a game as Williams would play with a nine which stands any chance for the championship would be neither as profitable nor interesting as one with a nine more nearly her equal in strength. We hope to see this proposal thoroughly discussed during the coming winter, and would heartily advocate its realization next spring.

TARDINESS of action is the term most applicable to our season's work in foot-ball, and explains more than any other one thing, our failure in this sport. In other colleges, during the Fall term, base-ball is practically laid on the shelf and their energies are expended in training and equipping suitable teams for foot-ball. We, however, are inclined to waste from two to six weeks of work on the nine and then suddenly think that it is high time to set the foot-ball roll-

ing. The growth of interest and skill in this sport during the past two years argues well for organized effort the coming season. Two years ago the persons who could kick a good drop-kick were very few, but now we can count a large number who can justly claim this accomplishment in a high degree. Even the method of playing a Rugby game was not generally known, while at present hardly a man in college is not well able to comment on points of play. In the light of the Fall's work we wish to call attention to a point or two. The rush line of the university elevens is composed of much heavier men now than formerly, and, though it may be an objectionable feature, it is nevertheless true that weight is taking the place of speed in the present game. On the whole, our prospects for next Fall are very encouraging, and, with an early start, we shall doubtless see by the last of October a well-trained eleven in the field.

THE attention of the members of '84, at last, has been called by the Greek Professor to the establishment of a school for the deeper study of Greek language and antiquities at Athens. During the past year the school, under the most efficient management of Prof. Goodwin of Harvard University, has consisted of only six students, but in the coming year is expected to show a large increase, not only in the number of scholars, but also in the number of supporting colleges. We have been informed that Williams is expected to join next year, and we know that negotiations to that effect have been carried on by our President. Five hundred dollars is the fee required from each college on joining the school, and all scholars are free from the payment of tuition, but have, of course, their personal expenses to pay. To any of us who intend to make Greek a life-study, here is a rare opportunity to study the language under the best instruction, surrounded by all the incentives of daily contact with the remains of that people whose liquid language and incomparable work of art will be the study of scholars in all coming ages, as it has been in past ages. We sincerely hope that our authorities will give our scholars this opportunity, and in that case we urge upon

every student, and upon those whose tastes incline this way, in particular, an effort toward accurate study on this branch.

OUT ON THE LAKE.

The pale round moon shone overhead, and threw
Its silver beams athwart the wood-lined lake,
Whose surface, greenish-hued and undisturbed
By e'en the merest breath of air, seemed then
A polished marble floor where water-nymphs
And mermen gay might tread a minuet.
There, as I rowed along our tiny skiff,
And saw its wake grow broad and slow outspread,
Then sparkle golden in the noon's bright rays,
I thought it that great ladder, famed of old,
Upon which angels pure climbed up and down
From grosser earth to heaven's lofty place.
And though I saw no spirit walk thereon,
Just in our stern, above its highest step,
There sat a fair young girl, who might indeed
Have joined such company. Then true all seemed;
For with her there the skiff was Paradise.

BERCT.

KLEPTOMANIA.

A CHRISTMAS EPISODE.

"SO Dick wants me to spend a week with him at Willow Park this Christmas, and just when I am so interested in that last case at the hospital; but I'll go up and see the old fellow and talk over Oxford with him once more, and see his pretty daughters. Bless me, I haven't seen Belle and Lulu since they were in short dresses, and now they must be almost out of their teens."

Thus soliloquised Dr. Brompton, upon receiving the invitation of his friend, Sir Richard Langley, to spend the holidays with him in the country. The Doctor was too fond of pleasure to let any medical duties keep him at home, and the week before Christmas found him at the Park, the object of the most hearty welcome and the kindest attentions, especially from the daughters of the house. For the good man had been a great favorite in the family of old, when he used to hold Belle and Lulu on his knees and feed them with sugar-plums.

On the second evening after his arrival, he and Sir Richard had been recalling the old college

days over a box of fragrant cigars, while the other members of the family were busy preparing for the gaieties of Christmas eve. Old associations and memories thus awakened, crowded thick and fast on the Doctor's mind after he had retired to his room, and he lay long, hardly wishing to shut out the familiar scenes that rose before him one after another. The house grew quiet; every one else seemed wrapped in slumber, and still the Doctor slept not. Suddenly he became aware of a light footstep coming along the hall toward his door. The door was pushed gently open, and, without changing his position, he could see, in the light of the clear winter night, Belle Langley enter and go noiselessly to his coat and vest which were hanging on a chair. She seemed to search in vain for something there.

The Doctor was lost in astonishment. "Aha! my pretty maiden, perhaps you did not know that I always put my pocket-book under my pillow," he said to himself, as he lay speechless with interest in the young lady's course. Evidently disappointed in her quest, she went to the bureau, and he saw her take therefrom the only thing of value, his watch. She was gone as quietly as she came, before the victim of this theft could decide what he ought to do about it. He made sure this was not a case of somnambulism, for the fair burglar was dressed as he had seen her during the evening, and had evidently not yet retired.

"Can it be a case of kleptomania?" he asked. "I have met it before quite as unexpectedly. I must give this a little attention in a careful way, for poor Dick's sake, as well as for the cause of science." Upon reaching this, which seemed the most plausible conclusion, he soon fell asleep. Awaking the next morning and recalling the strange occurrence that had hardly left his thoughts, he turned his eyes to the bureau and was surprised to find his watch replaced there. Had the sister of this erratic young lady discovered this latest prank of the kleptomaniac and quietly returned the stolen property, or had the culprit herself, upon a return of her better reason, repented of her course and hastened to restore the watch?

The Doctor kept his council, and during the entire morning, was deeply engaged poring over

a musty volume on heredity. "I am convinced," he pondered, "that this case can be most satisfactorily accounted for on the grounds of heredity, if I can only trace the line through the right branch of the family. Now from some of Dick's college pranks, which were before inexplicable to me, I am inclined to take the doctrine of the spermatists and ovists and call this a case of direct heredity. But I must not proceed without sufficient evidence."

At this moment Sir Richard entered and began to rebuke him for so violating holiday customs as to devote himself to study.

"I plead guilty," he replied, "but I find you have here quite an interesting work on a favorite subject of mine. Were you never interested in tracing the similarity between father and daughter in certain historical characters? Take Aristippus the Cyrenaic philosopher and his daughter Areta, or Theon the geometrician and Hypatia, or Scipio and Cornelia, or Alexander VI and Lucretia Borgia, or Caligula and Julia Drusilla. Have you never observed, too, among your own immediate acquaintances, remarkable cases of this sort?"

"Really, I must acknowledge my obtuseness of observation in this respect," answered Sir Richard, trying not to look bored. The Doctor was disappointed. He had opened the way to some confidential testimony, and had hoped to add one more case to the list he had carefully drawn up.

We will not follow him through all his researches. The next volume he plunged into was a memoir of the late lamented Sir Stephen Langley, father of Sir Richard. "It may very likely be a case of reversional heredity or atavism," he reasoned; "corroborating this theory I have such instances as that of Scipio and the Gracchi, Charles Martel and Charlemagne, Charles VI of France and Henry VI of England, Theodosius and Pulcheria." The good Doctor wearied his host with all sorts of questions about his father, and then, convinced that he was not yet on the right track, he turned his attention to collateral or indirect heredity, and amassed quite a volume of notes on that subject.

"Did you ever," he asked Sir Richard, "con-

sider those striking examples of collateral heredity we see in Caesar and his grand-nephew Octavius, in Seneca and his nephew Lucan, or in Pliny the elder and Pliny the younger?"

"My dear fellow," he replied, "why will you not take a little relaxation from your scientific investigations? You will, I hope, put away your note-book and your medical works this evening when we gather around the Christmas-tree."

But the indefatigable Doctor could not be kept from the library long at a time. He had still to consider the heredity of influence in connection with this interesting case, and then he remained quite uncertain as to the proper head under which to put it, though determined to solve the problem finally. With puzzled brow he had turned to the consideration of certain instances of spontaneous abstraction, artificial revery and hypnotism, when the girls came to drag him to the great hall where the whole household were assembled around a resplendent Christmas-tree. From its richly laden branches all received in abundance, and the Doctor was by no means forgotten. But no one could understand the mingled look of startled surprise and sheepishness with which he received one of his presents, a token of affection from Miss Belle in the shape of an elegant, richly embroidered watch-pocket. It was a dainty souvenir, and the agitation it produced in its recipient might perhaps have been explained if he had been a younger man.

We have simply to add that Dr. Brompton took the first opportunity to burn his notes, and then he devoted himself for the rest of his visit to romping with the young people.

A BUNCH OF ROSES.

DIZAIN!

You, white roses, do I send her
As a message or a token,
Telling of my heart's surrender,—
Telling secrets never broken,—
Saying something never spoken :
When she takes you from the tissue
Paper, please remember this (you
Very lucky leafy vagrants!)—
If she should incline to kiss you,
Breathe my love forth in your fragrance!

F. D. S.

LETTER FROM HARVARD.

CAMBRIDGE, December 12, 1882.

NOW that the foot-ball contests are over, the college is indulging in some healthful meditation about "ways that are dark." We are tiring of the wholesale condemnation of our chief adversary. Not that we pity Yale, for she has the champion's belt for solace, but because we don't like to see our colors dragged in the mud. It isn't pleasant to read our name in connection with the epithets which are on all sides applied to Yale. We don't enjoy keeping bad company in the role of Dog Tray, and are almost ready to adopt the extreme views of Dr. Crosby regarding the extravagance and degeneracy of college athletics. But the remarks of Dr. Crosby have been as severely criticised as has the foot-ball playing of Yale, so we are left, at best, only a choice between evils.

The prospect for next year's foot-ball team is undeniably bright. The class of '86 has shown by its game with the Yale Freshmen that it has good material for the 'Varsity team. Eighty-six, in fact, is fast becoming the college pet. The class is taking an interest in athletics which is by no means usual with Freshmen. Their crew has begun work in good earnest under the coaching of Col. Bancroft, and its progress is eagerly watched. They have shown commendable promptness in sending their challenge to the Columbia Freshmen. The race will probably take place on the Charles River. By the way, a recent suggestion, to the effect that the inter-collegiate races for both 'Varsity and Freshmen crews be rowed a week or two earlier than usual, is worthy of consideration, for it has much to recommend it.

The six hundred and sixty-four students who petitioned the faculty for an extension of the customary Thanksgiving recess, were somewhat surprised to be answered not only by a refusal to grant the petition, but by a decree which cut down the usual recess to a single day. This apparently arbitrary ruling by the faculty was greeted with many conjectures, and a general misunderstanding resulted. Some classes, in the hope of bringing the faculty to terms, "cut" their recitations *en masse*. Many of the noble

army of petitioners took advantage of the voluntary recitation privilege, and extended their recess until Monday. It is to be hoped that such unfortunate occurrences will be avoided in future by establishing some means of verbal communication between faculty and students. It has not been found that a faculty loses its dignity by taking the students into its confidence, and some college faculties have found that it pays to make public announcement, explanation, and exposition of new rules. An arbitrary faculty is often times accountable for an insubordinate "studentry."

The joint concert of the Glee Club and Picrian Sodality was given on the eve of December 11, in Sanders Theatre. Dancing in Memorial Hall followed the concert. Harvard is well provided for musically. Col. Higginson and George Henschel favor us with a series of concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and Prof. Paine has begun his series of chamber concerts by the Müller-Campanini string quartette and the Beethoven quintette club.

Professor Pickering of the observatory has issued a pamphlet calling for unskilled assistance in a series of observations relating to variable stars. It is work which professional observers have no time for, but as amateur astronomy it is pleasant, interesting, and profitable. Elaborate and costly instruments are not needed; where anything in the telescope line is necessary an ordinary opera-glass or a field-glass will be found sufficient.

FROST CAMEOS.

Upon my panes, at break of day,
Appears the work of elf and fay;
Those magic scenes in crystal white
They trace upon them through the night,
In respite from their prankish play.
Of dream-haunts mine the ghosts seem they;
My castles built of mist or spray—
My idle schemes—"pinxii" a sprite
Upon my panes.

As from the heat they fade away,
I musing cry, half grave, half gay,
Must thus, too, all my plans take flight,
And none survive life's toilsome fight,
But, like these, melt,—and nothing stay
Upon my panes? —CARL.

WELL FORETOLD.

WE fellows never understood how they came together, but there they were, as queer a pair of chums as ever graced the old college among the hills. Graves, the older, was a quiet, good-looking fellow, who mingled little with the other boys, but passed his time reading. He was not brilliant, yet was one of the most active, studious fellows in the class, and a general favorite. West, the younger, was a Southerner, thoroughly imbued with all the fire and aristocratic feeling of a man descended from true types of the Southern gentleman. Little given to study, spending most of his time in out-door pursuits, he too was liked by all, the only drawback being his fiery temper, so that we often wondered how he endured the restraints of the good orthodox institution.

With characters so opposite, they were yet the closest friends, having not even those little difficulties so frequent between college chums. Thus passed three years, and at the close of Junior year West invited his chum to spend the vacation at his home in Southeastern Tennessee. Graves was only too glad of a chance to see the sunny South, and a pleasanter time he vowed he had never spent. Hunting, boating, and long rides over the shady roads of the broad plantations, filled the time which passed but too rapidly for one who was fascinated with the free and chivalrous hospitality of the Southrons. Undoubtedly no small part of his pleasure arose from his acquaintance with West's sister, Edith, who was the life of that Southern household, and the evenings were spent by the three in chat and merriment on the broad veranda. While thus engaged one evening, Edith proposed to tell, after the fashion of the negro crones, Graves' fortune. Lines and marks were carefully scanned, and he was disposed of with a perfect *pot-pourri* of nonsense. Money he would have, not much, 'tis true, but he would keep what he did get; his was a sunny road, with one marked exception, which lay dimly in the future, and thereafter all was quiet happiness. Once or twice he thought he caught a glimpse of portended truth, but hopes and fears alike were dashed by the sudden shifting of the tale. So merrily went the weeks.

But all good things must end, and all too soon the chums were back at their duties. They graduated with more or less honor, and a half dozen years sped rapidly away, during which Graves, having lost all track of his more wayward chum, became instructor in his *Alma Mater's* halls.

The portentous Fall of '60 had come and gone, and the following spring brought the outbreak of that conflagration which had for a score of years been daily gathering strength, and was destined to smoulder for yet another score of years. Leaving his professor's chair, Graves enlisted among the first, and in three years wore for meritorious conduct a colonel's eagles. The Union army had given way before the awful carnage of Chickamauga; then followed that rapid series of victories, culminating in the splendid charge up Mission Ridge, in which he fell wounded, and was left for dead upon the field. When he came to himself he was lying in the parlor of an old mansion which stood near by, showing only too plainly the devastations of warfare. He gazed wearily about him, till his eyes rested upon the gray-clad form of the soldier who lay next beyond. A young woman, who had till now been moving noiselessly from one to another in deeds of mercy, approached, and with a cry of pain knelt beside the Southerner. He turned his head and gazed now at the woman, then at his wounded comrade, who was intently scanning the faces of both. Recognition was mutual; after so long a time, but under surroundings so different, were met again the two classmates, brother and sister, and the lovers.

Long weeks of gentle nursing brought back accustomed vigor. Old haunts were revisited, old times recalled, and the acquaintance of former years grew wonderfully fast. The days flew swiftly by, and he soon returned with his Southern bride to the quiet old college town. "'Twas, indeed, a well-told fortune," he remarked one evening, as they sat, hand in hand, in his cozy little study, while at the open window the full moon peered curiously in through the leaves of the overhanging trees.

'86 seems very partial to pea-jackets.

A TRANSFORMATION SCENE.

Hello! that's the fair Molly's scrawl!

Yes, I feel it; the picture's inside.

I thought 'twas most time for this haul,

For though I ne'er made but one call,

I sent mine, and now she's replied.

Well, what a big joke on old Bill!

He thought himself sure of *that* crush.

Who "said she lived only for Will,—

But every one else was a pill;"

In fact was quite become "mush."

I'll pile on the grinds now so thick,

The poor wretch soon tired will be.

I'll make him eternally sick,

When I show how remarkably quick

She mailed back a picture to me.

Let me see, how shall I arrange?

But first I will open and see

How it looks,—what! Jove! this is strange!

She does not see fit to exchange,

And sends back my picture to me!

WASSAIL.**NOT A CHRISTMAS STORY.**

It was a grand old room. The ceiling was supported by massive oaken beams that were black with age. Curiously carved wainscoting of the same wood extended around the walls as high as I could reach, and touched the ceiling. There, as though proud of the feat, it had plumed itself with excessive dignity, and, swelling with pride, had displayed a profusion of luxurious carving that made all the oak in the room turn a perceptible shade darker with envious malice. At least, I indulged the whimsical conceit as I sat warming my feet on the hearth. There seemed to be a peculiar gloom about the room that was extremely favorable to such vagaries. And I, who was spending the holidays with my friend in this fine old mansion on the Hudson, was in a reciprocal mood; for I had just returned from a sleighing party, where the young ladies, to enliven the time, had told many quaint legends about the old homestead of the Vander Vorters.

I tried to close my eyes and look back a hundred years, peopling the room with all sorts of images. I tried to call up the shades of the original Vander Vorter, and came very near succeeding, when my eye was attracted by a piece of furniture in the corner, before unnoticed. It

was a large wardrobe, set into the paneling of the wall, and made of the same material. But the carving was so curiously wrought in quaint designs, that I left my seat to examine it. After duly admiring the sculptor's genius, curiosity, which was ever my besetting sin, prompted me to open the door and look in. It was vacant; and I observed that it was about my height. "This is interesting," thought I. "I wonder if the original Vander Vorter ever made use of this as a place of concealment." I am not much of a historian, but I had a general hazy idea that those were troublous times in which he lived, and that secret hiding-places were as necessary an article of household furniture as the spinning-wheel. And both had always possessed a strange fascination for me.

"I have it!" I said, almost aloud, as the thought flashed suddenly across my mind. "If this wardrobe is in any way connected with some of the old Hollander's exploits, and if his spirit has acquired that restive and pernicious habit of haunting, it must have a weakness for this very spot!" So, highly amused with the whim, I stepped into the wardrobe, very much as the Hindoo steps upon the magic rug—firmly bent on invoking a spirit. As I entered, the door gently closed upon me, leaving me in utter darkness. I groped about to find the latch, not wholly without that peculiar sensation of doubt that is closely allied to superstition. There was a faint glimmering of light that seemed to come through the key-hole. Sure enough, there was the latch. I raised it and opened the door. Everything looked strange. "Ha! ha!" said I aloud, wishing by the sound of my voice to dispel this freak of the imagination, "I have become the dupe of my own scheme. Yes, this was undoubtedly the same room. The same oaken ceiling, the same wainscoting, the same fire-place. How foolish to be so easily deceived!" But there was little encouragement in these words. The fire was certainly burning more brightly than when I left it, and—yes, beyond all doubt, there was a huge crane hanging over the blazing log, with a cauldron of some savory compound suspended from it by a chain. On the table where I had just thrown the latest novel, sat a large tank-

ard of beer, and several long-stemmed Flemish pipes. I had barely time to make these observations, when I heard footsteps in the hall, and hastily drew back into the wardrobe; just as the door opened, and two men entered the room. The foremost was stout, thick, and very muscular. He wore a peaked hat with a broad brim and plume. His breeches were of the richest material, and reached only to the knee, where they were gathered with green ribbons. The sword suspended from his belt was partly concealed by the rich cloak that hung from his shoulders. His hose were of the finest green silk, from the Flemish looms. His feet were encased in high-heeled slippers, with huge silver buckles on the insteps. His companion was similarly dressed, though not so richly.

They seated themselves at the table without a word, and commenced smoking phlegmatically, only pausing now and then to take a deep draught of the beer, or stir the contents of the cauldron. How long they might have continued this dumb show is uncertain, had not the sound of merry voices resounded through the halls, and presently several children, accompanied by an elderly lady, burst into the room; the appearance of each being as distinctly characteristic of Dutch nationality as that of the two men already described. Rosy-cheeked, meek-eyed little girls, with their flaxen hair hanging in two thick braids down their backs. Rosy-cheeked, fat little boys, with short trousers and ruffled shirts. All seemed brimming over with good humor; though every sound was hushed the moment they crossed the threshold, and they proceeded in pantomime, like their predecessors. They seemed bent upon some merry purpose. Snatching away the half-emptied tankard, they cleared the table in haste; while the smokers looked on with stoical indifference, not at all disturbed by the playful theft. One of the little Vander Vorters (for I could not doubt their identity) now disappeared, and returned almost immediately with a punch bowl of mighty dimensions, which he placed upon the table. One of the men then assisted them in pouring the hot punch from the cauldron into the bowl. Some apples were thrown in, which bobbed about in great agitation, to the intense enjoyment

of the children, who clapped their hands with delight. Then all drew up their chairs in a circle around the fire. The punch was circulated freely with raisins and nuts, and while all were making merry over their wassail, the old Vander Vorter took one of the little Vander Vorters—the youngest and fattest toddler of them all—on his knee, and after one or two contemplative puffs at his pipe, rested it on his knee, and began to tell the little circle a story. At least, so I judged; for he occasionally made a gesture with his pipe, or a nod of the head, and all the children seemed intensely interested.

From time to time he pointed his pipe over his shoulder in the direction of the wardrobe, and from the scared faces of the young listeners turned in my direction, and from the way in which they would huddle fearfully together, I made no doubt that he was telling some ghostly tale connected with my hiding place. Presently, when the suspense seemed at its height, the narrator took or two puffs of exasperating length and calmness. I thought I could discover the trace of a smile on his face as he noted the anxiety of the little up-turned faces about him. And when they had reached the extremity of their endurance, he closed the tale with a denouement that gave evident relief to his hearers. There was an audible sound of freer breathing, and a general relaxation of strained nerves. And to prove that he was not influenced by the story, one sturdy little Netherlander sprang to his feet, and approached the wardrobe where I was concealed. I began to tremble with the fear of detection, and to all appearances some of my alarm was communicated to the little adventurer, for he halted once or twice as though in doubt. But too manly to retreat, he summoned up all his youthful courage and strength, and gave the door a vigorous pull, which caused it to fly open on its hinges, carrying all hopes of concealment with it!

A piercing shriek from the terrified Vander Vorters followed the discovery. A shriek so sudden and unexpected that I started as though I had felt an electric shock. Before I could collect my scattered wits I was being dragged along at a brisk pace by half a dozen laughing girls,

who had thus unceremoniously waked me, and were hurrying me to the kitchen, where the punch was steaming, and a jolly crowd were assembled for the Christmas Eve wassail. "We still keep up the old custom, you see," one of them explained.

HOLIDAY WEEK.

The holidays are come; their joyous mirth,
 Their bounties rich, good cheer, and merriment,
 Their gracious givers on good errands bent,
 The thousands gay and happy on our earth,
 The urchins singing carols and His birth,
 The air so fragrant with the holly-scent,
 The world of love so present, and so blent
 With everything, but tells me more my dearth.

And yet if She, so fair, were gracious too,
 If she would only show the smallest sign
 Or speak the smallest word of love to me,
 My thoughts would quickly lose their sombre hue;
 Be gay and merry,—gayer none than mine—
 My heart sing blithest carols in its glee.

H. S.

ISRAELITISH.

I DON'T know that any one would guess it from my looks, but I am *the* conversationalist. My powers in that line have always been considered something wonderful ever since I was ten years old. I am a miracle of talk—the grand, unequalled chin-mill on any subject under the sun, from Vanderbilt's latest apothegm to Platonic psychology. I suppose no man ever existed who could shoot off so much regular gilt-edged, high-toned, Boston-culture sentiments and ideas in such a graceful and perfectly natural manner. It is with no little pride that I look back upon the day when I out-talked three book-agents and a strong-minded woman in four hours. Jack, I am a holy terror, and there's no discount on it.

"Did I ever get slipped up?" Not muchly! No, siree. I am right on deck when any cooney boy shags up with a deep-laid scheme. He must look out for a shower-bath of nitro-glycerine, as it were. But, to come right down to hard-pan, there is one girl it makes me sad to think of. 'Twas the summer I staid at that beastly old "synagogue," the Fort William Henry, at Lake George. Never saw so many Jews before in my

life, nor ever one so pretty as this mash of mine. Oh! she was toothsome! Regular novel-Jewess all over, you know, dark-eyed, dark, soft hair, etc., etc. Couldn't be beat. Well, about the conversation dodge. You see the crash was working, and I was chinning at a Rarus gait. We had touched on common-places, and now I, wishing to get on familiar ground soon as possible, struck off on literature. Tell you what, I'm immense there. It went something like this: "What do you think of the present tendencies in American novelists? Do you not give Howell and James the precedence of all others? Do you not revel in Eliot's poetic sympathy with all humanity? How delicate Hesiod's wit is! And your own Disraeli, how wonderful he is! But to change the subject,—how do you like Ham——"

"Why did I stop there?" Well, if you wouldn't stop when a girl was giving you the blackest old scowl you ever saw, and bursting out in anger, and dusting out on the fly. Well, you bet you would.

"Did I ever fix it up?" Fix it up? Well, if I didn't shoot a little darkey up to her room in about three minutes, with a full explanation, and my theory of the madness of Hamlet thrown in, I will buy the beers for our club-table. In about an hour we had the dizziest boat-ride you ever dreamed of. Well, the general crush and conversation continued for about a week, and we had run pretty low on philosophical and literary subjects, when I picked up current customs. We were pacing the broad, magnificent piazza, which was crowded with her compatriots, loaded as usual with gems of all sorts, both real and imitation. Not thinking that this was one of their usual characteristics, I began—"What horridly execrable taste! Guess they must have been up at Diamond Island to-day. Regular torch-light procession, *n'est ce pas!* How I do hate to see such a lot of jew——"

"Left again, eh?" If you had been on the spot when her paternal ancestor slid his fist up under my nose, and inquired if I desired any further acquaintance with it than this whiff of its fragrance, you would not ask me this question. You wouldn't ask either, if you had helped carry me up stairs soon after, when I had tried to clear

up the affair by commencing over again, and getting stopped just where I was before. Not muchly!

"Did I ever see either of 'em again?" Yes, sir, with a vengeance. I had just finished an interview with old Jakey last spring. I was in despair. My ulster would not "pring one zent more dan doo dollars." Emerging from the door, I yelled hoarsely: "A thousand curses upon the whole Hebrew nation!" Her paternal was just passing in his carriage. He nailed me; caught the grim humor of it all, and smiled.

THE NIBELUNGEN LIED.

I sat in my room at midnight and read of the days of old;
I read of Sigmund and Signy, and Volsung, war-king bold;
I read of battles and sea-fights, of harps and stirring glees;
And how in their storm-tossed galleys the bold earls sailed
the seas.

I read of harpings and joyance, now legends in Sagas told;
And how Queen Borghild's fearful hate lurked in the shining gold;

I read how the great tree Branstock grew upon the wide
hall floor,

And the massive rings of silver bound fast the castle door.

The Northern legends seized my soul; they wrought in my
brain like fire,

My heart-strings throbbed and fiercely strained with a vague
and strange desire;

But past is the age of vikings, no more through the brazen
horn

Will blow the breath of warriors, in greeting to the morn.

The olden laws and customs are shattered as Sigmund's
glaive;

No more shall the golden galleys be borne on the rushing
wave;

The mighty kings and warriors no more will wield their
sway,

But the tales of their deeds of daring stir strong our blood
to-day.

—JACQUES.

HIS FOREBODING VISIONS.

A TALE OF THE RECENT DEVELOPMENTS.

THE first recitation was just over, and the Seniors stood in little groups at the base of the chapel tower. There had lately been a good deal of interest taken in spiritual manifestations among the students, and especially in this class. Mesmerism has been successfully employed;

many claimed mediumistic powers, and séances were of frequent occurrence. But for the last few days there had been a lull in the proceedings. It was rumored that the faculty did not like the phase affairs had assumed, and were going to lay the ghosts, if possible.

"I wish you would come over to my room, Janeway. I have something to tell you that may be worth your hearing, though not overpleasant," said a tall, black-haired fellow to a comrade. "You may as well come, too, Billy," he added to his chum, "you have heard it before and can brace me up, if necessary."

The trio slowly climbed the iron-bound staircases, adorned now and then with ash-heaps, relics of overturned coal-hods, until they reached the cosy room of the speaker. Here they seated themselves, and Bullead, for this was his name, began: "Your propensities in regard to visiting Adams, Janey, are only too well known for me to dwell long upon this painful subject. But, nevertheless, it is in connection with them that I must speak. You know that during these goings on in the line of spirits and so forth, I have found myself in possession of a wonderful faculty of second-sight. In the trials afforded me I have failed in all but four times to answer correctly, and detect or reveal whatever was wished by the person inquiring of me. And now, for the last three nights in succession, I have had terrible dreams about you; I have seen you in the most dreadful situations, such that almost stopped my heart-throbs from fright. But all I have to say is that you had better stop your Adams trips at once. For it is always on your return from Adams that you appeared to me in these dreams; always upon the Adams road was it that this catastrophe takes place. This is all. But I beg of you to beware of Adams. Scorn not the voice of Fate!"

The three sat together in silence for some time. After some moments young Janeway heaved a deep sigh and went out, looking very pale. He kept his room for several days, not ill, it was reported, but continually and silently brooding over something. Soon, though, he re-appeared on the campus, assumed his usual duties, and performed the class tasks as the others did, but in a sort of

listless and mechanical manner. There seemed to be a cloud over the young fellow, which all the attempts of his friends were unable to remove in the least. He could not in any way be aroused from his torpor, which at times seemed to possess an element of fear and intense melancholy. Thus nearly a year passed.

It was about a week before commencement that Janeway again visited Bullead for the first time since that eventful morning when the latter had told him of his frightful vision. He had entirely lost the look which had been his chief characteristic for the last six months; his figure was erect, his lips compressed, and he gave one the impression of a concealed but strong determination. He entered the room.

"How are you, Janey? What can I do for you?"

"Do? you've done enough already! Look here, you sneak, the real truth of your pretended powers is out at last. Your lies are discovered! Now, sir, what was the nature of that dream of your's about me? No hesitation, out with it."

Bullead stopped and looked at him. He had always been at least his equal physically, and now his angry and menacing bearing seemed to increase his proportions. Bullead did not hesitate long. "Well, to tell the truth, it was done in a kind of paternal way. I wanted to shut down on your Adams visits, if possible. The vision I conjured up was that of a Professor snagging you when somewhat off your base."

"You cur, and it is for *that* I've lost my beer!"

There was a dull thud. A stout blow from Janeway had laid out the would-be seer.

The door closed and Janeway went out again.

THE JOINT DEBATE.

THE joint debate between the two literary societies took place on Wednesday evening, Dec. 6th, in the college chapel, and was won by the 'Technians, their second successive year of victory.

The weather was far more propitious than on the evening of the same event last year, and a large and appreciative assemblage greeted the speakers.

The exercises began at 7.30 with music by the college orchestra. Mr. J. H. Burke, of the 'Technians, then opened the affirmative of the debate on the question, "Resolved, that the Government should have control of the telegraph lines." Mr. Burke spoke forcibly of the dangers of the present system, as exemplified in the enormous monopoly of the Western Union, and was followed by Mr. D. B. Pratt, of the 'Logian, who argued that the assumption of the control of the telegraph was, in principle, contrary to the idea of governments in general, and this government in particular, and that it was contrary to both the letter and spirit of our constitution. After music, "Greylock Galop, Zikoff," by the orchestra, Mr. J. E. Peirson ('Technian) referred to decisions of the Supreme Court, interpreting the constitution so as to allow the assumption of control by the government. Mr. F. De L. Smith, of the 'Logian, then spoke of the economic and moral arguments against such control, and was followed by music, "La Petite Coquette Waltzes," by the orchestra. The last speaker on the affirmative was Mr. W. N. Hubbard, of the 'Technian, who adduced economic arguments in favor of government control, quoted the success of the scheme in foreign countries, and summed up the arguments on his side. Mr. S. Y. Y. Holmes, of the 'Logian, then closed the debate, after bringing up the arguments concerning the increase of corruption in the civil service, and very eloquently depicting the condition of affairs as it would be if the government should have control of the telegraph. The judges (Profs. Rice, Fernald, and Hewitt) then retired, and, after the performance of "Concert Overture," by the orchestra, their decision was rendered by Prof. Griffin, who acted as presiding officer.

The debate was close and interesting, and was listened to with marked attention to the end.

A SECOND portion of the new apparatus for the chemical laboratory has arrived. It consists principally of glass ware, including a complete set of volumetric appliances, and three Kipp's generators. For physics, Coulomb's torsion balance, Rate's reversible pendulum, and a set of lenses and prisms.

COLLEGE NOTES.

THE frequent deaths of late among the Williams alumni is become extremely noticeable.

FAITOUTE, '85, has returned to his class.

WHERE was the snow-plough after last week's storm?

NORRIS BULL, '84, returned to college again last week.

REV. T. T. MUNGER preached in the college chapel, Dec. 3d.

GILLETTE and Heath, '82, attended the Joint Debate last week.

THE 'Logian and 'Technian library choices will be drawn this afternoon.

L. Y. GARDINER, '84, has resumed his former place of second violin in the orchestra.

JUST a year ago, the orchestra made its first appearance at the Joint Debate of 1881.

JAMES D. COLT has been obliged to resign from the Glee Club on account of over work.

PROF. DAVID ROBERTS has been drilling the Glee Club this week, and improved their singing quite a little.

JOHN TATLOCK, '82, has been elected to the assistant professorship of Astronomy, at Wisconsin University.

C. B. PENROSE, '83, M. H. Clark, A. W. Underwood, and I. W. Allen, '84, were the ushers at the debate.

AFTER Christmas *Dick* will be ready to shear his customers in his new quarters opposite the post-office.

PROFESSOR GRIFFIN gave a very enjoyable reception to a few of the Senior class the night after Thanksgiving.

DR. HOPKINS' portrait, to be contained in the coming *Gul*, ought to make it highly salable to all our alumni.

PROF. BLISS PERRY has nearly completed the course of declamations prescribed for the first term of Freshman year.

PRESIDENT CARTER preached a sermon on the late Dr. Flint, last Sunday, speaking of him in a highly eulogistic manner.

THE Guy Family once more appeared in Williamstown at Southworth Hall, on Dec. 1st. There were but few students present.

THE Musical Association will appear in Utica, Tuesday evening Dec. 19th, in Oneida Wednesday the 20th, and in Buffalo Friday the 22d.

A MEETING of the Adelphic Union was held on Wednesday evening to select from a list presented, a speaker for next commencement.

THE Seniors are now daily mailing "Pach's premium photos" to all sections of the country. There will no doubt be a boom in albums soon.

EPHRAIM, the famous sage who formerly presided over the *Argo's* Exchange column, will lend his genial presence to the gathering of the I. P. A.

It is said that a new and remarkably select secret society, whose shingle bears the letters S. C. V., has recently been organized amongst us.

WILL not some enterprising news-dealer send the *Bates Student* a calendar for 1883? It seems to imagine that the present age is the 16th century.

PROFESSOR MEARS' kindness in removing Hubbell, '85, who is dangerously ill, to his house, wins for him the sincere respect and affection of the college.

THE joint debators seemed not to have been at all backward in either communicating or interviewing all sorts of prominent persons in regard to their arguments.

VICTORIOUS Yale has, since 1876, won 132 goals and 104 touch-downs, to two goals and four touch-downs made by her opponent. Such success is phenomenal.

PROF. GRIFFIN has announced the subjects for the Junior orations of next term. They consist of six divisions of six subjects each, comprising almost everything in the encyclopædia.

G. A. COPELAND, '83, has written two songs for the use of the Glee Club on their western trip, of which one is a serenade. No doubt some Buffalo "daught." will hear it ere long.

MR. F. D. SHERMAN, who has long been such a favorite poet in college journals, is soon to abandon writing for them altogether, to concentrate his efforts on work for the magazines.

THE development of the oyster is so slow that, in explaining its various stages recently, the lecturing Prof. required an hour of seventy minutes.

THE criticisms passed by the Juniors upon the steam tea-kettle in Goodrich Hall, do not, however, seem to assist it any in heating the amphitheatre.

SEVERAL Freshmen from the West recently tried coasting for the first time on Cemetery Hill. Their attempts at steering were a source of delight to the bystanders.

WHEN a late riser is hastening to make chapel, and gets left by slipping on the sheet of ice before the door, he realizes the difficulty of treading the path to righteousness.

"How Hazing was stopped at Harvard," which has been going the rounds of the outside press for almost a year, is now introduced to the college world as an original production, by the Marietta *Olio*.

"MR. BENEDICT's off-hand humorous remarks were very much appreciated," says a late *Acta*, in an account of a moot court in the Law Dep't, and referring to a former editor-in-chief of this paper.

WE hope to receive a good supply of rhyme next term, from competitors for the vacant editorship. Grind it out,—hexameter, lyrics, sonnets, or French forms. May even the Freshmen tro-olet!

ON Friday, Dec. 8th, the College Glee Club took part in the closing entertainment of the Lyceum course at the Methodist Church in North Adams, receiving hearty favor at the hands of the audience.

THE last *Wheelman* gives us another dose of "wheel, wheel, wheel," from cover to cover. It clips the "Bicycler's Song" by Mr. Badger, which appeared in a late *Athenæum*, and is on the whole very entertaining.

THE *Critic* of Dec. 2d, presents an interesting refutation of the charge that American publishers pirate the works of English authors, proving its statement by letters from men well known in the book trade.

IF the Exchange Editor of the *Era* is to content himself with merely the use of scissors and paste-pot to fill up his column, he ought at least to make an attempt to credit all his clippings, and credit them correctly.

WE would suggest to the *Gul* board that they send copies of their publication to the leading college journals for criticism. If it is all that it bids fair to be, the remarks upon it cannot be otherwise than complimentary.

PROF. PERRY'S Free Trade "squib," has just been issued. It is entitled a "Free Trade Lesson from the New Testament," is a four-page treatise, with numerous references to the Bible, and particularly to the parable of the ten talents.

FOR the past ten days Mr. Bliss Perry has been giving the Sophomores private rehearsals in declamation, preparatory to the competition which will take place next term, in accordance with the new method of selecting moonlighters.

IT has come to be a source of great amusement to watch a couple of Williams acid-slingers, one very short and one very tall, rush from Goodrich Hall down to the gas house, to give the generator the "brace" which it needs about once in a quarter of an hour.

A. H. CHADBOURNE, son of Hon. Paul Ansel Chadbourne, D.D., LL.D., M.D., formerly President of Williams College and now President of the Amherst Agricultural College, was entertained as a guest of Prof. Safford during Thanksgiving week.

ON the alternate days of the week, when there is no written exercise, Prof. Rice has proposed to occupy the last fifteen minutes in German conversation. The plan meets the approval of the class, as offering additional exercise in a thing which only practice can perfect.

"ALL wrong, boys," said Dingus. "Do you not perceive those trowsers? Left pant two inches higher than the right, indicating extreme partiality on the part of his suspenders? Do you not take in the entirety of that mouth, that exquisite ear, the utter absence of necktie, and general lawnlike appearance that betokens the Amherst man?"—*Acta*.

WHY did not the Musical Association give one concert in town? The expenses would have been almost nothing, and even if not much money was made, the students ought to have the privilege of hearing their own organization at least once.

A JAPANESE tea-party was recently held in the vestry of the Congregational Church, under the auspices of the young ladies' Missionary Society of the town. Fancy articles were on sale, and the proverbial tea-cup and saucer were captured by Senior and Freshman alike.

To those going to New York or the West for their Christmas vacation, the Troy & Boston Railroad offers excursion tickets to all principal points at exceedingly low rates. Special through cars will be provided, and the New York car will make connections so as to arrive in the city at seven P. M. Students will do well to invest.

THE Soph-Fresh foot-ball game on Nov. 25th was won by the latter by a score of one goal to nothing. The whole game was unusually exciting, good work being done by both teams, and especially by Safford, Green, Carse, and Hewitt. Copeland, '83, and Underwood, '84, divided the honors and curses usually bestowed upon the referee. Holt, '83, umpired for '85, Hayes, '84, for '86.

An interesting relic of former days has lately come into our possession. It is a bit of paper dating back almost fifty years, and is a valuable reminder of Williams journalism of that date. But any one of our readers can easily obtain a specimen of much such a nature to hand down to his successors, by visiting our Bus. Ed. and squaring his account. The relic is a receipt for one year's subscription to the *Adelphi*.

"Oh 'Steen, most apt, expressive 'Steen,
I love thee as thou art;
I would not have thee back again,
With six thy previous part.

I love thy free, thy slangy snap,
I'd knight thee if I could;
If thou wast only tangible,
I'd hug thee, so I would,"

sings a poet of the *Acta*. But what is there that a Columbia man would not hug if he could?

PERSONALS.

'29. Dr. and Mrs. Lowell Smith of Nunanu Valley, Honolulu, celebrated their golden wedding on the 2d of October. Dr. Smith left this country immediately after his marriage and went, under the A. B. C. F. M., as a missionary to the Sandwich Islands, where he has remained in faithful work ever since. Congratulations and presents came from friends in the Islands and America.

'38. Rev. Dr. H. M. Field, of the N. Y. *Evangelist*, expects to spend most of the winter at his charming home in Stockbridge, Mass. The exposure of travel during Dr. Field's long absence in the East resulted in illness, from which he has now happily almost recovered.

'48. Gov. Long has appointed Hon. P. A. Chadbourne a member of the Massachusetts Board of Prison Commissioners.

'48-'57-'74-'78a. At a teachers' association, to be held in Springfield, Mass., Dec. 27th and 28th, papers are to be presented by Hon. P. A. Chadbourne, M. H. Smith of Suffield, Conn., H. H. Ballard of Lenox Academy, and Prof. T. H. Safford.

'49. A short but effective address was delivered by Dr. C. S. Robinson in the Broadway Tabernacle, New York city, Thursday evening, November 23d, in behalf of the Hampton Normal Institute for Indian and Negro youth.

'51. Rev. Dr. Ephraim Flint, of Hinsdale, Mass., a trustee of the college since 1872, died at his home on the 29th of November. Pres. Carter, Prof. Perry, and many other alumni and friends of the college, to which Dr. Flint has always shown a great attachment, were present at the burial services.

'56. Brig. Gen. H. N. Eldridge, who died recently at his home in Chicago, was buried at South Williamstown, Mass., by his own request, on the 29th ult. Rev. R. E. Jones, of Williamstown, conducted the funeral services.

'56. Robert T. Pingree, classmate and roommate of Gen. H. N. Eldridge when he was in college, attended his funeral at South Williamstown. Mr. Pingree was one of the founders of the Williams' Chapter of the $\Delta \Psi$ fraternity.

'57. A new illustrated weekly scientific journal, called "Science," established recently at Cambridge, is to be edited by Samuel H. Scudder, President of the Boston Society of Natural History and Assistant Librarian of Harvard University, which position he has resigned to accept the new editorship. Mr. Scudder is a biologist, and his principal assistant will be a physicist.

'58. Dr. John Payson P. White, a prominent physician in New York, died in that city Sunday, Dec. 3d. He was born in Northampton, Mass., studied medicine in New York city, and entered Bellevue Hospital, where he served for many years. During the war riots in that city he was severely injured, and barely escaped being hung by the infuriated mob. He had but lately returned from a short trip to Europe.

'61. Gavin Langmuir, valedictorian of his class, died at Florence, Italy, October 16th, 1882. He was born in Ayrshire, Scotland, and came to this country when eight years of age. After graduation he studied theology at Princeton, took charge of a church at Morristown, N. J., but was compelled to leave on account of ill health, and went to Europe: He held successively the charge of the American Chapel at Rome, and the American Union Church at Florence, where he remained until his death.

'65. Rev. A. W. Field has accepted a call to preach at Tolland and New Boston, Mass.

'71. Robert W. Patterson, who has been for some time connected with the *Chicago Tribune*, has now become the managing editor.

'79. Rev. E. Trumbull Lee has been preaching for the past six months to a young and flourishing Presbyterian Church in Portland, Oregon, and is meeting with marked success. His congregation have lately finished a parsonage and are now building a handsome church.

'80. A. L. Van Antwerp is attending the Divinity School at Griswold College, Davenport, Iowa.

'81. Bliss Perry gave an evening of select readings in Ashfield, Dec. 1st, and one at Shelburne, Mass., Nov. 28th.

'81. W. D. Bidwell is attending the Boston Medical School.

'81. Childs is taking a course of theology at Boston University.

'82. J. Howard James soon enters the employ of the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railroad, in their office at St. Paul, Minn.

'83. Messrs. Wishard and C. K. Ober, college secretaries of the Y. M. C. A., have begun a work among the students of Phillips Andover Academy, which has awakened considerable interest in personal religion, and promises good results. They have also been at Amherst College.

JASON'S LOG-BOOK.

A ROYAL FEAST.

THE busy hum of voices is heard outside; now and then the sharp crack of some joke can be heard through the oaken door: and every moment the merriment grows louder. They have not long to wait, however. Soon the doors fly open, and the members of the college press are slowly pacing between files of waiters seeking their seats at the Christmas dinner spread before them by Jason, who for the nonce, becomes caterer to their critical taste.

Of course, it is not a mere material banquet, such literary lights as are summoned to share this hospitality would care naught for that. No, it is a "feast of reason," indeed, and a "flow of soul." After grace has been asked by the *Tablet*, the deft waiters quickly supply each guest with a dish of *Acta* snide soup, spicy and appetizing, doing no little credit to the *chef* who prepared it. The *Courant*, *Athenaeum*, and *Lampoon* men are observed to relish it particularly, some of them not even waiting to taste the "Triolet Oysters on the half-shell," which they found upon their plates on seating themselves. The choice now being offered between *Herald* brook trout, Harvard sauce, and *News* salmon à la Yalense, the majority are observed to show their preference for the former. This being quickly disposed of, they attack cold *Courant* romance turkey, smoked Amherst *Student* tongue, sugar-cured *Miscellany*, *Burr* spring lamb, or *Era* sardines. The turkey

and sugar-cured seem to be combined in many cases, from some singular caprice.

Now there is a general look of delight as the game appears, consisting of Inter-collegiate Football and Base-ball, Tennis and Lacrosse. All seem to enjoy these unusually, and some devote themselves to it so exclusively as to be obliged to leave the rest of the meal untouched. Again fresh plates are brought in, and the roasts are set upon the board. First, the *Crimson* boar's head with rosemary, rather an adornment than otherwise; then *Yale Lit* beef, *Dartmouth* goose, and *Magnet* duck. The waiters have to fly rapidly about now as the diners are becoming deeply interested, and call loudly for salads with which to make these suit their taste. *Lampoon* lobster, *Tiger* mayonnaise, and *Chaff* shrimp seem to meet with approval, though by all means the lobster is the favorite, from Elihu to Terofik. *Argonaut-Chronicle* ice, with assorted-joke cakes is now offered in attempt to rouse again the hunger so nearly satiated, for the dessert which is to follow.

As this appears, it is found to consist of meringues of French forms, jellies of exchange-columns, other college note macaroons, and local fruit, followed quickly by *Bates Student* Limburger and *Oberlin Review* Roquefort, which seem almost to disgust many of those present, the former is so nearly mouldy and the latter so dry, but this feeling soon passes away as the banquet closes with *Nassau Lit* coffee, fragrant and delicious.

They now retire from the table and adjourn to an adjoining room, the janitors of the *Acta Columbiana* and *Athenæum*, stationed on either side the portal hand them admission tickets to meeting of the Inter-collegiate Press Association, which despite the biliousness of the *Crimson* and *Courant* is about to meet in New York city.

Even while they are discussing its merits, a flourish of trumpets is heard, the audience seat themselves, and listen to the literary exercises. First comes the poems "Hugh Cressy," and "A Persian Dancing Girl," by A. M. L., of the *Advocate* and F. D. S. of the *Acta*, which bring down storms of applause, quickly, however, stilled by Pythagoras Dumkins, who reads one of his "letters home." The *Yale Lit* Prize essay which

follows does not seem to arouse the assembly over much, but a change is soon noticed as the *Spectator* artist executes and exhibits one of his cartoons in black and white. "*Lampy* is himself again," cries every voice as the merry jester pokes fun at himself even, in his despair over the Yale-Harvard game, while "A Thanksgiving Fall," read by the *Argonaut* man, seems to hold the interest of the assembly quite well. The *Tiger* is now brought in by his keeper, the *Princetonian*, who attempts to make him perform some antics, but the poor beast seems tired. But the hour is growing late, and after a short farewell, Jason wishes all his guests a hearty—*Merry Christmas*.

OTHER COLLEGE NOTES.

YALE for the third time wears the champion's belt.—Freshmen tied Harvard, '86, by a goal apiece.—Pennikeese to be brought out by amateurs at Middleboro, Mass.—New laboratory progressing rapidly.—*News* lately contained an account of one of Dr. Hopkins' recitations by a recent visitor to Williams.—Term bills' gas charge much mixed.—Boat club to produce Gounod's Faust.—Transit of Venus carefully observed by Professors.—Examinations commenced Thursday.—At COLUMBIA eighty-three's marks already published. Would that we could dream of such a thing.—Foot-ball team tailed the league.—Four successive cane and beaver rushes from Nov. 14-17 between Sophs and Freshs.—Seniors will give reception at Delmonico's or Brunswick. Also, *unanimously* voted not to sign paper promising not to crib. We thought so.—'86 class poet chosen by competition.—New architecture course meets with success.—Du Maurier praises "College Cuts."—PRINCETON's Civil Service Reform Club organized. Let us do likewise.—*Bric-à-Brac* out, and pronounced very good.—Catalogue much enlarged.—Sketch club hard at work.—*Nassau Lit.* will probably send two delegates to I. P. A.—CORNELL *Era* advocates co-operation at Ithaca.—University nine won six out of eight games played this season.—Evans, local artist, will photograph Seniors.—Junior ball to occur Feb. 2d.—Informal reception at Sage, Nov. 29th.—AMHERST has engaged Prof. Zuchtmann

for instructor in music. Hope glee club will brace now.—*Olio* equals *Gul* in its tardiness.—Students not rising during singing considered to cut chapel.—New Gym. to be shortly commenced.—Amherst too cries, "Let us co-operate!"—Mathematics cremated by Sophs. This recalls last fall's performance here.—MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY has now a course in Art.—Rugby has revived. Trouble in Medical Dep't. Junior charged Prof. with introducing anti-religious harangue in lectures, but charge was refuted.—Usual "town and gown" row as yet omitted.—BROWN's students did not escape general illness at Providence. Many absent from college on this account.—Geological field excursions found very profitable. We doubt if many Williams men make any next term.—"Hammer and Tongs Society" present two farces soon.—Recent additions to library in literature department.—At UNION, PA., Philomathean Biennial Celebration to be held Tuesday, 19th.—Athletic Club organized.—Entrance standard to be raised in 1884.—College exercises suspended Nov. 22d, at death of an '86 man.—Princeton Glee Club sang there Dec. 8th.—Gun Club held a contest Nov. 17th.—Want of elocutional practice felt.—DARTMOUTH has lost all interest in foot-ball.—Two societies initiated Freshmen this fall, instead of waiting till spring.—Medical College graduated twenty-one men Nov. 14th.—VASSAR celebrated Philalethean Day last Friday. Many collegians were present by invitation.

LAUGHING-GAS FROM LAMPY.

The North wind did blow,
And down came the snow,
And now there is nothing but slosh, but slosh!
My feet are all wet,
I've lost every bet,
And *this* is Thanksgiving, by gosh! by gosh!
—From "*Mother Ibis' Melodies*."

Hour Examination in Philosophy I.

Sept. 25, 1682, A.D.

State of each of the following propositions, and the inferences which have been drawn from them, whether it is true or false; and if so, why not? Then prove by means of circles that you are right.

1. When you undertake to call on Jenny, and don't discover that her father keeps a dog till you have latched the gate from the inside, you may infer that the longest way round is the shortest way home, and you had better climb right over the fence.

2. When you are taking leave of Jenny on the front steps, and feel a sudden exhilaration behind, you may infer that the old man has got home from church.

3. When a man fires at a weather-vane under the impression that it is a flock of wild geese, you may infer that he is a better shot with the pocket pistol than with the Winchester repeating rifle.

4. When you see a man with a carpet-bag in one hand, and a shawl-strap in the other, kick a small dog and swear at the clock, you may infer that the train has just left.

5. When you see forty-eight simple drunks in court on the morning after election, you may infer that there is a Democratic majority in the house.

6. When, on stooping to pick up a pin, you hear something break, you may infer that the salesman lied when he said those trousers were all wool.

7. When you hear a man swear fervently without any apparent cause, you may infer that his collar won't stay buttoned behind.

Tom, Tom, of Cambridgeton,
Bought a new foot-ball Monday,
Played with it on Tuesday,
Kicked a goal on Wednesday,
Felt pretty sure on Thursday,
Made a big bet on Friday,
Played with Yale on Saturday:
Sad was Tom on Sunday,
To pay his last cent on Monday.

MISS MARGUERITE (to Pullhard, stroke of class crew): You treat my kitten, Mr. Pullhard, very much as you did your crew last spring.—What do you mean?—Why, you stroke it the wrong way.

WILL the editress of the *Vassar Miscellany* kindly forward photograph of the delegate who will represent the paper in the Intercollegiate Press Association. Until we receive the photograph we cannot decide whether the proposed plan meets with our approval or not.

THE ARGO.

VOL. II.

WILLIAMS COLLEGE, JAN. 27, 1883.

No. 13.

THE ARGO.

Published fortnightly during the college year by the students of Williams College.

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Students and graduates of Williams are requested to contribute articles, verses, letters, and Alumni notes.

RUMORS have been rife of late of an attempt on the part of one branch of the Williams College Congress to obtain certain concessions from the other branch by means of a system of bull-dozing,—by threatening to disband their part of the organization if the requests were not granted. We deem it unnecessary to add our sentiments to those of all rational members of both branches of the Congress, in regard to the instigation of the above movement, if such really exists. We would suggest, however, that the pressure of such claim, and in such manner, is at least *prima facie* evidence of weakness on the part of the dissatisfied house.

IN our department of "Other College Notes," this time, may be seen the early results of one of the most prominent, if not the leading feature, of the Inter-Collegiate Press Association. In accordance with the constitution of the Association, we sought our news of this sort, as far as possible from the Corresponding Secretaries of the other members of the organization. The plan seems to work admirably. Instead of being compelled to read over a file of papers, hunt through their editorials and news articles, for the principal news of the colleges represented by

them, and then not be perfectly sure of getting what you want, or always being accurate, we have it at first hand, in a condensed form, all ready for revision and insertion. This change alone to us seems fully to prove the advantage accruing from a membership in this league, which does not rely upon this feature alone, but has many other pleasant social and intellectual traits to support it.

THE ball nine has ostensibly begun its winter practice. We say ostensibly, for verily our faith in its continuance is as a grain of mustard seed. From time immemorial have the college papers chronicled the same item. Year after year has the "ball nine commenced its winter practice," putting in some very heavy work for a week or more, according to its powers of endurance, till some of its members became too lame to walk, and then has been heard of no more till the occasion of some important ball game, when "the Williams men played admirably until the sixth inning, when they went to pieces and were badly beaten." It is a sad commentary, but true, not only on the ball nine, but on the college as a whole. It seems to be a sort of fatality that our enterprises should flourish only for a season. The present movement is in good hands, however, and we hope it will be pushed through.

WE cannot find words adequate to express our detestation of a practice which we are sorry to acknowledge has sprung up among certain students,—a practice of profaning the singing of hymns in our religious worship, by accompanying the tune with words which are utterly inappropriate, and this also in such a loud voice as to attempt to drown the voices of others in their vicinity who may be singing praise. The lack of regard for the rights of others, and the spirit of total irreverence which their practice manifests is unworthy of any who profess to be called gentlemen, or indeed, anything short of

heathen. We sincerely hope that it may rather have been due to thoughtlessness, and that it will be corrected immediately.

IT has been pretty generally understood throughout the college for some time, that Junior Minstrels are a thing of the past. The word has gone forth from the Trustees beyond recall. And there are unquestionably features of these entertainments, as given of late years, which justify their action. No objection has been raised, however, to a dramatic exhibition during the winter term, except the general one of distraction from the regular college work on the part of the actors; a thing which is more than compensated for, in our opinion, by the pleasant relief given by the entertainment itself to the college at large. '84's dramatic committee are busily at work, and propose to bring out a play during the last week but one of the term. In all probability a Junior promenade will take place about the first of June, but nothing definite has been decided on as yet. '84 has the talent for a good entertainment, and she will fall far short of her privilege if she does not make it the reverse of objectionable in every particular.

IF the more frequent periodicals issued by students represent as they claim to do, the real condition and tendencies of undergraduate life at their colleges, the annual publications from the same sources are decidedly more so. Summarizing, as they usually do the events of the past year, and criticising the same in a manner certainly frank, their pages generally filled with attempts, at least, at amusing satire, both pictorial and literary, their cuts, editorials, verse, typography, and whole tone, indeed, are thoroughly examined and discussed by other college men and the world at large. For these reasons, the advent of such a "Gul" as Eighty-four's is hailed with delight by the whole college, Sophomores included. The cover is tasteful, the paper remarkably heavy, the typography excellent, and the cuts very well executed indeed. As for the reading matter, it is thoroughly sharp and interesting, if it is a bit severe at times. When compared with the foul contents of the Amherst *Olio*,

it puts to shame such productions as are found therein. It is easy to be witty, even to "grind" cuttngly, without being at all vulgar or devoting the whole contents to the Faculty, in which point we are glad to see a change in the "Gul." It is, on the whole, a model annual, and one for which we may be glad to stick eleven cents worth of postage and mail to our friends.

EARLY in the term we received a notice from the Professor of Greek, stating that the Benedict prizes, in his department, would hereafter be awarded on the basis of class-work alone, no extra reading being necessary. With all due deference to his change in the matter, we cannot see that it was altogether called for. It may have been wise, perhaps, to lessen the amount of extra work required from the competitors for such prizes, but still we think where a prize is to be awarded, as in this case, something outside of the regular every-day, tread-mill labor, some chance for a little originality, some evidence of more than a common and mechanical knowledge of the parts of irregular verbs, and exceptions to rules for the optative, should be sought for, and the merits of the candidates decided in this way. The Rice prizes require of those seeking them not only outside work, but a year of elective Latin and Greek. Will not the same rule work both ways? In this connection, the subject of the Cobden Club model occurs to us. As the *Athenacum* suggested last term, it seems as if the present method of award were rather too loose to prove always satisfactory. To be sure, the selections thus far cannot be criticised in the least, but inasmuch as the prize is for proficiency in, and not for a knowledge merely of, political economy, the thesis method, as our sister urged, now in operation at Harvard, seems preferable.

IT has at last become a settled fact to the Williams journalist that if he wants anything done, he must keep asking for it, eternally, over and over, in as many different forms as his invention can discover. So now, while the dreadful scenes of the Milwaukee fire are vividly impressed upon the whole country, we take another opportunity for begging and entreating, and—nay, we

almost feel the right of demanding,—from the authorities whose business it is to see to the welfare of Williams College, that our institution be provided both with fire escapes and some means for extinguishing fire. The scenes which would take place, should West college take fire, have been pictured times enough by our predecessors on this subject. We all know well enough what the horrible results would be. East and South are not much better; indeed, the three are all quite typical fire-traps. If ever there was a crying need, a really felt want, it is that of adequate provision for fire. An appeal for such a thing as this cannot be treated like one for the abolition of evening chapel; evening chapel can be endured, but in the name of humanity it seems to us as if some definite action should be taken on this subject of all subjects. We are not alone in asking for this. Harvard and Yale are at this very moment seeking the same things from their officers. The time must come when we can feel more safe than now.

THE Congress of Williams College, of the projection and organization of which we spoke last term, is now in full and successful operation, but still its advantages are not fully appreciated by the majority of students. It is probably true that a large proportion of the students in each class are expecting to enter, sooner or later, the field of politics. To them the Congress offers advantages for parliamentary drill, and practice in political tactics which cannot be obtained in any other department of college life. The conduct of business is modeled after the proceedings of the State and National legislatures, and a code of rules has been adopted which is essentially the same as that in operation at the capitol. To those who are intending to study for the law or ministry the Congress offers advantages for studied debate, extemporaneous argument, and literary and historical research, second only (and in some respects *equal*) to the regular routine of the literary societies, of which the Congress is a branch. In a word, as has always been the testimony of those who have enjoyed such advantages while in college, the incitement thus offered to all classes of students

in all the various branches of literary, philosophical, legal, and historical study will at some time prove to have been of incalculable benefit.

WE are at a loss to understand why the number of hours during which the College Library is to be open this term, has been so greatly curtailed. The winter term for students of Williams college is, for two or three important reasons, preëminently a term in which much reading is done. The fact that the natural conditions of the weather are such that in winter all outdoor diversions—even including skating—are interfered with by the continual and copious snow-falls, the increased interest which is always manifested during this term in the Literary Societies, the preparation by the Seniors of their Graves Essays,—all of these strong incentives to extra reading, are potent reasons why the number of hours should be increased rather than diminished, in which we may have access to the shelves of the College Library. And yet (which is more inscrutable to us than the mere curtailment of the number of hours as a whole) we are denied access to the Library altogether, on both of the half holidays, except from 2 to 3 P. M. We hope that this arrangement is only a temporary one, for if otherwise, it seems to us not only an injustice to the college at large, but a special hardship for members of the Senior class.

MY LETTER CASE

It holds paternal missives terse,
It holds some from my betters,
It holds, alas, *rejected* verse,
It holds, too, fumes from fretters.

It holds some notes, I own they're duns,
It holds none, though, from debtors,
It holds Jack's postals, full of puns,
It holds Sam's tales of setters.

It holds a sage friend's counsels wise,
It holds—those lover's fetters,—
It holds—what most of all I prize,—
It holds my lady's letters.

—CARL.

LAMPY seems to be very much worried about Vassar and the I. P. A.

THE COLLEGE SPY.

CHAPTER I.—AFTER THE RUSH.

THE whole affair had been planned so carefully and so well executed that even some of the upper-class men, who knew all about it, wondered during the day if it had not fallen through, and they were never going to see a good rush again during their college life. But it was by no means in that condition; it was only the extreme caution with which Jack Monson and Tommy Burns had worked, that kept it so quiet, and in the end made it so successful.

And now, as Phil Raynor walked slowly back up the little path that led from the scene of combat toward his East College room, it was with difficulty that he restrained himself until he reached No. 20. There he gave way to his feelings. Quickly unlocking the door, he flung it together again with a bang, and with a loud whoop, rushed into the bedroom of his sleeping chum.

"Hullo, Slink! hullo, there! Wake up, wake up, and I'll—!"

"Yes, yes,—is that you, Jim,—has the warning rung yet? Are my shoes blacked?" answered his chum, evidently taking him for the servant who usually roused him in time for chapel every morning.

"No, Slink, it is I," was the excited reply, "and I want to tell you about the rush."

"Rush? what rush? Are you full?"

"No siree! Why we have just had a grand rush on the East College campus, and '88, big as it was, got all cleaned out. You see, old Moony and Tom Burns have been working it up for a day or two, but they have kept dark as could be. It must have been arranged in the most gilded way, too, for when I got there I found about all the Sophs and every Fresh, I guess—a big crowd, anyway—all assembled. Well, I took a hand immediately, and we soon had them arranged in a couple of dizzy old wedges, I tell you. And then the upper-class men drew one side, and when Moony gave the word you could have heard a pin drop. But then came the show; it was simply immense. Hardly a word was said, but how they did push for about ten minutes!

Then the Freshes began to give way, and in a moment they were flying along toward the back-stop at the rate of about a mile a minute. We couldn't hold in, then, but gave one big whoop. It quieted down at once though, and we silently 'stole away.'"

"How did the Sophs happen to get the bulge, if '88 was all there?"

"Why, you see, '87 has such a lot of big men, and this new fellow that has just entered beats 'em all. He's strong as an ox, and terribly gritty. If they don't put him on the college eleven at once it won't be because I don't propose it."

"Did any one get hurt at all?"

"No, I guess not,—but let me see,—yes, one Freshman had the wind all squeezed out of him; he was pretty hard up for a minute. You remember him,—that slim little fellow, who came down to Love's to board, the first day, but got sick of it and went off to a Freshman club."

"Well, you're a nice fellow, to know all about this and not to say anything to me about it. Jove, that was cool!"

"You know yourself, now, that you would have caught cold, out in that night air. I've seen you groan and grumble around enough with colds, that you will persist in getting in ways like that, to let you get into any more than necessary. And then again, if the Faculty get wind of this, as I've no doubt they will somehow, it wouldn't look very well for a Senior to be laid up the next day after a rush, inasmuch as they have taken to laying the blame almost wholly on the upper-class men for such occurrences."

"Well, I guess you're solid on the whole question, old boy, but that remark of yours about the Faculty's always finding out things, makes me think of that subject of 'spies,' that every once in a while, at some occasion like this, is fiercely talked about, has some rumors gotten up about it perhaps, but finally results in nothing. I'd like to know how it really is. Such a man as Twit, in our class, now, would be just such a man as everyone would be ready to suspect of doing that sort of thing. Always bootlicking around, always wearing that meaching, sanctimonious air, that I, for one, dislike so utterly. He never will

take part in any class action much, and he does go against my grain most fearfully. There are some men like Donne, who won't take part in some things, but will always tell you why. That's what I like, but to see him stand up, in that too good-for-this-world air, makes me disgusted with everything in general."

"There always have been stories, too, of men who were allowed to stay in college only because they acted as spies. Their stand was so low that this was the only way they could keep in. You've heard 'em?"

"Oh, yes! lots of times. I'd like to find out the truth of the matter, too, By Jove!"

"Slink, I'd like to try it with you! You know the story about the time the old Gym. was set on fire; how some of the Seniors acted as sub-detectives for the Faculty? Let's us try that racket, too, only we'll be chiefs, and not so much in the interest of the Faculty as we might be. Hey, how does that strike you, my boy?"

"Well, I can't say that I think there is much prospect of our finding anything out, but as long as you're so anxious, I'd as lieve go in. How are you going to do, Monsieur Lecoq?"

"Well, you just leave me alone for a day or two and I'll arrange it. But if Moony and Burns worked a rush so well we ought to be ashamed of ourselves if we can't do something better. Well, we've talked about long enough. I guess I'll retire for a couple of hours' sleep. One o'clock rushes at Williams don't come off very often, though."

"Well, that is Phil all over," thought Slink, or Lincoln Bradford, as he had been known at home. "Always rather fresh and ready to dip into anything, and he'll work at this like a tiger, I've no doubt, for about a week or two, and then slowly but surely drop it. His passion for study lasted about a year, his remarkable love for reading, as he called it, about a year more, and since then, poor duffer, he has done little but loaf. I wish I could do something to steady him down, but I guess he'll have to outgrow it if he ever gets rid of it at all."

Pondering thus, he gradually sank back into sleep and did not wake again until the black really did call him for breakfast and chapel.

That whole fine October day passed, and another, and even a third, before he heard again from the young schemer with whom he roomed. But just as they were coming out of the English Lit. Elective, on the fourth day, Phil whispered to him: "Have you heard that four Sophs have been snagged?"

"No! is that so? how did that happen?"

"The spy! and I think I'm on the right track."

(*To be continued.*)

OUI BONO.

"*Cui bono?*" "what's the good?" you say,

"Of my long course in college?

What is there that will *really* pay

Amongst much useless knowledge?

What branch of study of them all

Will get me bread and butter,

Till toothless babes in Latin squall,

Their ma's in Attic mutter?"

'Tis so, there is no single course

That I can now rely on,

But when I'm at my last resource,

Then, true young Yankee scion,

I can employ a little game

I learned 'neath classic shingles,

That may not glory win, nor fame,

But 'twill—the coin that jingles.

It is the keen and crafty way

To pass examination,—

Not once to fail, nor feel dismay,—

All on no preparation.

With crib and rollers well concealed,

To answer every question,

Nor let the secret be revealed,

By any Prof's suggestion.

Then civil offices will be

Competitively granted,

A trifle, bagatelle, for me,

To get securely planted.

To crib the ex., to gain a place,—

Big pay and easy duties,—

I'll live then at a modest pace,

And prospect round for "beauties."

JASON.

UPON the wall of the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium, in New York city, may be seen a fine plaster cast of an arm of John Gunster, Williams' famous oarsman, of the class of 1874. In those days the Williams crew was not to be sniffed at.

VACATIONANA.

THE old adage that "a bad beginning always brings a good ending," never proved truer than in the case of our Glee Club and Orchestra, on their recent western trip. Leaving Williamstown, Dec. 19th, on that unfortunate special, on the Troy & Boston, in their own luxurious private car, delayed by fate and various accidents, they did not reach Troy until 5 P. M., nor Utica until 8.30. By dint of many telegrams to the manager, they had succeeded in keeping a few people to wait there for them, and, having galloped from the station to the opera house, rushed through their concert at a rapid rate. Among the audience were the ladies of Mrs. Piatt's school, who were rewarded for their perseverance by a serenade after the performance, when they again showered gratitude on the fellows' heads in the form of snowballs and flowers.

On the following night, having made a trip to the celebrated Oneida Community during the afternoon, a concert was given to a moderately sized, but very enthusiastic audience, at Oneida.

Arriving at Buffalo at 3 P. M., two hours late, as usual, the rest of the day passed at a rapid rate. During the afternoon and evening, a dinner by Mrs. Ransom, a kettle-drum by Mrs. Squier, and a reception by Mrs. Talcott, were all given in their honor, and were most heartily enjoyed. On the following day they were dined by Mr. E. H. Jennings, of the firm of Warner & Jennings, at the City Club. In the evening the concert was given. The stage was decorated in the most gorgeous manner, through the extreme kindness of Mr. Jennings, who indeed showed a degree of interest in the association that deserves the good-will of every student of Williams. The fellows were in fine trim, and sang and played splendidly. Encore after encore was showered on them. Considering the cordial hospitality they received, the social entertainments tendered them, and the artistic and financial success of their performance, Buffalo surely repaid for Utica with interest. As a whole, the trip was not a success financially, but in every place they were highly complimented by the newspapers. They all declare that at Buffalo

they were treated like princes, and had a roaring good time during the whole trip.

THE Inter Collegiate Press Association, meeting at 10.30, Dec 27th, at Hamilton Hall, Columbia, and continuing for two days, was attended by about twenty five delegates in all, ten of whom signed the constitution there drawn up. These were the *Argonaut* and *Chronicle*, of Michigan University, *Amherst Student*, *Brunonian*, *Harvard Herald*, *Acta Columbiana*, *University Magazine*, *Athenæum*, *Argo*, and *Vassar Miscellany*, which was represented by proxy. The constitution finally embodies the idea of an inter-collegiate bureau of correspondence by providing for corresponding secretaries, to be chosen by each paper, who shall furnish news from their college to other members of the association wishing it. It also provides for literary exercises at each meeting, to consist of an oration, poem, history of college journalism during the past year, and a paper on some live college topic. These parts will be filled at the next meeting, to be held at Cambridge, respectively by the *Argo*, *Acta Student*, and *Miscellany*. The officers of the association consist of a President, Vice-President, Secretary-Treasurer, and Board of Reference of three members, filled now by John K. Bangs, of the *Acta*, W. E. Parker, of the *Student*, the *Harvard Herald*, and the *Acta*, *ex-officio*, the *Athenæum*, and the *Brunonian*. This last body is in fact the Executive Committee, which will "act on all questions of admission and expulsion, subject to the approval of the association, and take charge of the literary exercises." Representatives from the *Princetonian*, *Advocate*, and *Crimson* were also present, and showed their interest by taking part in the discussions. The delegates dined pleasantly at Martinelli's, Thursday evening.

ON Thursday evening, at the Windsor, by the invitation of Mr. H. V. W. Van Vechten, about one hundred and twenty-five Williams' alumni assembled to meet President Carter. For about two hours general hand-shaking and talking over of old times went on, during which time refreshments were served in an adjoining room. Then the hum of conversation suddenly lowered, and

finally dropped. The host was introducing Dr. Carter, who spoke very eloquently indeed, dwelling on the sweep of the influence of Williams, on its purity of atmosphere, and its relations to religious work. His humorous remarks about our weather were aptly returned by Dr. Hopkins, who followed him, and who was greeted, as usual, with a storm of applause. He reminded the President that Williamstown climate had driven off the consumption that was threatening him when he entered college, and thus done much good. He corroborated Dr. Carter's statement that Williams was surely progressing, and gave a number of instances in which she had led the way, especially in sending out a scientific expedition, in establishing an astronomical observatory, teaching mental science by eye-methods, and founding the A. B. C. F. M. Speeches then followed from William E. Dodge, Dr. S. I. Prime, Dr. James McCosh, Hon. Martin I. Townsend, Prof. Griffin, Pres. Webb of the College of the City of New York, Prof. Gates of Rutgers, and Dr. Henry C. Potter of Grace Church. Mr. Townsend's speech was in his characteristic style, in which he said his word for cold weather. Dr. McCosh said he had been paid the highest compliment of his life by being mistaken for Dr. Hopkins. Prof. Griffin made decidedly the *bon mot* of the evening, on being asked to speak, by begging to be excused from more than just a quotation from Becky Sharp, who "thought she could be a very good woman, if she only had five thousand a year." Dr. Potter said he had understood this was to be a condolence meeting of college presidents. "They were all coming together to be cheered up by the experience of Dr. Hopkins, who was to say to them in substance, 'Boys, brace up.'" The reception closed at 11 P. M.

RICHARD F. BOAS, of Reading, Pa., one of the present Freshman Class, has completed his method of obtaining squares, at which he has been at work for three years. Mr. Boas squared a number of thirteen digits recently before Prof. Dodd, in less than one minute. His method is quite ingenious, and though not a discovery that will revolutionize mathematics, does

him no little credit. The rule is as follows: "Beginning at the left, multiply the double of each digit of the given number by the number represented by the preceding digits, and write each product under those already obtained, in such a way that its right-hand figure shall be two places to the right of the right-hand figure of the preceding product. Then square each digit successively, beginning at the right, and place the right-hand figure of the first result one place to the right of the right-hand figure of the last product before obtained, and the right-hand figure of each succeeding square two places to the left of the right-hand figure of the preceding square. Add the columns together, and the result will be the required square."

MORGAN HALL has been completed, and will bear comparison with any college dormitory extant. It is fully supplied with every convenience, and is now being thoroughly dried, so that it can be occupied next term. The rent of the rooms will probably be quite high. Prof. Safford has added two hundred and fifty new books to the college library, comprising additional sets of Dickens, Thackeray, and Carlyle, besides a full one of Howells.

TO "A GIRL I KNOW."

IN HARPER'S CHRISTMAS.

Pretty girl that Dillman drew—
Happy subject for such art,
Don't I wish I knew you too!

First, your name,—I hope it's Lou,—
Witty, wise, I trust, not "smart,"
Pretty girl that Dillman drew.

Then your graces—no means few—
And that Gainsboro' is so tart,
Don't I wish I knew you too!

Just imagine you in blue,
In a tiny village cart,
Pretty girl that Dillman drew.

Hands encased in Bernhard's new—
Ah, to press one as we part!
Don't I wish I knew you too!

But—just think, why I might sue,
Maybe win your hand and heart,
Pretty girl that Dillman drew,—

Don't I wish I knew you too! —BERCT.

ALMOST A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

THE morning express on the T. & B. R. R. was late. I would not be thought to imply that the T. & B. R. R. trains are ever on time; but I must begin some way, so I say that on the occasion of which I wish to say a few words, the morning express was late, was two hours late, in fact. Perhaps the conductor that morning had found the buttons all off his shirt, and had stopped to have them sewed on; or perhaps the engineer had become absorbed in a game of tag with his wife and forgotten his duty; or perhaps the shadow of the big pine near the junction had derailed several of the cars; or perhaps—but as the train was only two hours late this morning, will not trouble ourselves about the cause.

It was New Year's day, and the Bodwells were going, by invitation, to dine with their most intimate friends, the Pipkins. There were father and mother Bodwell, Rudolph, Hugh, Thomas, Priscilla, and Caroline, all waiting at the station, while each half-hour of delay added one more wrinkle of vexation to their expectant faces.

I will not stop to describe each particular fidget of each particular Bodwell as the long hand of the clock went on completing its second circumference; how whenever Rudolph mildly interrogated the telegraph-operator as to the probable maximum of the delay, the latter would suddenly become so intensely engrossed with what was passing over the wires that Rudolph thought he must be receiving a private communication direct from the president; or how the small Caroline went to sleep and woke up and thought it must be the next day and that they were just returning from the New Year's festivities, and how she cried because she thought she hadn't had enough plum-pudding; or how they all gathered themselves together and shook themselves into shape and listened to the roll-call from father Bodwell, preparatory to embarking on what proved to be only a freight train going the other way. All this would take too much time, so I will pass to the Pipkins and sniff the toothsome odors that announce the preparations that have long been making for the guests.

"I don't believe they're coming," moans little Jacob Pipkin as he lies on his stomach, gazing

into the fire and trying to bring the linings of that cavity together and thus diminish the aching void.

"Oh, yes they are," replies his grown-up sister sweetly from the piano—"next day after never."

The turkey is taking on a beautiful brown in the oven, and Mrs. Pipkin is now seated in state in the parlor with the rest of the family, waiting the arrival. Mr. Pipkin has been whetting the carving-knife and his appetite at the same time, and his rubicund face is now seen bravely striving to maintain its position above a most astonishing collar. The dinner hour passes and still they wait, Mrs. P. distraught with fears of the overdone-ness of the turkey, and Mr. P. making some wild statements as to his own famished condition.

"By the double Scotch reel!" he exclaimed at last, turning his pudgy body restlessly in his arm-chair, "I feel by this time attenuated to that extent you could knock me over with a feather."

"My dear Hezekiah," his wife implored, "why will you use such strong language? Don't you realize the effect it will have on little Jacob?"

"But, my love, on certain exceptional occasions a judicious sprinkling of oaths may serve to point the moral and adorn the tale. Just look at the clock and think of the strain on our systems. Couldn't your serve up the hind quarter of a peanut while we are waiting?"

"With stuffing and lots of gravy," chimed in Jacob from the hearth-rug.

Another hour passed.

"By the great jumping gingerbread! this is"—

"Hezekiah, hear me," interrupted Mrs. Pipkin with tears in her eyes. "Do you want little Jacob to grow up a bad man, and all because his father can't control his tongue?"

"Well, by the pious petticoat—no, I mean by the—that is to say"—

But at this point in came the Bodwells, and all sat down to a dinner consisting principally of of charcoal. I am not prepared to discourse on the medicinal properties of carbon in this form, but it certainly is not well calculated to satisfy hunger. Mr. Pipkin gave vent to many more strong expressions; Jacob was doubled up all the afternoon with a stomach-ache from the effects of the dinner; Priscilla Bodwell turned up her nose

so high at the unaccustomed fare that it did not come down again until the next day; and Mrs. Pipkin nearly cried her eyes out over her spoiled dinner. And all this we lay at the door of the T. & B. R. R.

But this is not all. We must relate, though briefly, other and worse consequences of this criminal tardiness. The Reverend Silas Babcock had been engaged this day to marry the daughter of his esteemed friend, Andrew Parkins. Now the Reverend Babcock, when he made a railroad trip, always read Plato in the original going and Euripides coming back. While waiting for the train this New Year's morning, he read the Protagoras and part of the Gorgias, never dreaming that the train was late. After taking the train he continued through the Gorgias and into the Phaedo, until his station was announced. Leaving the cars, he repaired to the Parkins' residence, musing on the beauties of his favorite author. He rang the bell and was met at the door by Mrs. Parkins.

"My dear Mr. Babcock," that lady began, "it is very considerate of you, I am sure, but you are just a little too early for the christening of the first-born. Sarah Jane has been married some hours, I know (by our dear Mr. Skinner), but still we hardly want your services just yet." And with that the door of his friend was coldly closed on poor Babcock, leaving him dismayed, indignant, and perplexed, because he did not understand that he was two hours late, while Sarah Jane had been obliged to set out on her wedding tour nearly an hour ago. And this broken friendship, too, we lay at the door of the T. & B. R. R.

But saddest of all was the case of Ralph Brunswick and Arabella Larkin. Ralph was a college student and Arabella was a pretty girl. "Those eyes of jet" had been too much for Ralph; he was hopelessly and irretrievably beyond help, but Arabella didn't know it. On the other hand, Arabella had not escaped unscathed by Cupid's darts, but Ralph didn't know it. Arabella had resolved to test what she had blushing hoped in her secret heart was devotion on Ralph's part, by inviting him, as a friend of the family, to dine at the Larkin's board on this New Year's day. But of course Ralph, as he came on the

belated express, and quite a distance at that, failed to come to time. Arriving much after the dinner time and thinking it best not to put in an appearance at that unseasonable hour, he went to the hotel, deciding to make a call in the evening and apologize for his seeming neglect.

When Arabella had ceased to hope for him she chided herself for her disappointment. "Of course he wouldn't come so far. I presume he has forgotten the invitation by this time and is buried in his Hebrew or Greek or something else equally horrid."

She stopped her reverie as she heard the heavy boots of Tom Plunkett approaching. Tom had been a persistent suitor for her hand, and this afternoon, when he came straight to the point with her, she in her heart-ache and despair and weariness of self yielded and said yes.

Passing over Ralph's call soon after and his lonesome ride back by the night express after he had found how affairs stood, we must tell how he married at last a woman with red hair who always put too much saleratus in the biscuits. Arabella's husband developed a propensity for pitching flat-irons at his wife, probably more for his own amusement than for her's. Two lives were made miserable, and this, too, we lay at the door of the T. & B. R. R.

And lastly, you who have followed this piteous tale thus far, that which was to have been a joyous New Year's story was spoiled for you and me; and this again, with all the rest, we join to the imprecations of all luckless passengers who find it necessary to patronize the T. & B. R. R.

DEVOTION.

How oft I've marked him, always there,
Full constant at the house of prayer.
His reverent mien I love to see,
That air that marks true piety;
His bending form, his bow profound,—
His face would humbly touch the ground,—
Those genuflexions that reveal
The weight of sin he seems to feel;
That labored breath and frequent sigh,
Contrition in his downcast eye,—
All this from where I sit I've seen.
Although he sits behind a screen,
His form I see e'er bending lower:
Who is he? He's the organ-blower.

COLLEGE NOTES.

THE Senior Greek elective is engaged on the *Œdipus*, and will read it all this term.

HOLMES, '84, has rejoined his class with improved health.

PACH has sold about \$1,400 worth of pictures here this year.

G. H. BURGESS, '83, preached at South Adams and Cheshire on Sunday.

E. T. THEBAUT, formerly of Amherst, has entered the Junior Class.

THE New York *Evening Post* has just been placed on file in the reading-room.

"DIVINELY quite" is the latest æsthetic phrase, invented by a poet of the *Advocate*.

JUNIOR orations will begin Feb. 1. The first debate took place Wednesday of this week.

WHY can we not have *Life* in the college reading room? It would be decidedly interesting to all.

THE data for '83's class statistics were issued on the first day of the term, and are due February 1.

THE Alpha Delta Phi society gave a very pleasant reception on Saturday evening, the twentieth of January.

STRANGE to say the two threatened members of '85 have apparently dropped from the notice of the Faculty.

THE Glee Club have given up their Glens Falls (N. Y.) trip. Cause: not inducement enough offered.

BETWEEN five and six hundred *Guls* have been sold already. They are taking very well at North Adams.

THE Musical Association were treated to a "Holland tea," at Mr. W. H. Keet's, after their concert at Buffalo.

It is reported that the feature of military-drill has been introduced at "Greylock." We hope the lads will enjoy it.

THE next lecture in the V. I. Society course will be given by Professor Rice, on Wednesday. His subject is "The Beginnings of Greece and Rome."

THE pranks played by the chapel organ have become a never-failing source of amusement to the Freshmen.

THE great majority of '85 will be unable to send *Guls* to their lady friends, on account of exorbitant postage (?).

THE Cobden medal, for the greatest proficiency in political economy, has been awarded this year to Mr. W. P. Bradley, of '84.

"DICK" LANSING is now established in his new house, the lower floor being devoted to the practice of the tonsorial art.

THE French division of the Juniors has been enlarged by the admission of several Seniors; it now meets in two sections.

THE constitution and by-laws of the I. P. A. have been printed and distributed to the various members of the organization.

THE coasting of late has been unusually good, and the numerous acrobatic feats on "Buxton" have been extremely entertaining.

WE suppose the Senior joke-fiend will now come around and remark that Boas always did everything on the square, anyway.

DR. FREDERICK COURTNEY, of Boston, preached on January 17th in the Episcopal Church. Quite a number of students were present.

THE Freshmen's time is now occupied in arranging to the most advantage about their rooms the results of the Christmas harvest.

THE Juniors have had their first experience of co-education. And the joke was that most of them didn't know it till it was all over.

THE number of applicants at College Hall this term is unprecedented, and the door is daily placarded with "Standing Room Only."

THE programmes of the Musical Association's Buffalo concert were designed by Messrs Warner & Jennings, and are remarkably tasteful.

THE picture of Dr. Hopkins, contained in the *Gul*, was printed from an entirely new plate, engraved for the purpose by Hoopert Bros.

INTERESTED parties may learn the essential difference between the a fish-horn and a clarionet by inquiring of "Unc," at the amphitheater.

IN behalf of the *Gul*, we state that the tailoring establishment of Mr. Sharpe, of Troy, will be very soon removed to 1142 Broadway, New York.

POTTER, '84, was in town recently, and reports his intention of rejoining his class in the spring. He is at present engaged in practical agriculture.

H. J. ROGERS, '84, has been elected assistant business manager of the *Athenæum*, and A. W. Underwood, '84, corresponding secretary for the I. P. A.

EVERY man in college should make an effort to attend the course of lectures which Prof. Clarke's untiring energy and perseverance have procured for us.

SEVERAL men, whose term reports did not reach their anticipation, conjecture that the lowness of the thermometer affected the marking machine.

SMALL-POX has struck the town next Ithica, and President White is requiring immediate vaccination from everybody connected with the University.

TWENTY of our alumni have died since last Commencement. The latest known to the authorities is that of Mr. M. C. G. Witte, of the class of '73.

THE March *Century* will contain a poem, in its Bric-à-Brac, by our old friend, Frank D. Sherman. He also filled a page in No. 2 of *Life* with his verse.

ALFRED CORNING CLARK, who received an A.M. from Williams in '81, has been chosen successor of his father, the late Edward Clark, as Trustee of this college.

IN the future the meetings of the L. N. H. will be held in Prof. Clark's recitation room. Cause, increased membership and lack of facilities in its old quarters.

"N. F." was not given early enough notice of this term's books to provide the necessary accessories to the Latin text, and the Sophomores suffer in consequence.

NO FRESHMEN dropped! One by one the old land-marks disappear. Would that evening chapel might be the next to take unto itself (angel) wings and fly away.

SOME malignant individual, probably a Sophomore, suggested that the size of the present *Gul* was due to a private understanding between the editors and our esteemed friend, Mr. Taft.

THE Congregational Church is undergoing repairs. A new ceiling is being put on and a new carpet will be put down. At present all services are held in the vestry of the church.

F. T. PARSONS of '81 has been appointed Freshman Instructor in Mathematics for the present term. This will relieve Professor Dodd very much from the hard work that he has been doing of late.

COMMENDABLE promptness was shown in making out '85's term reports, though how so many long papers and voluminous lecture-books could have been reviewed in so short a time seems almost a miracle.

It will be quite a surprise to a certain Professor, who was compelled to wait an extraordinary length of time in an Adams store, to learn that the reason was because the clerks mistook him for a drummer. (Fact.)

ALTHOUGH the students are forbidden to coast down "Cemetery," they are obliged to slip along the icy sidewalks and endanger their limbs, that the youngsters of the town may coast down Chapel Hill and around the post-office.

SAID the Professor of History: "The reason why the Saxons were unwilling to accept Christianity was because they could not believe in a *Heaven without beer*." Not the only instance in which *beer* has interfered with a man's future condition.

THE "History of College Journalism," by J. F. McClure, with introduction by C. F. Thwing, will probably not appear before February 15th, owing to the illness of Mr. McClure's brother, the editor of the *Wheelman*. Williams will be represented.

PROF. BLISS PERRY has begun again the popular lessons in vocal culture, the first being on the 18th inst. This course will not be given during the summer term, so that those who desire instruction in this line would do well to commence at once.

WE are very sorry to announce that Mr. Pease, '86, was called away last week by the death of his sister.

THURSDAY was the day appointed for prayer for colleges. The exercises here consisted of a college prayer meeting immediately after morning chapel, a union meeting at 10.30 of the college and town, and preaching in the afternoon by the Rev. T. G. Darling of Schenectady.

PROF. MEARS exercised his mechanical ingenuity, during the vacation, to good advantage, in the construction of several pieces of apparatus to be used in mechanics. Perhaps the greatest drawback to this branch is the meager facilities for illustration which the college affords.

THE Corresponding Secretaries of the I. P. A., outside of Williams, are, as far as heard from, J. W. Dowling, Jr. for *Acta*, H. A. Bridgeman for *Student*, Miss S. F. Swift for *Miscellany*, "Tewfik" for *Argonaut*, George H. Heilbron for *Herald*, and R. W. Green for *Brunonian*.

By the energetic efforts of Professor Clarke, a lecture course has been provided for this winter, under the auspices of the L. N. H. Prof. Ira Remsen, of Johns Hopkins, began it last night by his lecture on "Alchemy and the Alchemists." He will be followed on the three successive Friday evenings by Prof. A. W. Wright, of Yale, on the "Spectroscope;" Prof. D. C. Eaton, of Yale, on "The Red Seaweeds;" and Dr. E. H. Jenkins, of the Agricultural Experimental Station, at New Haven, on "Seeds," or "Chemistry of Milk."

PERSONALS.

MR. JAMES B. JERMAIN, of Albany, N. Y., has just given to the college \$50,000, to endow a chair of Natural Theology, as a memorial of his son, Barclay Jermain, of the class of '74. As this chair is at present occupied by the President, this money will be used in increasing the educational advantages of the institution.

'23. The President's reception on New Year's Day, at the executive mansion, was interrupted by the sudden death of the senior member of the diplomatic corps, the Hon. Elisha Hunt Allen, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipoten-

tiary from the Hawaiian Islands. Mr. Allen was born in Greenfield, Mass., in 1804, studied law and practised in Bangor, Me., and was sent to Congress. In 1852 he was made Consul, and four years later Minister to the Hawaiian Islands, into whose judicial and diplomatic service he entered later. Holding many offices of trust, he has discharged every duty with ability and integrity, enjoying the confidence of the Hawaiian king and people, and his own government.

'24. Dr. Hopkins lectures the coming term at Princeton, on the Bible idea of man.

'33, '55. Martin I. Townsend and C. E. Fitch have been elected members of the Board of Regents of the State of New York.

'51-'67. The January *New England* contains an article, by Prof. George Mooar, on "The Pilgrim Line of Historical Progress," and one on "Herbert Spencer's Data of Ethics," by A. C. Sewall.

'54. Rev. Charles A. Stoddard, D.D., has resigned the pastorate of the Washington Heights Presbyterian church, of Brooklyn, and will ask the Presbytery of New York to dissolve the pastoral relation at their next meeting. Dr. Stoddard has been settled over this church since its organization, in 1859.

'55. Rev. Dr. E. P. Ingersoll, recently pastor of the Middle Reformed church, has just been installed pastor of the Puritan Congregational church, of Brooklyn. Dr. R. S. Storrs preached the sermon.

'59. S. G. W. Benjamin has been nominated by the President to be charge d'affairs and consul general of the U. S. at Teheran, Persia.

'59. Dr. Gladden, on his way to his new charge in Columbus, Ohio, preached at North Adams, Dec. 17th. He was met at his new home with a very warm reception, and preached his first sermon to a large and interested audience.

'62. President Carter was one of the speakers at the festival of the Congregational club, held on Forefathers' Day at Music Hall, Boston, Dec. 21st.

'64. Rev. A. S. Hudson is writing a history of the ancient town of Sudbury, Mass.

'67. Prof. G. Stanley Hall has just completed a series of lectures on Pedagogy, in Wesleyan Hall, Boston. He has been reappointed lecturer on Pedagogy in Harvard University.

'69. Alfred C. Chapin, of Brooklyn, was elected speaker of the New York State Assembly, after a hard contest. Mr. Chapin is but thirty years of age, a graduate of Harvard Law School, and has served in the Legislature but one term. He has been president of the Young Men's Democratic Club, of Brooklyn, and has been twice elected to the Assembly from a strong Republican district. Last winter he established a high reputation as a reformer by his efforts in connection with Mayor Low, of Brooklyn.

'70. Dr. W. K. Brooks, of Johns Hopkins University, has a paper on the "Metamorphosis of the Peraeus," in the *University Record*, and a continuation of his article on "Speculative Zoology," in the *Popular Science Monthly*, for January.

'82. Yates, Pratt, Heath, and Botsford were all in town Christmas vacation. Heath may now be addressed at 115 Kinzie St., Chicago, Ill. L. W. Fargo has returned from Europe.

'83. A. E. Thayer is in his second year at the College of Physicians and Surgeons. W. N. Smith is in the Chicago Law School. J. E. Fursman was recently appointed clerk of Rensselaer County Superior Court. H. G. Hall has left college. C. K. Ober is still in Y. M. C. A. work, but will rejoin his class during the spring term.

JASON'S LOG BOOK.

AS Emerson would have said, there are exchange columns, and exchange columns. Moreover, there are ways of running them, and ways of running them! Jason has about come to the conclusion that attempted criticism, in these days of "taffy" and journalistic quarrels, is well nigh useless. Also it is decidedly difficult to find, once in two weeks, some subject of general interest upon which to flood the college world with information and discussion. Hence, and therefore, in the future, although Jason will not drop criticism and discussion if opportunity offers, he

will devote himself more to "mignia," or bric-a-brac, which will be decidedly brick-y and miggged.

The Yale *Record* comments favorably on the I. P. A., the *Spectator* refuses to join it, the *Marietta Olio* timidly braces it, and the *Princetonian* don't exactly know just what it does think about it.

The personal items which are often found in Western papers are sometimes worthy of notice, as showing what can be done in this line. For instance, the Hamilton College *Monthly*, of somewhere in Kentucky, prints the following. "Master Clifford Patterson is decorating a beautiful heart, cut out of holly-wood. Wonder whom it is for? Of course it is not for Zena; he would not want to give her two."

A copy of the *Beacon*, of Boston University, was received for the first time last week. Enthusiasm for literary articles that are sold by the ton must be running rather high there just now. This number contains an article on "Poems, by Earnest Warburton Shurtleff," which has "to be continued" tacked on at the end. A continued story is well enough, but when we get down to a continued essay!!! It breaks off as follows: "The coming poem, the American Epic, as yet unwritten, must be able to compete with the great poems now in existence; and this brings us to some typical American song and some speculations which, together with Mr. Earnest Warburton Shurtleff, will be left over to a month hence." Better leave him out altogether, *Beak!*

The hostility shown of late in various quarters toward the dainty forms of French verse had rather began to strike sorrow into Argonautic hearts, when we opened the *Marietta Olio*, and read one of its editorials. This convinced us. At last we are appreciated, and we shall hang to the rondeau and triolet till we give up the ship. Read what it says. "We recall with pleasure a variety of exquisite effusions which have been given us within the past year, through the medium of the college press. Quaint rondeaux, ingenious triolets, and classic hexameters have been composed with rhythmic skill, and afforded sweet word music for the delectation of the critical undergraduate."

Once in a while they get off a good thing up at Cornell. This is the way the *Sun* reports the

latest: "Student translates: 'And you shall eat yourself full for once in your life.' Professor: 'What does 'full' modify?' Student: 'Yourself.' Music by the band."

It is no longer mathematics, but chemistry that is especially congenial to the muse, as will be seen by this bit:

Oh, come where the cyanides silently flow,
And the carburets droop o'er the oxides below,
Where the rays of potassium lie white on the hill,
And the song of the silicate never is still.
Come, oh come, tum ti tum tum,
Proxide of bromine and uranium!

While alcohol's liquid at 30 degrees,
And no chemical change can affect manganese;
While alkalies flourish and acids run free,
My heart will be constant, dear Science, to Thee,
Yes, to Thee! Fiddle dum de,
Zinc, borax, and bismuth, H, O plus C!

—*Tablet.*

Arthur Crayon.—"Miss Rosebud, I have brought a little picture that I painted especially for you. It has proved a very pleasant task during the month that I have worked on it."

Pinky Rosebud.—"Oh! thanks, Mr. Crayon, you are very kind. But I'm afraid I must return the *frame*, as my mother never allows me to accept presents of *any value* from gentlemen."

As the *Cornell Sun* would say, "music by the band."

OTHER COLLEGE NOTES.

HARVARD'S latest representative in the literary world is *Life*, edited by Martin, '77, and supported by many other graduates.—Kittredge, '83's leading man, has been appointed instructor in Latin at Exeter.—'Varsity and all class crews are daily practicing. Also 'Varsity nine.—Piorean Sodality and Glee Club concert at Andover, Jan. 12.—By entering Sophomore any man may hereafter make his whole course optional.—A course of seven lectures addressed to the theologues, and open to all university students, will be given.—Gifts to college last year amounted to \$157,099. Where is other dollar?—Columbia's challenge to four mile eight-oared race at New London next summer accepted.—Mid-year examinations began Thursday.—YALE'S university crew began training, Sat. Jan. 13.—

Eight lectures on Greek and Latin literature to be given by members of Faculty this term.—English lit. lectures by Prof. Beers enthusiastically attended.—*News* howls for change in mode of electing *Lit.* editors. Some one please do same for *News*.—'86 has six Smith's. Williams, '83, has had the same in her time.—Glee club trip an artistic, *not* financial success. Neither did our warblers.—At COLUMBIA, the 'Varsity and Freshman eights are in training.—Senior reception held the 19th at Hotel Brunswick.—A new chapel will be built soon as Library building is completed.—Semi-annuals began Thursday.—Glee Club will soon give series of concerts for benefit of Boat Club.—Yale has just been defeated at inter-collegiate chess.—AMHERST'S winter term began Jan. 4.—Glee club trip a financial *and* artistic success. Good for them!—Seniors will give dramatics during the term.—*Olio* has just appeared and is very rank.—Fifteen optionals are offered to the Seniors this term, fifteen hours a week being the minimum possible limit.—Class-Day officers just elected.—MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY'S Steward bounced by Board of Regents. An alleged crookedness of \$300. Probably an error incidental to over work. Had held position 13 years.—*Palladium*, an annual, badly behind time and no work done.—Lively kicking on new exam. system. It spoils two weeks of quasi-vacation.—Political Science Society organized among students and Profs. of School of P. S. Object: original research in this branch.—Profs. Crocker and Stowell seriously ill. Latter not expected to live.—Beecher lectures here Jan. 30. Long standing opposition of Faculty to having him speak in University gives way finally.—Spirit of Amateur theatricals rampant. Two farces to be presented. Students' Lecture Association thinks of bringing out *Iolanthe*.—At VASSAR, extensive changes have been made in Museum building. Studio and Laboratory enlarged.—Philalethean society rendered "Lady of Lyons" second week in January.—Miss Maria Mitchell has received the degree of LL.D. from Hanover College.—Lyman Abbott addressed Society of Religious Inquiry Jan. 14.—A college glee club, in addition to the class glee clubs has been formed.

THE ARGO.

VOL. II.

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THE ARGO.

Published fortnightly during the college year by the students of Williams College.

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WE are exceedingly sorry to be obliged to announce that we have not received any poetical effusions of value enough to warrant our selection of any one as editor on that basis; and as long as the statement was made that if one was chosen, it would be on that basis alone, we have decided not to elect any more men to serve during the term of the present board. The end of the second volume will, of necessity, obviate more elections, and on this account, if any contributions are made, either in prose or verse, during this term, they will be regarded as a strong argument in favor of their author.

STRANGE as it may seem, after our remarks in the last issue, a change is to be made in the manner of conducting the "Other College Notes." Bare, brief, dry facts seem, after some careful consideration, not to be so interesting as some longer items of more detail. On this ground we intend to try hereafter the system of treating the column as one of "Life at Other Colleges," and presenting items selected or condensed from other papers, relating to special characteristics or features of student life elsewhere. News of especial interest will be always noticed, though more fully than heretofore.

After all, it is not so strange, as the very sources from which we have hitherto gained news will no doubt furnish us such matter as we desire, more at length, and at fewer intervals than in the other method. We trust it may be satisfactory to our readers.

THE impeachment trial in the "Senate of Williams College," a week ago last Wednesday evening, was a great success in many respects. The amount of amusement created was hardly less than that usually afforded by the Junior Minstrels, and the perfect working of the scheme in all its details evinced marked tact and ability on the part of its projectors. We have seen two or three other similar trials since we have been in college, but none of them will bear any comparison, in point of merit, to this last one. The defence is to be especially congratulated on having elaborated and so successfully carried out its ingenious scheme. The practical advantages accruing to those who take part in these trials is such, and the satisfaction derived from them by outsiders is so great, that we may hope to be able to chronicle other similar undertakings before the close of the year.

THE success of the Musical Association, both financial and artistic, at their North Adams concert, we are very glad to record. Naturally not feeling very jubilant over the result of their Western tour, in a business point of view, the reception they met here, and the seventy-five dollars that they made, will do much to set them on their feet again. The evening chosen was a trifle unfortunate on account of the performance of "Iolanthe" at Pittsfield, but Prof. Wright's lecture in the Scientific Course was postponed, and many of the fellows attended, thus adding much to the spirit and profit of the entertainment. But beside the pleasure they themselves gain from such performances, they thus aid much in spreading the fame of the college and creating

a broader interest in it. In this relation it is a specially noticeable fact that in the negotiations for the Glens Falls trip, which has been put off until after Easter, it was particularly stated that much interest was felt there in the clubs constituting the association, and that it would do the college much good to have them come. It is needless to say that the faculty were very ready to consent to the trip.

“THE melancholy days are come,” in fact, have been here some time; the days when it requires an extra effort to tear one’s self away from the warm room, the cosy chair, and the entertaining book. Yet these are just the days when such extra efforts need to be put forth for the proper exercise of the body to successfully counteract the too close application to reading and study in ill-ventilated apartments. With this idea in mind, some of our enterprising men of muscle have started a scheme for an athletic exhibition, similar to the one of last commencement, to be given in the gymnasium toward the close of the term. We all know how difficult it is to keep up regular exercise, in or out of the gymnasium, and such a plan as has been placed before all the classes must commend itself to all. It presents inducements to more than the ordinary number to keep up during the term the exercise of the warmer months, which is so often dropped as soon as the winter term commences. Certainly exercise is needed just as much now as then. Further, this plan will tend to keep in good trim the men who pay more attention to athletics proper, and thus tend to the improvement of fall athletics. Why not make the training thus entered upon of still more direct bearing by establishing spring athletics, which so many other colleges keep up, as well as fall athletics?

ONE of the most conspicuous cases of the “penny-wise” policy that has come to our notice for some time is to be found in the recent arrangements for heating Goodrich Hall, confessed by generations of shivering professors and students alike to be the coldest place in Williams-town. Last summer vacation, the old, worn

out furnace was retired on a pension, and replaced with a view to steam heat by a little insignificant fizzler for which the epithet “tea-kettle” would be flattery. It had already been tried at the White House and proved inadequate, but it was fondly imagined to be just the thing for the “Amphitheater!” The condition of things at present needs no comment. The insulted thermometer is supposed to have fallen on the day of its introduction, and has seldom found spirit to rise above 10° C.

The event is instructive as a study, but assumes a graver aspect in connection with the recent sickness prevalent in the junior class, not a little of which is directly traceable to colds caught in the physics recitation. Isn’t it about time something was done. The proper apparatus would have cost but little less in the long run, and much needless suffering would have been saved.

TO the college journalists of to-day, Mr. McClure’s “History of College Journalism,” soon to be published, cannot fail to be decidedly interesting, and to all college men, in fact, scarcely less so. Containing as it will the history of this branch of journalism at Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Princeton, Univ. Michigan, Cornell, and Williams, not to speak of many minor institutions, written by members of these colleges, it will present both its feeble beginnings, its slow growth, and its present broad extent, besides the comparison between its fortunes in different places, and the contrast between the relations of the various sheets to the faculties of their colleges, and their modes of literary and business management. That which concerns Williams is merely the reprint of the excellent articles published in the first three numbers of the ARGO, and written by Mr. Reed, of course being a little increased by the history of the two Williams’ papers since then. When we look at a copy of the old *Vidette* when it first started, about as large as the *Cornell Daily Sun*, but containing much more matter, then at the *Williams Quarterly*, and lastly at the two sheets of to day, we think that Williams’ representation in this history must surely equal that of nearly any other college, and altogether outstrip those of other colleges of equal numbers.

WHEN we see a man just as he is stepping pompously out of his house in dandified dress, shoot rather rapidly down the icy steps of the mansion, it is exceedingly hard to forbear a smile. It is involuntary, and will come. This is exactly our mood at present. The laugh will come out, despite our best effort, when we think of the terrible fall Amherst's pride has just indulged in. It is but a very short time ago that we listened in amazement to her plans. She was going to play base-ball with Yale, Harvard, Brown, and Princeton, willy-nilly. No doubt she fully intended to beat Williams or Dartmouth a few score of times when other games were not arranged. Possibly she might have sent a crew to Lake George, or an eleven to Canada, or set out on some other fruitless scheme, but for such things now there is no longer any hope. Tied to the bed-post at home she must remain, and not even play with the Aggies. Thus prohibited from all inter-collegiate athletics after this season, they are indeed to be pitied. Professor Seelye's action, however, seems to be only in accordance with the present tendency. We stop, reflect, and shudder. What if it should reach Williams!

"WE are the only college that has prayers twice a day, and we intend to keep it a Christian nursery," said Dr. Carter at the alumni dinner in Boston. Ancient though the subject be, and unavailing our remarks, the paradox which seems to us to lie in these words quoted induces us to take a careful and serious survey of compulsory evening chapel. We believe that we are voicing the sentiment of a majority of the Christian students in this college when we add our plea in favor of a reform in the matter of compulsory attendance at devotional exercises twice a day. The propriety of compulsory attendance at morning prayers is, we think, in consideration of the aims and traditions of this college, unquestioned by most students who look at the subject in a serious and candid manner. Not so, however, when it comes to doubling their requirement. Let us consider, then, briefly some of the aspects in which the evening service comes up for consideration. Is it such as to be productive of good to those who

attend? Coming, as it does, immediately after the recitations of the afternoon, the students are naturally very tired and restless, and, moreover, are anxious to begin to refresh their then over-taxed body and mind by partaking of the evening meal. This is plainly evinced by the unanimous accord with which the whole body of them hasten away immediately upon the close of the service, and, as it were, strive to see who shall be first at the supper-table. To a body of men in this frame of mind, it seems to be evident, such a service continually repeated day after day and term after term, can be little else than restraint from a desired liberty. Viewed in this light, then, can it fail to be, to some extent, positively injurious? We answer, without hesitation, that it cannot. To many Christians it would, doubtless, be pleasant and profitable to go to an evening service like the present one, at which attendance should be voluntary; but to most of those who are not Christians we believe that the present service is similar in its effect to that which would result to a man who was being taught the beauty and harmony of a piece of music by such frequent repetitions of the piece that he should become tired of it before he had time to learn to love it. It is a positive fact, based upon experience of some of those whom we have known as class-mates, that men who are not Christians have been alienated from all love or respect for religion by the too frequent compulsory attendance at college prayers. If, then, a vesper service at which attendance should be voluntary will compass all the advantages and remove all the objectionable features of the present method, why shall it not be for the promotion of all the best interests of the college to make this much-sought-for change?

REUBEN'S BRIGHT IDEA.

IT was a morning of great excitement. The students were gathered in groups at corners and on door-steps. The Juniors especially seemed engrossed with something of more than usual interest.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen, what is the meaning of this?" asked Job Plummer, coming, in a disheveled condition, from his chamber to join a

group of class-mates beneath his window. "Does this unseemly coagulation indicate a state of arnica? I order you to sojourn *sine qua non*. Asperse to your rooms."

"Prithee, be still, prattler," interrupted Fred Cudworth. "Do you know, Job, that your life is in danger?"

"Oh, think of my aged mother! Heaven forefend a thing so dire!"

"But, Job, in sober earnest, Crawford Hall is no longer safe. Reuben Glasher, No. 17, has gone raving, tearing mad, and his chum has left him in the room and barred the door outside. It is dangerous for any one to approach him."

Job rolled his eyes well out of sight under the eaves of his eye-brows, drew his face into the most surprising longitude, meant to express horror and alarm, and gasped feebly for breath.

"Shall we hold you under the pump, young one?" asked his chum, in feeling accents.

But Job gave a gulp and said he thought the worst was over. "But only to think," said he, "I left my beloved meerschaum in his room last evening, and how shall I smoke my constitutional this morning? If I omit that, then in less than ninety minutes after breakfast I shall suffer a severe contraction of the inter-costal muscles, accompanied by homesickness of the liver, and my domestic economy will be ruined. I shall finally be sent home in a certain sort of receptacle, and the next morning will appear the sad tale of 'The Maniac and the Meerschaum, or the Wail of the Lugubrious Liver.' But tell me how it happened, Ned."

"Well, you see," began Ned Larrimer, the chum of the stricken Reuben, "I was awakened last night by a most unearthly yell. Reuben was prancing round, howling, and groaning, and moaning, and making blood-curdling speeches. The gas-jets were all lighted, and he was carrying on with a full head of steam. I could see how hideous he looked, rigged up in a sheet and table-spread, and various odds and ends, his eyes wide open, and the true maniac's glare in them. Well, I kept quiet, and let him have it out, for I saw him brandishing a razor and swinging one of my Indian clubs as though he would enjoy annihilating some one. He grew calmer after a

while, and came down to imbecile mutterings and maudlin rhymes. At last he went to bed; and I skipped out early this morning, making sure that he couldn't come out and do any harm. Now we must decide what to do with him. I wonder if I could see the Prex yet."

"Oh, not so fast, Ned," interrupted Job. "Do you remember any of those imbecile mutterings you spoke of?"

"Why, yes, I remember some of his words, like this, for instance: 'Hey no nonny, nonny, hey nonny;' 'and in his grave rained many a tear;' and this—"

"Enough!" exclaimed the other; and he was on his way up stairs.

"What's up now?" they all cried.

"Boys," he called back, "you know junior dramatics are on the carpet now. A word to the wise is sufficient. I must get my meerschaum."

"What in the name of the unutterable is he up to?" exclaimed Fred Cudworth.

But Job returned after some time, apparently greatly amused, and triumphantly bearing his meerschaum. He whispered a few words to Ned Larrimer, and the latter left for his room.

The explanation of this mysterious case was not long in making its way through the college, and I presume the reader has solved the problem almost as quickly as Job Plummer did. The Juniors were making preparations for their annual dramatics. *Hamlet* was the play fixed upon for presentation, but the actors were not yet chosen. Poor Reuben Glasher, feeling that his histrionic talents were not appreciated among his fellows, had adopted this plan to convince Ned Larrimer, at least, who was on the dramatic committee, that he, Reuben Ebenezer Glasher, was born for the boards. The part of Ophelia was his aim.

Sad to relate, however, little smooth-faced Plummer played Ophelia; Reuben had to content himself with the part of a grave-digger. For the rest of his course his room went by the name of the "Mad-house."

RUMOR says that a billiard-table is to be placed in an unoccupied store opposite W. O's.

A VIOLIN SOLO.

Her violin, of rarest mould,
Is famous—worth its weight in gold;
And when her touch with graceful bow
Soft makes the mellow music flow,
I hear the Siren-song of old.

Her face grows tender, here unfold
The secrets of her heart, untold
Save to these strings. Could I but know
Her violin!

The fancy grows—I'm quickly bold,
I wonder—can she be cajoled?
I'll ask her, in the dark, quite low,
If I would answer for her *beau*,
Then kiss—for fear "*such puns!*" she'll scold—
Her violin?

BERCT.

SENATOR ALVORD IMPEACHED.

INTERESTING TRIAL BEFORE CHIEF-JUSTICE BADGER—THE PRISONER ACQUITTED.

IN accordance with the "Proclamation" of President D. B. Pratt, of the Williams College Senate, the members of that honorable body assembled on Wednesday night, Jan. 31st, to try Senator Alvord, of Mass., "impeached for high crimes and misdemeanors." Their numbers were greatly increased by the members of the House, and when Chief-Justice Badger entered in dignity and a red robe of office, 125 students cheered his arrival. Their cheers were quickly changed to shouts, as there entered Taft and Tanner, '86, and Count, '85, in female costume. The first made a remarkably pretty girl, and naturally, not being very well known, created some surprise at first, which soon disappeared at the familiar manners of some of the spectators. Sergeant-at-Arms C. V. A. Smith having demanded silence, the Senators were sworn, and the articles of impeachment, and the respondent's reply, were read by Senators Bailey and Penrose respectively, the former, with Senators Pike and Moodie being managers for the Senate, and the latter, with Senators Lefavour and Babize counsel for the defence. Both of these papers had been carefully prepared and were very witty, consisting mainly of harmless satire on the prisoner and various college matters.

The witnesses for the prosecution, Senators Pratt, Ranney, and Smith, and (Miss) Count, '85, having been sworn, duly testified and were cross-examined by the defense, the whole being carried on amidst much merriment, especially the testimony of the last, who told a "sad tale" of being jilted by the prisoner. Documentary evidence having been presented, Senator Babize opened for the defense in a concise manner, and then called the witnesses, Miss Alvord, defendant's sister (Taft), Dr. W. N. Hubbard, Hon. S. B. L. Penrose, E. Bonfils, and Hon. G. S. Duncan, who were then duly sworn, examined, and cross-examined. Their conduct and testimony evoked much laughter, especially in the case of Miss Alvord, and Dr. W. N. Hubbard, who seemed to have dived deep into medical mysteries for so young a man. Senator Moodie now made the first plea for the prosecution, after which Senators Lefavour and Penrose delivered the arguments for the defense. The prosecution was then closed by Sen. Bailey. All of these were ably done, especially those of Lefavour and Moodie. The first and sixth counts having been waived, a vote was taken on the rest, which resulted in acquittal on all except the fifth. On motion of Sen. Moodie, the prisoner was then acquitted of all charges. For a mock affair like this it went off remarkably well, the remarks of the audience adding not a little to the fun.

DURING THE QUARREL.

I hope, when we go down to dinner,
To discuss eight courses or more,
I fervently hope,—this poor sinner
Won't have to sit next to a bore.
I hope she'll be stylish and pretty,
I hope she *won't* know any Greek.
I hope she'll be clever and witty.
I hope she can talk like a streak.

I hope her "papa" has some money,
I hope she'll be modest but gay,
I hope she will smile when I'm funny,
I hope she will not be *outré*;
I hope she's been "over the ocean,"
I hope—well, I'm willing to tell,—
I hope she'll accept my devotion,—
Then, oh, to sit opposite Nell!

CARL.

THE COLLEGE SPY.

CHAPTER II.—THE YOUNG PLOTTER.

BRADFORD was naturally quite anxious to learn about his chum's operations, and at the suggestion of the latter they strolled across the quadrangle and lay down under the trees in front of Griffin Hall. It was a magnificent day, one of October's finest among the famous Berkshire hills. The bracing coolness of the morning had given way to a delicious warmth, and as the two lay leisurely there upon the grass and looked straight down the street to the blue of the horizon, they saw indeed a view worth remembering. The mountains whose sides, all covered with trees, were beginning to show the brilliant hues of autumn, were clearly outlined in the crystal air. The fleecy clouds floated calmly over the tranquil heaven.

"Oh, what a day for Scenery Day," said Raynor. "They never ought to have waited till next week. yesterday was just the day to have it begin." What a grand view one might have had from old Greylock this morning! And just look at up the street. Take in the surroundings, the buildings, from West, almost a century old, to Morgan Hall, our youngest, with the mellow sunlight falling over them all, with the broad green lawns and glowing trees for a back-ground. How could a man be ever so low and mean in such a place as this, as to give away his fellow-student?"

Oh, quit the sentimental, Phil, and bring on a little of the blood curdling and thrilling. I thought you were on the track of the spy. I thought four Sophs had been pulled up or shoved, and some other dreadful things had happened. Were you only stuffing me, as usual?"

"No, no, my boy. I will come down to hardpan directly. But to tell the whole story we must review a little history, some of which, perhaps, you know; do you care?"

"No, I don't mind. Go on with the funeral."

"You see the fortunes of rushing late years at Williams have been various. Before '83 had entered college there had been none for a long time. Chad was happy. He thought that he had weeded it out altogether. So firm was his assurance that he didn't think it worth while to repeat any love-

feast, such as he had given to '82 and '81 the year before. But before a month had passed, there was a large rush on East College Campus, and a glorious one too. Professors were on police duty till very late, and a few men were caught. Horns blew like mad. The best of feeling prevailed, however, and everything passed on quietly till the second term. Then just before its close, there was a severe cane-rush in the North Hall of East. The Freshes, '83, that is, carried a cane right up into a den of Sophs. Since then, there have been the "Proclamation" rush of '83 and '84, a grand melee, right in front of the Hash House; and the chapel rush between '84 and '85, both cane-rushes. Ah, those must have been the days for fun! Well, when '86 entered, there was a kind of a mix-up. Some of the Sophs were milk-and-water clear through, and then the Faculty took a hand. There was nothing done any way, much, but talk. And since then all has been as quiet as you please till the other night. Now all is booming again."

"Well, well, hurry up there, get down to the present. Shoot the history. What have you found out? Who is your spy?"

"To tell the truth, I am not so very sure after all, but I am going ahead. You see, I have been visiting around for the last two or three days. They are all very much interested at present, for the four lowest Sophs in the class are held as hostages, and there are a good many stories flying about. After careful comparison of them all, and a little questioning in a couple of cases, I have grown pretty well convinced that there are two men who are either a good deal maligned or have been acting in a mighty suspicious manner."

"Who are they? out with it, Phil!"

"They are Oilman and little 'Fishy.'"

"Thu-n-n-der! you didn't mean it! 'Fishy!' I'd believe it of Oilman, but 'Fishy!' Why, he has always gone around with the roughest crowd in college. Nobody goes to Adams oftener, and nobody cuts more recitations. It seems impossible!"

"Well, he's a sneak all over, any way. You'll acknowledge that. And why not sneak in one way as another! Perhaps I am all off the scent. Who knows? But just you listen to my little

scheme. Let's track them both a while to see what stuff they are made of. Time will tell. Slink, my boy!"

"But how are you going to manage?"

"That is just what I have been cooking up in the dark recesses of my own private brain for the last few days. A little more reminiscence is necessary. You have often heard stories of the K. K. K., an organization that existed just before Chad left?"

"They used to go around inscribing the college buildings and fences with mysterious initials in green paint, didn't they?"

"Not only their initials, but various patent medicine ads., such as 'Fernald's Freshman Food.' You will find some of the fence boards in the fellows' rooms to-day. Then, one night, at least I've heard so, they or some other secret band lettered Professor Pratt's house, which was just being built, and had not been clap-boarded. It read 'POLICE HEADQUARTERS, Chad, Chief,' and then gave a list of Professors' names below as members of the corps of patrolmen. They said even the old chief of police himself thought it was a good joke."

"You are wandering back into the past again. young Encyclopaedia of Scrapes."

"Well, to show you the bearing of this all, I propose that we attempt something of this kind, but rather harmless; devise some plan that will wake up a little stir, and as soon as it breaks out, watch the suspects every single moment, till we catch 'em."

"You'll be taken for a spy yourself, and may not find out anything after all. And then, what game can you work?"

"As to the first, I don't care; of the second I hadn't thought. How would decorating the monument do?"

"Old as the hills, and not nice, either. Don't do that. I won't help."

"We'll, what do you suggest?"

"We might hang up the skeleton out doors; that was played so long ago it will seem almost new."

"Oh, pshaw, that's N.G. But I'll tell you what. I've just thought. It's immense. We'll steal the book the librarian keeps his record in,

and give every man his leaf for memorabilia! How is that?"

"You're a daisy, Phil! But we've chinned enough. Lets go down and watch the college nine practice. They say Hubbell has a new curve."

(To be continued.)

MISS FANNY

TO HER DEAREST FRIEND.

FEBRUARY 14.

I said, "'tis the day of my saint,"

Thus meaning, of course, sly St. Cupid;

With accent quite piquant and quaint,

I said, "'tis the day of my saint,"

I'm sure I've *much* cause for complaint,—

I'll have my revenge—such a stupid!

I said, "'tis the day of my saint,"

Thus meaning, of course, sly St. Cupid.

APRIL 1.

I said, "ah! the day of *your* saint,"

Thus meaning, of course, slow St. Balaam;

With manner *so* frigid, d restraint,

I said, "ah! the day of *your* saint,"

Then showed him,—don't tell it,—you mayn't—

My solitaire,—just come from Salem,—

And said, "ah! the day of *your* saint,"

Thus meaning, of course, slow St. Balaam.

II S. V.

THE AMHERST SYSTEM.

FOR two years and a half Amherst has been working under a system which, being in some respects peculiar to herself, has received the now well known name of the "Amherst system." This has been commented upon by all styles of critics, in both the college and the general press, and it would seem that, by this time, it ought to be well understood in its aims, methods, and workings, at least among college men. Yet it is feared that this is not the case. There is a general impression that the Amherst man of the day is an easy-going individual, not at all pressed with work, and generally free to do as he likes in attending college exercises. How often the ignorant remark is dropped, "If we were only working on the Amherst plan."

Looking squarely at the system, it seems, in the main, to attempt to attain improvement in

three lines. The old system of absences and excuses for the same is abolished. Any student attending nine-tenths of college exercises and maintaining a requisite degree of progress in study is exempt from a special examination before he can go on with his class. No excuses of any sort are expected or required for any absence, and the only provision, optional of course with the student, is that his cuts do not exceed a maximum of one-tenth.

The second attempt at improvement is the introduction of a marking system, on a scale of five, which shall make a man an accurate indicator of actual work done and advancement made in any branch. Diplomas range from *summa cum laude* to *rite*.

The point of the system which has awakened the most discussion, is in relation to discipline. The operation of the system in this respect is very simple, and consists in every student pledging himself on entering college to "conform to all the laws and regulations made by the government of Amherst College for the students."

Naturally any comments will be governed by methods in vogue at Williams. On the first point, it is plainly seen that the strictest impartiality must prevail toward all students. The punctual and the professional cutters alike are strictly limited. There is no chance for the straining of conscience on the part of a student in giving an excuse, nor can there be any stretching of favor on the part of a professor in granting one. It can be logically inferred that there are no term-reports with thirty-some-odd chapel-cuts in one term on account of illness (?). In a word, there seems a decided improvement over our system.

On the second point, it seems to Williams men a yet unsolved problem how a scale of five is more impartial or more accurate than a scale of ten or a hundred. A marking system is a marking system whatever its scale be, and under it professors and students are still human beings; the former do not become justice incarnate, nor the latter models of rectitude.

"Then Amherst men have to take an 'iron-clad' after all," say some. An iron-clad consists not of itself, but of what it binds a man to, a difference which may be as great as that between

black and white. However, in this respect the rules of the two colleges do not present any material difference. "The change introduced by the new system is not a change of rules, but in the manner of executing them; and that a change in the interest of honor and manliness, of freedom and self-government; a change which, we trust, will result not in *less government*, but in the *students governing themselves* more entirely." When college men—and the majority of students are men—are themselves honored and trusted as men they will, on their part, tend to conduct themselves toward their authorities with honor and manliness. If once the trial is made, time only is wanting to add positive experience to theory, touching its benefits. Williams' men are not unlike Amherst men in this respect, and past experience certainly warrants a trial here of this free government by the governed; in short a partial republic in the college.

To conclude, the whole working of the system is unconsciously colored by the working of the last point, which is yet on trial, but which from all reports works to the general satisfaction of faculty, students, and townspeople. The idea in the first point appears morally an advantage, though so great an allowance need not be given. From the experience of the average Williams man the second attempt at improvement seems a failure.

TO MY SPEOS.

Oh, goggles mine, true, trusty friends,
Ye oft recall that one who lends
So kindly
His aid to me, in chat or talk,
Without which, I'm afraid I'd walk
But blindly.

There is one more, too, you recall,—
Not like the first, though,—not at all,—
Look to him.
His shallow brain is weak and wee,
And so, 'tis easy—fun—to "see
Right through him."

SHAPE.

THE classical optional of '85 will read Plautus *Mestellaria*, and Aristophanes' *Clouds*, next term.

A DISGRACEFUL GAME.

THEY met in the smoking-car.

"Phil, my boy, is this you?" exclaimed the one.

"Harry, my child, can I believe my eyes?" returned the other. "Yes, it is the same, the same handsome scamp, the same rollicking rascal I used to know in college. And I presume you are chasing across the country now in the train of some actress or ballet-girl."

"Upon my word, Philippus, thou dost me wrong," said Harry Thayer, in the tone of an injured innocent. "I am on my way to Timbuctoo to distribute tracts and tooth-brushes among the benighted heathen. But come back into the next car; you will like to see—"

The rest was lost as they crossed the platform into the adjoining car; and then Philip Granger continued, in his bantering tone:

"You want to show me all the charming fems that embarked at the last station, I suppose; or, more likely, you have some designs on them yourself. Are you still such an adept as formerly in 'making a mash,' as we used to call it?"

"Why, my dear Phil," returned the other, "I must confess that, in a humble way, I always try to improve the talents with which Nature has seen fit to endow me. Shall I bring my guns to bear, and vanquish this force of female loveliness before us, and bring them all prostrate to my feet?"

"Oh, I shall be very well satisfied with a single illustration of your prowess, and I will designate the quarter in which you are to act. You notice the occupant of the ninth seat on the left-hand side. If even your boldness and address can make a success in that direction, then I am no judge of faces."

Philip seemed justified in his confidence. The young lady designated was extremely pretty, but she was something more than a pretty girl. There was something in the eyes and brow that showed intellect and strength of character, something in the pose of the head, surmounted by its jaunty seal-skin cap, that indicated independence and a disposition not to tolerate any nonsense.

There was a wicked look in Harry's eyes, as his friend made this proposal. "What will you wager," said he, "that I can't take the fort?"

"Why, if you want to be so foolish as to lose a little money, we will call it a V. If you can get an invitation from this party to call, and I see her give you her card, or if you can show some other positive proof that you have made an impression, and all this within forty-five minutes, you shall be richer by that amount; if not, you shall be so much the poorer."

"Agreed," said the other. "The terms are hard, but I'll try," and he started up the aisle.

The car was well filled, and, under the pretense of seeking a seat, Harry was soon sharing that of the fair charmer. Philip watched the progress of this little game with interest, chuckling over the anticipated discomfiture of his friend. But the extreme reserve that he had relied upon in the young lady seemed to melt away too soon to suit him. She was presently listening to the words that fell from Harry's ready tongue. There was mischief in her eye while she listened, and fun in her face as she took part in the conversation, as if she understood what was at stake.

"She seems to be an amiable party," thought Philip, "but she won't disappoint me, I know."

However, he felt that five-dollar note becoming less and less secure as the minutes passed. Finally, in disgust at his own foolishness in making the proposal at first, he turned away, convinced of the total depravity of American girls. He felt that the good, old-fashioned maiden modesty had become extinct. Already willing to give up the game, he settled down to read the last *Century*. But it was not long before he was interrupted.

"Such a splendid girl! Phil, don't you want me to give you an introduction?"

Philip looked up and saw his friend triumphant and happy. "I should have liked an introduction before it was in your power to give it, but now the charm is gone."

"Well, my boy, you don't know what you are losing," returned the other. "But see the conqueror's spoils. I have exceeded my fondest hopes. We have exchanged photographs so soon." And he held a card before his friend.

"Yes, 'tis the same," he gasped. "Here, take your gains. I get out at the next station."

Harry was on the platform saying good-bye to

Philip. The train was just starting, when, drawing that precious photograph from his pocket, he remarked, with a smiling face, "Perhaps you would be interested to learn that the original of this is my wife. We were married three weeks ago."

A week later Philip Granger received the following letter:

"DEAR PHIL: I hope you have forgiven me by this time. I wanted to make you acquainted with my wife, but twice you prevented me. She desires me to urge you to make us a visit at the earliest possible date. Enclosed please find a U. S. greenback of a certain denomination. Believe me, your repentant and humble friend,"

"HARRY."

EVERY JUNIOR HIS OWN ORATOR.

[NOTE.—Observing and hearing of many Juniors who are toiling with unrelenting energy to secure the position of half-back on their "moonlight eleven," and knowing the invaluable need of systematic work in such cases, we venture to present these few recipes for their benefit.—Eds.]

ORATION LAUDATORY.

One hero, philanthropist, brilliant man of letters, or sage; several reliable dates; some bushels of commendatory adjectives, and a touching death-bed. Put him first in a school, then drag him out into the world, bury him with fame, and smother him with adjectives. Flavor with hearts of his countrymen and a good-sized page in history. Serve with eloquence and smiles

BATTLE ORATION.

One large plain; many thousand soldiers; one golden sun to glisten on their arms; some wild yells of victory or despair, and a brass band if possible. March the troops into the plain, hurl them together, glitter the sun well, shoot off their guns, fling on smoke and wait for some to die. Groan for a few wounded, wave some standards (never flags), and then play the band. Deliver a loud, fierce tone; swing the arms wildly, and spice with Fourth of July.

PROGRESS AND CIVILIZATION.

One-half progress and one-half civilization. Mix thoroughly and triumphantly, march Progress along over the Civilization, through eras of time,

cycles of history, aeons of years, and periods of dates; clear up to-day before yesterday. Then point with enthusiasm to the nineteenth century, and lastly to yourself as its epitome of perfection. Serve flavored with antiquity, but never wait for the applause.

ORATION POLITICAL.

The United States; the River and Harbor Bill; Congress and corruption. Also, John Kelly, George Washington, Pericles and Ben Butler. Place Perry and Georgy on a high stool and let them watch you rub the infamy and degradation into the United States. Add John Kelly and the Pendleton Bill. Serve with an air of loathing, and then go out and pull wires for the class election.

CONDEMNATORY ORATION.

Take one horse-thief, traitor, spy, forger, Benedict Arnold or Tennessee; also, Webster's Dictionary, mud, and an almanac. Lay out well on pure ground of political imagination. Stick in some dates from almanac at intervals. Then sprinkle whole with mud, and defamatory adjectives. Flap a few crow's wings over his grave, or if still living erect stout gallows, and hurl victim to perdition. Stamp all well down, and deliver with howls of indignation. CICERO O'BOURKE.

HORAE HELLENICAL.*

424 B.C.

Across the vast Acropolis, the glorious, the grand,
Beneath the massive Pallas, great work of Phidias' hand,
Two gay Greek youths, well-moulded, pace idly up and
down,

And there discuss, quite cleverly, the gossip of the town.
They laugh and joke, quote Homer,—their master Soc-
rates,—

Then drop into the theatre, and roar and slap their knees,
As they enjoy the "Knights" just out, of Aristophanes.

1883 A.D.

Within a cosy college room,
Two youths sit sad in sombre gloom.
They labor hard o'er prose and verse—
Their tones are loud, their words are terse,
They groan,—their bitter lot they curse.
Two books lie open on their knees,—
While one grubs out old Socrates,
The other, Aristophanes.†

JASON.

* Eds. *Courant*. This is not a French form. You are mistaken.

† Our Sophomore Eds. object to this as too improbable.

H. S. UNDERWOOD.

COLLEGE NOTES.

HALL, '85, has joined his class at last, having been detained at home by a serious illness.

THE Sophomores' essays must all be handed in before March 3d.

W. J. SQUIER, '85, sprained his ankle severely Sunday evening, on the icy steps leading to West College.

THERE is now little doubt as to who ought to have a female part, when '86 comes to give her dramatics.

THE next lecture in the V. I. A. course will be given on Wednesday, by Rev. T. T. Munger, of No. Adams. Subject: "Lincolniana."

J. E. PEIRSON, '83, and W. P. Bradley, '84, will represent Williams at the Intercollegiate Y. M. C. A. meeting at New Haven, next week.

IT is regretted that mention has not been made before of the fact that Mr. Isaac Adriance, Senior Business Editor, responded to the "ARGO" toast at the I. P. A. dinner.

LIFE has been placed in the college reading-room. It will be interesting to note its popularity as compared with that of *Puck*. The former is growing better at every issue.

DR. HOPKINS very gracefully acknowledged his birthday gift on Monday morning, in his classroom, saying that the card which was sent with it he regarded as of more value than the present itself.

IT is understood that the *Athenaeum* will issue its seventeenth number, and so complete the present volume this term. Its tenth volume will then thus, as will the third volume of the ARGO, begin with the third term.

GOVERNOR B. F. BUTLER and Mayor Palmer were unfortunately unable to attend the Alumni Dinner, as there was a meeting of the Bar. The latter was very much disappointed, as he was in Pres. Carter's class at Andover.

THE slope of ice before the chapel, on Sunday, added both athletic and comical attractions to the regular devotional exercises. That ashes were not sprinkled there, seems to show decided negligence in those whose duty it is to attend to such things.

CONVERSATION between Freshman and Senior: Fresh. "I hear you are very clever." Senior. "Oh, no, I'm next to a fool." Fresh. "Then you must be beside yourself." Was it a Seymour?

LOCAL EDITOR WHITMAN, of the Pittsfield *Eagle*, formerly of '84, had a bit of fiction, entitled "The Professor's Story," in a late Sunday *Republican*. The Hoosac Valley *News* calls him one of the best "local boys" in Berkshire.

IT was a great disappointment to the orchestra at their concert at N. Adams, that through some misunderstanding the piano was half a tone or so below concert pitch. Two or three of the instruments were precluded from playing, and Mr. Smith, without previous rehearsal, was compelled to transpose the accompaniment at sight.

THE Seniors at Cornell propose to give the college a picture of the present Dean as their memorial; the Princeton men are deliberating between a communion service, a set of art books, and a memorial window. When we think of '83 at Williams, following in the footsteps of '81 and '82, with a \$15,000 reversionary insurance policy, we wonder if they are all Croesuses.

AT last the attention of those in authority has been given to that collection of old pipes daily (except Wednesdays and Saturdays) manipulated by "Smiler," and we rejoice to say that attempts have been made to renovate it, with what success the future shall reveal. But it is useless to put new wine in old bottles, and it would be money saved if a new organ were purchased outright. Cannot some benevolent alumnus satisfy the want of the college in this respect? "Music," it is said, "has charms to soothe the savage breast," but then the poet did not refer to the wheezings of such a dilapidated pair of wind-bags as we now possess.

There was a young Senator A.
Who laughed a bit once, just in play,
In the P. O. small,
But it frightened them all,
And impeached was young Senator A.

AT AMHERST.

Oh, Presy, dear, can we play ball?
Oh, no, my darling boys,
Such rough, rude games won't do at all;
Go play with your nice toys.

PERSONALS.

[In this issue we give a list of deaths among the alumni, which have been recorded since last Commencement, excepting those already noticed in the college press. Information in respect to any deaths of alumni is respectfully requested for a complete list.]

The sixteenth annual dinner of the Williams College Alumni Association of Boston, was held Tuesday evening, Jan. 30th, at the Parker House in that city. The company, consisting of about forty persons, began to assemble at five o'clock. In a preliminary meeting for business, Clement Hugh Hill, '56, was chosen President of the Association; Edwin H. Darling, '59, Vice-President; Dr. F. H. Davenport, '70, Secretary; and an Executive Committee was appointed consisting of Wm. T. R. Marvin, '54; E. H. Darling, '59; Robt. G. Fitch, '70; J. C. Dewey, '78; and W. R. Campbell, '76. It was decided to hold reunions in the future on the third Tuesdays in January. Dr. Hopkins sent his regrets for not being able to be present. The speakers of the evening were introduced by Mr. Wm. S. B. Hopkins, who presided, and were President Carter, Hon. Wellington Smith of Lee, of the Governor's council; Judge Francis H. Dewey, '40; Dr. A. P. Peabody; Rev. Dr. Leverett of Cambridge; Robt. G. Fitch, '70; Prof. Clarke; Horace E. Scudder, '58; Hon. H. G. Knight; Dr. Joseph R. Draper, '51; Wm. T. R. Marvin, '54; Dr. F. H. Davenport, '70; E. H. Darling, '59, and H. B. Crandall, '59. Dr. Carter's speech was well received, and the most cordial relations were spoken of as existing between the students, Faculty, and Alumni.

'27. Hon. Asahel Foote died July 15, 1882, aged seventy-seven. Mr. Foote prepared at Lenox and Stockbridge academies. After graduation he held charge successively of academies in New Ipswich, N. H., St. Albans, Vt., and Williamstown. In 1844 he was a member of the State Senate. His later years were devoted to agriculture.

'29. Rev. E. D. Willis died at the age of seventy-seven, in Rockford, Ill., Nov. 6, 1880. After his graduation from Auburn Theological Seminary he preached for some years with great

success, till he was obliged to stop from ill health.

'34. L. A. Thomas died Aug. 8, 1882, at the age of seventy-five. He studied law in Troy and New Haven, and later removed to Dubuque, Iowa.

'37. Mortimer Porter died in July, 1882, at the age of seventy. Mr. Porter was a diligent student of the law in New York city for many years, where he has lived constantly.

'41. Rev. David Mills died October 7, 1881, in western Pennsylvania.

'47. A. V. W. Van Vechten, of New York, has given to Union College a salutatory prize, to be made permanent, in honor of his father, who graduated there in 1812.

'52. Wm. H. Bigelow died Aug. 22, 1882, at the age of fifty-two.

'55. Senator and Mrs. Abraham Lansing gave a reception at their home, which the *Albany Argus* says is famous for its hospitality, in honor of Gov. Cleveland, on Thursday, Feb. 1, 1883. Speaker Chapin was present.

'62. Joseph A. Blake died July 27, 1882, aged forty-two.

'67. In Dr. G. Stanley Hall's last lecture on "Pedagogy," the prevalent system of crowding the mind of the scholar and college student with a mass of ideas for the special purpose of passing an examination was condemned as being hurtful, not only to the mind but also to the body; and the changing of the time of holding the examinations to the winter months, when the mind is active, was favored, instead of having them in the spring when the nervous system in many instances is practically prostrated.—*Harvard Herald*.

THEY vaccinated by wholesale at Cornell, says the *Sun*. The vaccine had been prepared for with all the completeness that characterizes modern enterprise, and the manner in which each detail of the process was assigned to special experts forcibly reminded the candidate for special blood honors of the vivid descriptions one reads of the details of a western pork packing establishment.

JASON'S LOG BOOK.

THE *Lehigh Burr* has copied some of the ARGO's verse, and credited it to the *Acta*. Ber-lud! Ber-lud! It wasn't very good, but it was ours, all the same. Ber-lud!

The *Kenyon Advance*, coming from the college where Ex-Pres. Hayes graduated, has a column entitled "Slanders," which starts off, "Sadie was caught that time."

A year ago at this time, the *Yale News* used to publish illustrated weekly *funny* supplements. Sad, sad reflection! And though they have died the death of the unappreciated, their hero, John Dappersop, has been resurrected. How long, St. Elihu, how long!

News has come from Princeton which only confirms the predictions of the college press. We must soon bid the *Tiger* a last farewell. This moan is already arising on the mud-flats. The beast wails:

"I am dying, Princeton, dying,
Fast ebbs my fun away,
I am trying, Princeton, trying,
To laugh still while I may.
I am sighing, Princeton, sighing,
To smile is hard for me.
Brother *Lampy*, stop your crying,
I shall cease with '83."

The *Tiger* was very witty at first, yet its cuts have never been real clear once, and often have been execrable. Unless such things can be kept right up tip-top, they are apt to injure any paper.

The *Yale Courant* of Jan. 20th Jason received Feb. 2d. Still it is always welcome, if its contents are a little stale. Its exchange editor, in giving his estimate of various college journals, takes occasion to say that the ARGO's poetry is "cast inevitably in Provençal forms, which mars the effect of careful versification and poetic feeling." In the first place, a few statistics. Vol. I of this paper contained forty-seven pieces of verse, of which only *nine* were Provençal forms. In the second volume the figures are, thus far, fifty-eight and *nineteen*. Is that inevitable? Then again, where is more "careful versification" than is necessary in such very forms? There is another point, in his general review, which Jason

notices. The literary articles in papers are constantly referred to as contributions. How this is elsewhere he does not know, but, certainly at Williams it is not so, and, for the benefit of the editors, it should be known that there is very little work done on their papers except by their own unaided efforts. Contributions are decidedly the exception.

Jason is glad to see that this reviewer takes due notice of Mr. Lord, of the *Advocate*, who is now, in his opinion, altogether the best sober part of the college press. His verse is very characteristic, and has always a free, strong, manly tone. He is evidently a great lover of open air, if any one may judge of him by his poems, so many of them have such a brisk, bracing air about them. A good example of this feature is his late

HILL SONG.

The clouds are dark, chill stings the winter air;
Against the sky the rough-ribbed hills stand bare;
Grey oak, brown elm, along the vale below
Their firm, strong limbs and knotted sinews show;
What cheer is there, halloo, hallo!

Good cheer is here, halloo, hallo!
When clouds are dark and cold the rough winds blow,
True brains and hearts with hills and trees lay bare
A strength unguessed in summer's languid air.
Then darken, skies, blow, winter tempests, blow,
Good cheer is here, halloo, hallo!

But beside the sober verse which the *Advocate* presents in its literary columns, there are often very bright little hits in verse in their "Items." The following is truly worthy of its title:

NOT ALTOGETHER UNSATISFACTORY.

She is fair, and good, and free;
Her beauty grace enhances.
I asked her to a ball with me,
Divinely quite she dances.

She hoped I would not be enraged;
No little thing would stop her,—
"But, Jack," she said, "since I'm engaged,
It might not be just proper."

"But, Sue, why did you never tell?
By Jove, I'm in a pickle!"
"Oh, never mind," she said, "for — well —
You know I'm very fickle."

LIFE AT OTHER COLLEGES.

SEVERAL members of the Faculty, together with the students and various muckers, have been enjoying the fine coasting of late.—*Amherst Student*.

"THERE is nothing, or almost nothing distinctive about Columbia," says the *N. Y. Times*. "Its locality and its wealth are nearly all that its name connate."

A PRINCETON restaurateur thus described "cutting" to a *N. Y. Sun* reporter :

"It's a way the students have of deciding who shall pay for the oysters. Several students come in and sit down. One opens the book and all note what letter of the alphabet is the second in the second line from the top of the left-hand page. The book is passed to each student in turn, who cuts or opens to a new place. He who has the letter furthest down the alphabet from the letter A has to pay for the oysters.

"You must have a good deal of custom ; the book has been used a good deal."

"Oh, bought that yesterday in a second hand book-store. It contains lectures on Greek literature, the most uninteresting subject I could find. You see, if I did not get an uninteresting book, it would be carried off under some student's jacket."

"Do you have your books stolen in that way !"

"Don't I? The books that are stolen from this place in a year would found a library. I have tried religious books for a while, but even those were carried away. Now I get Greek or Latin or scientific books. Students seldom care anything about them."

ONE professor after another has fled with his family before our face, and taken refuge in town. "I don't think," pathetically remarks one of them, "the students realize how much candy a child *can* eat, if twenty young ladies each give it a little." Is there not evidence in our midst, that the continual dropping of kisses, whether or no it will wear away a stone, will, at least, remould the flexible cartilage of a child's nose? It is not so very long since the students were publicly forbidden to kiss the professors' children, because not only the tempers but the features of said infant were endangered. What shall we say of the

more serious danger to the intellects of the children who frequent our grounds? Let each student ask herself what would be the probable state of her mind after she had three hundred times in twelve hours stared dumbly in response to the facetious query, "Sled, where are you going with that little boy?" and answered, "Yes, ma'am" to the question "Do you like to slide down hill?"—*Vassar Miscellany*.

It is the custom of the Freshmen at Yale during promenade week, to raise large flags inscribed with their class numerals on elevated places about the college. The Sophs in turn bear these down. This year the latter captured four cloth flags, two sheet-iron ones, and a large sheet of tin stamped with '86. The decorations at Carll's for the ball itself were very fine. The *News* says, "Over the stage hung a large triple chandelier covered with smilax, giving light to the whole stage. The effect of this was enhanced by the hanging of crimson drapery under the stage machinery. From the chandelier depended a base-ball bat and balls bearing the letters "H." "B." "D." "A." "P." "Champion," in the proper colors, the last word in blue. In front of this the university crew's shell of last year, which caused so much comment for its length, looked down upon the people below, recalling the time when it had looked down upon eel-grass and felt sadder. But the surprise of the evening was the large football of the smilax swinging from the bottom of the shell and bearing the word "CHAMPION" in white letters ; to this, in turn, were attached three Rugby footballs painted in crimson (Harvard), yellow and black (Princeton), and blue and white (Columbia).

PRESIDENT ELIOT of Harvard does not in the least recede from his position that a hearty interest in athletics is entirely harmless to a college. He recently stated that during the years from 1873-83, over one quarter of the '84 men connected with the nine, eleven, and crew, stood above the middle of their class. The general average of their scholarship was seventy-two out of a possible hundred. He said, to, that he thought that the perseverance and self-denial involved in such often proved very valuable in after life.

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Students and graduates of Williams are requested to contribute articles, verses, letters, and Alumni notes.

IT is due to ourselves and our printers to state, in view of some blunders which have of late occurred in the ARGO, that no proof is ever read by the editors of this paper. As we have our printing done so far away, we are obliged to rely on our publishers for proof-reading, and thereby mistakes sometimes occur, both from poor writing on the part of the editors, and some carelessness among the compositors. On the whole, however, we consider the amount of typographical blunders very few for this labor-saving system of management.

WILLIAMS is indeed being gratefully remembered by many benefactors. Even since the writing of the editorial in the last *Athenæum*, setting right our mistaken contemporaries in the matter of their statement of the bequests received during Dr. Carter's administration, we have been so fortunate as to receive money from a family whose name will always remain dear to graduates of Williams. Mr. Henry T. Morgan, brother of the late Ex-Governor, left us at his death one share in his property (after the deduction of some \$17,000), equally with Harvard, Yale, Amherst, and his nephews and nieces. This, it is calculated, will amount to be-

tween \$40,000 and \$50,000. His brother also, the generous donor of Morgan Hall, after providing for this added a codicil to his will, the body of which has not yet been made public at our writing, leaving to Williams all that remained out of \$100,000, after the erection of the dormitory bearing his name, which cost \$88,000.

WITHIN the last two weeks, Williams College has mourned the loss of three of its warmest friends. Hon. William E. Dodge, Mr. Henry T. Morgan, and his brother Ex-Governor Edwin D. Morgan, have all died. Though none of them were graduates of Williams, and only the second an honorary graduate, they were all anxious for our welfare and prosperity. The former for a long time associated with Dr. Hopkins in the Board of Foreign Missions, always displayed affection for and interest in our affairs. He established the so called President's fund, which, as Dr. Hopkins says in dedicating to him the "Law of Love," allowed him leisure to write this book. Of the latter two, we have only to look at our finest dormitory, equal to any in the country, and to read the papers of last week, containing the notes of their liberality toward us, to feel a deep sense of gratitude to them for their great kindness and generosity, and regret for their deaths.

THE matter of religious work in college is seldom the theme of the college press, yet it is one which lies closest to the hearts of some, and has a most decided bearing on the lives of all. For the advancement of cordial, intimate knowledge on this point we know of nothing which is of more power than the room prayer-meetings. Many of the Seniors can testify to this from actual experience in the meetings which have been kept up in that class for more than a year, while some of the Juniors are meeting with decided pleasure in such social, informal gatherings. We would press the matter home to the

attention of all the Christian men of all classes, and invite them to seriously consider the formation of many more of these potent little circles in every college building.

IN the introduction of the shower-bath at Kellogg it is pleasant to notice the regard that is paid by the authorities to the cleanliness of its inhabitants. And while they feel grateful for the opportunities thus offered them, they cannot but consider that there are some disadvantages still existing. They would prefer to have the flow of the water so directed that it would wet only their persons and not at the same time drench thoroughly the clothing which they have on. In short, they would be happy if the gutter along the front of their dormitory could be so repaired that they will not on every rainy day be obliged, on entering the doorway, to serve as water-course for a small-sized torrent. We commend this case to the immediate attention of the "committee on repairs."

YES, another attempt, we are happy to say, has been made to bring the temperature of the amphitheater within endurable limits. Whether this beneficent act is due to the thunders of the college press or mercy towards the professor who has been obliged to preside there and thus several times contracted severe colds, we know not, but are nevertheless deeply grateful for the change. Two new radiators have been placed in the room, and now the little tea-kettle is worked for all it is worth, and often much more. And now that this action has been taken, we see no further excuse which the janitors can give for the frigidity of the room save their own management of the steam-heater. There is now no longer a loop-hole for them to escape by. But stop; not any, did we say? After all, they are still safe, for while there are in the window-casings interstices as large as at present we have no fears for their security.

A WANT has long been felt by college journals, not already expressed it may be, but nevertheless existing, of something to take the place of the traditional heavy lit. At last it

seems to us that it has been found, and can be seen to be already springing up and gaining popularity. It is the "intercollegiate" article, for the complete and easy presentation of which the I. P. A. will help wonderfully. Already some specimens of this literature have been presented, such as "The Amherst System" in this paper, "The Fortunes of the Honor System," in the columns of our sister paper, the articles in the *Era* clipped from the *Herald* on Harvard matters, and various papers in the *Argonaut*, of the same nature. We do not by any means think that these will ever supplant the story or "funny" article fully, but that they will support and reinforce it as literary matter. All collegians are naturally interested in the doings of like men elsewhere. We think that this gives sufficient reasons for its early and rapid rise into favor, and we would advocate it most strongly. In its behalf we shall endeavor to present next time a paper on the present condition of bicycling in all our principal and neighboring institutions.

STRANGE to relate, we as a college have never yet had an opportunity to enjoy a regular performance of our Musical Association. Many concerts have been given by them in various cities around here and in New York State, the Glee Club alone has assisted in performances hereabouts, and the Orchestra has furnished music on occasions such as the Junior Dramatic Minstrel performances and the Joint Debate, but never since the amalgamation of the two into one organization has Williamstown had the pleasure of listening to one of their performances. It is known to be the desire of very many of the students, as well as many of the towns-people, that the Association should give a concert in Williamstown this term. The expenses would necessarily be light, but if any doubt should exist in the minds of the Association whether even these light expenses could be covered by the receipts, we would suggest a preliminary canvass among the students for the purchase of tickets until a sufficient number had been pledged to cover the necessary expenses, after which all the tickets that should be sold would help to swell the profits which the musi-

cians would so fully deserve. Under such conditions, if not otherwise, will not the Musical Association arouse itself and gratify the expressed desire of both college and town?

WILLIAMS is to be congratulated for sustaining so excellent a reading room as has been kept up during recent years. There has not been the slightest tendency towards deterioration either in the amount of reading matter furnished or the aids to comfort in reading, but, rather, there have been constant efforts towards improvement on the part of the directors. But things will give out under simple everyday use, and there is at present a commonly felt lack of seats. Of the stools, so necessary as long as the racks are so high, only one or two now remain, and these are quite dilapidated; the chairs, too, have gone to pieces gradually and are very shaky. If there is any money which can be expended in such repairs let us have two or three new stools, and some chairs, and we would suggest replacing with chairs the long bench in front of the table, which is not only uncomfortable but very much in the way of those consulting the pamphlets. If there are no funds on hand for such a purpose, will a small tax on the members be too burdensome when used in so good a cause?

IN making an examination of our triennial catalogue lately we noticed several interesting facts. Of all graduates from '51 to '65 inclusive, more than two-thirds entered the three professions. Of all graduates from '66 to '77 inclusive, only three-sevenths entered these professions. During the first period less than two-fifths of the two-thirds entered the legal profession, while in the latter period more than one-half of the three-sevenths entered this profession, showing an increase which proved on examination to be at the expense of each of the other two professions. Viewing the first set of figures in the light of the statements made lately by several college presidents—our own among the number—that the number of students is larger than ever before and steadily on the increase, the question comes, what does it mean? It seems to indicate, in our case at least, that we are

educating more men who take up business after graduation, and who see the benefits of a liberal education in that direction; that more men are taking a college education than ever before, but not on account of the particular impulse which it gives to a man to enter a profession. We doubt not this is the case in other colleges, and it seems to us an encouraging sign. A life spent in business, in agriculture, or in politics is certainly not hampered by a broad and liberal education, but is elevated and its scope is increased, more in accord with the tendency of the present time.

IT is not often that we venture to criticise another college paper in our editorial column. But it seems to us that the remarks made editorially in the last *Dartmouth* render a few comments in order. The course of this journal has of late been a little peculiar. Having devoted itself pretty thoroughly to heavy lifts until within a short time, and being thus almost the only Eastern bi-weekly that did, a few jokes were made at its expense by the *Acta* and *Athenæum*. Almost immediately, as if influenced by their remarks, it turned to light articles, and has since been lightest of the light, the last issue containing seven and one-half columns of "Mac Finnegan's Curse, or the Ban of Blood." Meanwhile the war of words has been kept up, the *Dartmouth* taking part as vigorously as either assailant, but now, on receiving the last issue of the *Athenæum*, containing a cartoon poking fun at it, it breaks out into violent talk, taking occasion to speak of the *Athenæum* as scurrilous, and the majority of the I. P. A. members as "doubtful characters." Of course calling the *Vassar Miscellany* a "doubtful character" is highly gentlemanly and refined in taste. As to the refutation of the charge on behalf of the others it seems needless; the *Dartmouth* has only displayed a characteristic degree of ignorance of the relative merits of college journals, which it might easily have learned from the late estimate of the *Courant* exchange editor. The whole tenor and tone of its editorial make it condemn itself. We hope for its own good that it will redeem its promise of silence in the future on this subject.

"A COMPLETE ANGLER."

A gay brunette, in whose fair face
 You'd sooner read a love for lace
 Than fishing tackle.
 In fact, she showed demure surprise
 When once, in joke, I asked, "In flies
 Have you brown hackle?"

But cunning she to choose *her* bait,
 No long, hard hours had she to wait
 When she went angling.
 She cast a tiny smile, a pout—
 Then, in a flash, her fish was out,
 And near her "dangling."

And thus she fished for rich, for poor,
 For old, for young, *haut ton*, and boor,—
 Through five long seasons.
 She angled German, Saxon, French,
 As Izaak did—dace, bream, and tench,—
 Then stopped—for reasons.

She said the sport was grown too tame.
 "Such tales will need," cried babbling Fame,
 "A pinch of salt on."
 'Tis true her past shows matchless might,
 But she's retired, *alone*, to write
 Coquettes, your "Walton."

—H S.

THREE MEETINGS.

YAAS, I suppose most of you fellers think I'm going to tell a story about mashing. I s'pose you think I'm going to tell you how I met a ducky at a watering-place, with nice little eyes and mellifluous hair, that just crushed me into a Hash House pancake. You think I'm going say I met her there, then saw her again in the winter up in the country and took her out to ride and proposed and got all paralyzed. Then you think she's going to tell me to come around at 8 P. M. and get her answer, and when I get there I'll find a big pill standing there huggin' her and sayin', "Yaas, this is my wife; who are you, anyway?" And you think the curtain will fall on me rootin' away, and clubbing myself for an ass. Not this time, my young friends.

There are some, too, who'll think that I'm going to tell you how I met a charming damozel in a horse-car, and rescued her from slow death by starvation by asking her to get out and walk, then saw her again on the street and strolled

through the woods with her and talked about spring, and Tennyson, and hopper-toads, and raved over her lovely nose. Then they think I'm going to go and write verses to her, and finally meet her at a dinner-party, and have her introduced to me as my long-lost grandmother, who has been visiting in the Cannibal Islands. No, no; that is too life-like and natural for me.

Then there are a few choice spirits that think I am going to take a promenade during the witching hours of midnight, and meet another ghost out on the boulevard, with a weird smile and a blood-stain cautiously stealing over his left cheek. Then they think I will meet him or his double when I go back to college, acting as tutor, when he will call me up and flunk me. And the third time will be on Senior Ex., when he is about to knock me out of a degree, and I will coldly and calmly say, "Where were you one year ago to-night? And where did you bury poor Nancy Jane?" No, no; my imagination never rises to such dizzy heights as this.

And several, no doubt, have by this time concluded that the real thing is my coming across a poor, miserable man in a lonely moor, and booting him around because he wouldn't tell me his past history and his prospects, then seeing him again in a barber-shop getting a clean shave, when he will recognize me with a grateful smile. Then they think I shall be presented at court, and find my booted barber on the throne, where he will say, "Sire, your frankness is only equaled by the size of your feet," and I will faint.

But no; the real three meetings are three that we had in a Freshman debating society to which I once belonged. We got on the interesting subject of Woman's Rights, and argued right up till midnight the first time. The second time, the interest was so great we had to allow one man on each side to speak at the same time. This soon worked upon the feelings of the occupants of our dormitory, and when we were well under way the third time, four men talking at once, they broke into our room and cleaned out the whole gang, wiping up the floor with our mangled remains. You see it wasn't anything very huge, and you ought not to have aroused so much expectation over the title.

LAMENT OF AN ANTIQUARY.

Alas ! the classic, golden age is fled,
And all its merry, mythic glories !
The graceful nymphs and tuneful Pan are dead,
The Centaurs, Latin Reader stories.

Old Jove and Juno, Mercury and Mars,
Avoid our rude, rough, ranting Babel,
Miss Pallas saw electric light,—“My stars,”—
She fled—room fifteen—realm of fable.

All went save two, the happy love:—
They dwell with Mr. Progress, tutor.
Now Venus keeps a poodle—sold her doves,—
And Cupid—fires a seven-shooter.

JASON.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION AT WILLIAMS.

AN exceedingly valuable article in the February number of the *North American Review*, on the subject of “Physical Education in College,” brings to notice once more that subject which, though worn almost threadbare by the editorial pen of college journalism, is yet alive and is now coming into greater prominence than ever before. The article is written by Dr. D. A. Sargent, Director of the Harvard University Gymnasium, who knows every word whereof he affirms to be true, and it is an article worthy of the careful perusal of every member of every college or fitting school in this country, faculty, students, and trustees as well. The writer touches a point of the greatest interest to Williams men when he speaks of the requirements of the building which is to be used as a gymnasium, and of the selection and construction of the apparatus to be placed in it.

He says: “A gentleman gives forty or fifty thousand dollars for the erection of a gymnasium. The planning is handed over to an architect who has no idea of the kind of building required. . . . What, then, can be said of the structure, as to its fitness for a temple of health? But even worse than this, in many respects, is the barn which we have dedicated for the shelter of our apparatus. It is not even heated in winter, with the exception of a space in one corner, within a radius of six feet from the stove. The dressing-room, which above all parts of the building should be warm at all times, is

the very coldest part of our barn ; and here it is that every man who exercises on the apparatus during the winter exposes himself to the greatest liability of contracting a severe sickness.”

Again, the writer says: “Having put up a building, the authorities proceed to fill it with apparatus made by the college carpenter. The material is selected without regard to fitness and put together with little knowledge of its object or design.” He then specifies some glaring faults of misconstruction and misappliance which are usually found, and then says: “With however good intentions of self-improvement a student may enter a college, he is disheartened at the outset by such a gymnasium as this. He finds no appliances adapted to his needs as a beginner, and no provision for progressive development.” This is perfectly applicable to our own institution. We have (with one exception) none of the “adjustable weights and pulleys” which are absolutely essential to a beginner for the development of those particular sets of muscles in which he may be deficient before he can be able to use with advantage the heavier appliances with which our gymnasium, in common with others, is furnished. It is a significant fact that on account of the lack of this introductory apparatus very few students, except those who have had previous training, can take any pleasure in commencing a course of exercise in such a gymnasium as ours.

Our present system of appointing members of the college as instructors in our gymnasium, instead of having in charge a man who is a practical gymnast and an educated physician, is absolutely fallacious in theory and pernicious in practice, and should only be maintained as long as a college is positively too poor to take proper care of that part of a student's education which is the condition for the successful attainment of intellectual growth. Finally, had we (as we may have some day) a gymnasium suitably furnished and under the charge of a thoroughly competent instructor, the urgent necessity of making regular physical exercises a part of the college curriculum could not be too strongly advocated. As it is now, those who take the most exercise in our gymnasium are the ones

who have the least need of it, and those who need it the most are discouraged by the lack of proper apparatus from taking any.

TO THE ANONYMOUS "ANNE"

A winsome sphinx, she seems, this Anne,
Who ever hides "behind her fan."
She's been berhymed since days of Pan—
Why!—*No!* she'd be a great-great-gran—
Well, often sung, this Ma'amselle Anne.

"Her buckle shoe," one rondeau ran,
Another hummed "my partis-an,"—
Bard Number Three sang, "cheeks of tan,"
And so all through her poet clan,—
In honor of this Ma'amselle Anne.

And I would like to sing Miss Nan—
I'd call her Patty; Malibran,
I'd laud her brain so bright in plan,—
Her face, which all youth love to scan—
But then, you see, I'm under ban.

I long to sing, but ah! how can
I, when she is to me but "An-
onymous Anne."

CARL.

THE COLLEGE SPY.

CHAPTER III.—FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!

SATURDAY night settled calmly and peacefully over Williamstown, on the fourteenth of October. It seemed unusually quiet. And as Philip Raynor sat in No. 20, East College, leaning lazily back in his sleepy-hollow chair, he let the evening wear on and on, in his wool-gathering only once in a while stepping out of his air-castles to wonder where his chum could be. At last he roused himself.

"The whole college seems to have gone to Adams; not a sound anywhere—probably he went too. Well, I guess I'll amuse myself by clipping it up a little."

He lit his lamp, went to a table, and opening his drawer, was just pulling out a square blank—when he heard a step outside. He hurriedly put it back, and awaited the progress of events. But it was Bradford. Said Phil:

"Hallo, hallo, Slink, what's the matter, where were you?"

"Oh, Jack Monson invited me to ride over to

Ad. with him just after you went to the library, and I couldn't resist. We called on a couple of his young lady friends, got a bid to supper, took them to a concert, and had an immense racket. Well, how did you succeed?"

"Well, I went into the library just as the drawing of books was over, and sat down to read a few moments. The chief librarian went out soon, and while the only assistant there went off to a distant alcove, I proceeded over to that little side drawer in the table, pulled out our book, had it under my vest in a minute, and walked out. There were lots of fellows in the library, but I don't think any of them caught on. You know I fool around there quite a good deal, and am quite a privileged character."

"Yes, but it will be missed right off; what then?"

"It won't be missed till Monday afternoon, when he copies the numbers off the pad. It will be too late then to fix it on any one man, and any way, I don't care. I shall give a couple of the fellows their leaves; the thing will be spread, and before long our spy will be booked."

"But you will be shoved yourself, won't you, my darling Philip? How you cling to your little scheme! Really, I never thought you had so much perseverance. Did you ever stick to one thing so long before?"

"What, are you going back on—"

"*Fire! fire! fire!*" rang out under their window in thrilling tones. "*Fire! fi-i-er! fi-i-er!*" it came up again, and as if simultaneously all East College stuck its heads out of the window and joined the chorus.

"Come on, come on!" exclaimed Phil excitedly, "come on!" and he dashed toward the door.

"So you, a Senior, are going to be roped in by a miserable little Sophomore brush-heap, are you? Go on, and joy go with you," was the sneering reply.

"What has come over you? but come, that's real; hark!"

"*West College is on fire! Fire! fire! fi-i-er! West College!*" came up from below.

There was no further delay. Both of them rushed down stairs, ran at the top of their speed over to

West, and looked. Yes, the old building was on fire; and what was more, burning quite rapidly. Crowds gathered as if by magic; all joined in the shouting. A hundred tried to give orders. The noise was deafening; smoke and flame rolled up in ever-increasing volumes from the doomed building; out of many windows were hanging long strings of bed clothes, utilized by the South Hall men as fire-escapes. Bill Pratt was rushing wildly up and down with a harmonica going full blast. Bands of students were employed in bringing water from all the wells in the neighborhood, to wet down the adjoining buildings. These our friends joined, and were soon lost in the wild confusion. They worked like beavers for an hour, then stopped a minute to talk about it.

"Was there any one inside?" asked a friend. "Who roomed on the top floor?"

"Nobody got burned," was the reply. "A couple of Juniors and a Freshman got caught; the Juniors got out, but the Fresh was so scared he couldn't wait, so he jumped and smashed himself up pretty badly. This shows plain enough what ought to be done. Blast the old college! Of course there isn't a fire every year, and so they let it run on and on, hoping and trusting that this state of things will last, and then by-and-by comes a fire, and here we are altogether without protection for life or property of any sort. Blast it! Well, it's a good lesson to 'em. Hard on the Fresh, though!"

"Well said, well said, Stone," cried Raynor; "you are solid from way back. Let's stand back a little and watch! It's a gorgeous old blaze, isn't it?"

It was indeed a striking scene, as the lurid glare from the burning dormitory lit up the surrounding scenes, showing almost the whole village gathered around it. Some few were on top of the president's house and Kellogg Hall watching for cinders, while a large band were jealously defending the barn-gymnasium from catching fire. Finally, the flames died mostly away. A few started to leave. Phil turned quickly to his chum.

"Slink, don't Fishy and Oilman room here? They are burned out! By Jove, we'll play the

Good Samaritan! Ask 'em to stay with us awhile! Hey?"

"Quite a good scheme! yes, we'll do it. You ask Fishy, and I will the other. Tell 'em we've lots of room, and 'twon't bother any one at all—only you, yourself, you precious pill." He added, on turning away, "I wonder where my beloved professor is. It seems as if I must take a hand myself again. The young 'un will be in a tight fix."

(To be continued.)

HER REVENGE.

My maiden aunt, stern, shrill, severe,
I ne'er quite understood
Until she let me see her queer
Old chest of cedar-wood.

Within—an album, which contained
Alumni photographs,—

I gasped, my wonder scarce restrained—
Attached,—their autographs.

These, cut from notes, told name and class,
No farther need I search;
A College Widow, then, poor lass
Left often in the lurch.

But as I closed, on title-page,
Her grim revenge I read,
Now mellowed, like her book, with age,
"Rogues' Gallery," it said.

—BERCT.

DELUDED.

I have always been an admirer of fine voices. Melodious tones always arrest my attention, whether coming from man or woman. I remember the first oration I delivered when in college—class of '59. It was a thrilling harangue against slavery, intended to sweep everything before it and to show that a gifted pen scorns such adventitious aid as is offered by mere delivery. It should hold the breathless attention of the house and cover its author with glory. Well, no thunders of applause greeted my exit from the stage. "I have touched the deeper feelings of my hearers," thought I; they are spell-bound; they are too full for utterance, and this silence is a delicate compliment where applause would be almost desecration. But I

could not refrain from drawing out my chum on the subject of my oration when we were alone. "Oh, your oration," said he; "yes, I remember; you spoke on the character of Socrates. I heard something that sounded like a man trundling a wheel-barrow, so I went to sleep, knowing you would get through at last without my help."

But I must tell of one beautiful contralto voice that I fell in love with, as well as with its pretty owner. My chum during senior year, Lawrence Darling, a fine, handsome fellow, was not very strongly attached to his books, but fond of society, and fitted to shine in the social circle that he frequented in the neighboring village, and through him I sometimes found myself sharing in the good times always going on there.

"Mark," said he to me one day, "leave your books and come over to the theatricals to-night—'Lady of Lyons,' you know, in Creighton Hall—lots of fellows going—quite a swell affair. I shall drive over with the Stedmans."

"I went. The dramatic club of the village did themselves proud. The leading part, played by Miss Laura Deering, as the programme informed me, was admirably executed. But well or ill, it was all one to me. It was the actress and not the part that commanded my attention. I used to be something of a classical scholar, fond of ancient literature, interested in studying the institutions, the customs, and, above all, the people of antiquity. I would transport myself to those old times and delight in picturing to myself one or another of its famous personages. I sighed to realize my ideal of the beautiful and accomplished Aspasia; it was my wildest dream to meet with the stately beauty of a Helen of Troy.

But when Miss Deering came on to the stage and I heard her rich contralto voice—one well worthy to speak the Attic tongue—I felt that my dream of classic beauty was realized. What could be more perfect than that upright and graceful form, what more exquisite than that Grecian profile, and what more ravishing than the full tones of that contralto voice? I blush to think how completely I was captivated, and what indiscretions I would not have committed to make the acquaintance of the charming Laura, and what sentimental nonsense I scribbled in a

note which I attached to the bouquet that I offered to the goddess.

How Lawrence and I talked about her the next day, or, rather, how I raved, while Lawrence listened indulgently, smiling at my infatuation.

"Don't make yourself ridiculous over a girl that you may never see again," was his calm advice.

"But, Lawrence," said I warmly, "don't you believe in a sort of predestination in love? When a man sees the woman he feels he has been waiting for, the woman he knows is the one to make something out of him, is it not wrong for him to shut his eyes and pay no heed to the evident designs of a wise Providence? I know that with the love of Laura Deering I could amount to something in this world, and without it I shall be but a failure."

"Well, Mark," said my chum at last, "you will probably not think of marrying this girl before you get an introduction. I am not acquainted in that quarter myself, but perhaps you can get into her circle if you keep your eyes open for opportunities."

Yes, that was good advice. I must restrain my castle-building propensities, and manage to make Laura Deering's acquaintance as soon as possible.

Two days after this I was sitting alone in the gathering twilight, my heart swelling with great emotions and my mind filled with thoughts of Laura, wondering why none of the fellows seemed to be in the least acquainted with her and able to gratify my desire for an introduction, when there came a gentle knock at the door. Why did my heart leap into my mouth at this soft tap? Why did I feel that a crisis in my life had come? I cannot answer, but only know that I hastened to open the door to admit—yes, it was no other—Laura Deering.

"Is this Mr. Crosby?" asked she, and I noticed a falter of voice and timidity of glance as she did so.

"That is my name," I replied, begging her to enter and be seated.

"You will think it very strange that I have come thus to a stranger," she began. She was greatly agitated, though she tried to appear calm.

She pressed her hand to her brow and pushed back a stray lock of hair—wonderful, luxuriant, golden hair, gathered in a careless knot behind. "But you do not seem a stranger to me," she continued; "I will not pretend that I was indifferent to the words of your note."

"Oh, I am so glad to hear you say so!" I exclaimed, fast losing my head.

"And so it is that, with much hesitation, I have come to you—those that ought to help me are far away—with a great trouble. Oh, Mr. Crosby, let us cast off the conventionalities of a cold world and speak as one of God's children to another. Pray, hear the cry of one in peculiar distress."

"My dear Miss Deering, speak to me as you would to a most intimate friend. Would that I might be something even more than that to you!" I had seated myself at her side, and with an instinctive feeling of sympathy had clasped her hand.

She dropped her beautiful eyes and murmured, "Why must you think that you cannot be?"

I never did anything like any one else. My love affair was to be unique, my wooing and winning accomplished within ten minutes. I drew still nearer and put my arm around Laura's waist. "My darling—"

"Spell it with a capital, my boy, and look out or you'll have my hair off," and the contralto descended to second tenor, while Lawrence Darling *alias* Laura Deering went off into a gale of laughter. "So much for natural endowments, combined with costume, practice, and troches," said he, mounting gleefully to a fiendish soprano.

"So much for an idiotic spoony," I returned, hastening out to select a burial spot in the cemetery, my heart ever so many degrees below zero, and my burning mortification as many degrees above the boiling point.

THAT un-musical association, the E. C. Orchestra, delights itself nowadays with making night hideous, and its audience frantic, with the "Peek-a-boo." It is rumored that the first violin will follow in the steps of Wagner, if the agony lasts much longer.

Y. M. C. A. CONVENTION.

A CONVENTION of the college Y. M. C. A. associations was held at Yale last Saturday and Sunday, and proved eminently beneficial to all present. Amherst, Bowdoin, Colby, Dartmouth, Harvard, Princeton, Williams, and Yale were all represented, Peirson, '83, and Bradley, '84, being our delegates; C. K. Ober, formerly of '83, and L. M. Thompson, '82, were also present. On Saturday afternoon, at 2.30, occurred devotional exercises; at 2.45, reports of associations; 3.30, discussion on the question as to the method of increasing membership; and at 4, on College Bible Study. In the evening at 7, Mr. L. D. Wishard addressed the meeting on "Missionary Work, Home and Foreign, an appeal to college students," and a discussion of the relation the college Y. M. C. A. to outside Y. M. C. A. work followed. On Sunday, at 3 P. M., was a discussion on "College Prayer Meetings," with special reports from Williams, Wesleyan, and Dartmouth; at 4, a consecration meeting. In the evening services were held in Battell Chapel at 7.30, conducted by J. V. Farwell, and at 9 came the farewell exercises.

EXIT ERATO, ENTER MRS. EAGAN.

(*Crescendo tapping is heard on the door, Poet a loquitur.*)

Alas! my lot I'm rueing!
The muse I've been pursuing
Both night and day,
And in this way
Has come my own undoing.

(*Tapping becomes scherzando, and is accompanied by soprano solo.*)

My washerwoman's wailing
For pay, outside, and hailing
With tearful plaints
The "howly saints,"—
But 'tis all unavailing.

(*Tapping decidedly pianissimo; prima donna sends her voice up in sixth story.*)

I'm meditating hanging
Myself, or else just banging
Out what remains
Of my poor brains,
Half crazed by her haranguing.

(*Coal-hod descends staircase. Exit Mrs. Eagan.*)

JACQUES.

VASSAR LIFE IN WINTER.

By kindness *Miscellany*.

IF the old definition of a college as "a place where a young man learns to do what he doesn't want to do, at a time when he doesn't want to do it," holds good for girls' colleges, Matthew Vassar made a great mistake in giving live students three hundred acres of Dutchess County land wherein to "take their walks abroad." College life cannot settle fairly into steady routine until the chestnuts are gone. Breathes there a girl with soul so dead who could quietly leave them to the passing small boys? Nor can it pull very steadily in the traces after the spring vacation. The most methodical of us never got back from a tramp to Cedar Ridge after wild flowers, inside her allotted "hour of exercise." The hardest "dig" in Vassar College is not proof against the combination of May weather and the lake—colloquially termed "the frog-pond."

Vassar's hard work is done, her most typical college life lived between Thanksgiving and Easter. Students estimate it roughly as "Between 'Gyms begin' and 'Late Chapel'." We fairly settle into winter ways and corners from the morning when gymnastic class-lists are read at breakfast. This means that the boats are brought in, the "double windows" put on the north side of the building, and students only required to exercise half an hour a day in the open air.

The social life of the college wakes up. Philalethea rehearses vigorously her "four Philalthean plays;" the political and literary clubs begin to lay out plans of work whose completion would require a long and leisurely life time, and the Vassar griddle begins to be a fruitful theme in college journalism.

Student life, too, is much more vigorous than through the autumn, albeit pursued under harder conditions. Students in Astronomy, Natural History, Chemistry, Physics, and Music work and recite in outlying buildings, and are thus obliged to be out in all weathers. Fortunately, a more merciful regime has been inaugurated within the last year than the one under which the original founder of our college sought to "inculcate a habit of early rising in the future

American woman," and the rising-bell does not ring till seven, while the "first period recitation," the *bête noir* of chilly mortals, is now 8.30 instead of 8.10.

Coasting and skating are very popular amusements, and would be more generally pursued if gymnastics were not compulsory, or took less time. Mr. Blaikie roused much enthusiasm for running last year, but it has gradually died out, and the nightly run of a quarter of a mile required from the evening gymnastic classes, satisfies most of us.

Class and club sleigh-rides, candy-pulls, and "spreads" make up the sum of our more informal winter festivities. Hallowe'en is celebrated as a time-honored custom. No amount of opposition has ever been able to do away with its mystic rites. A regular series of concerts is provided by Dr. Ritter, the head of the School of Music, and lectures are furnished at irregular intervals. On the whole, January at Vassar is gayer, if more hard-working, than October or May.

S. F. S., '83.

COLLEGE NOTES.

THE preliminary Commencement appointments will be issued on the first of March.

"WILLIAMS,—a one-horse, faculty-ridden institution."—*Dartmouth*.

CAUTIONARY advice from *Life*.—"Never tell a Bostonian he doesn't know beans."

A GOOD nickname for the *Dartmouth*, after *Acta's* popular style, would be "*Mouthy*."

OUR conundrum editor says the recent canine poisoning affair is a "dog-gone-d" shame.

DID '86 think its representative at the Sophomore Declamations too small for detection?

THE Sophomores have had their last examination in Spherical Geometry until the annuals.

"BILLY," of 9 E. C., received a beautiful valentine from admiring classmates on the 14th.

It is reported that "N.F." was on time with the "commentaries" on the "Tusculan Disputations."

WALLACE BRUCE delivered the sixth lecture in the V. I. A. course on Tuesday; subject, "Landmarks of Scott."

THE *Yale* papers have been making several appeals of late for the establishment of a regular college hospital.

THE Juniors used Prof. Clark's room in Griffin Hall, while the new radiators were being placed in the amphitheater.

A COMPOSITOR employed in setting up the *Yale News*, recently amused himself by transforming "ivy" into "dog."

PROF. HEWITT paid a graceful tribute, in his Sunday sermon, to the three friends which Williams has just lost.

J. M. LASELLE, '86, entertained several friends very pleasantly, last week, with the contents of a box he had received.

DR. CARTER was one of the pall-bearers at Ex-Gov. Morgan's funeral, others being Pres. Arthur and Ex-Pres. Grant.

THE "Senior Statistics" blanks were due over three weeks ago, and only about twenty have been handed in. Brace, '83.

No, *Orlando*, Jason does not think *St. Elihu* is John Dappersop. But he thinks he ought to have some control over him.

DR. HOPKINS assisted in the funeral exercises of Hon. Wm. E. Dodge, together with Drs. Vincent, Prime, and Hitchcock.

THE college nine are now allowed to practice pitching and catching in the Gym., something that has never happened before.

THE Eng. Lit. elective, it is said, does not feel the need of a Shakespeare club to be quite so pressing as it has been sometimes.

MR. A. W. UNDERWOOD'S "Fortune Telling" is enjoying great popularity among the various "clipping" editors of the college press.

THE lot corner of Depot and Main streets, has been bought by Thos. Mole. Bushnell Danforth has also purchased the Delta Psi House.

"PRESIDENT" and "Secretary" look peculiar on the new House blanks. We thought the terms in vogue were "Speaker" and "Clerk."

Two South College freshmen gave a "musical," recently, to some '85 men, which seems to have been highly enjoyable to the participants.

THE grind perpetrated on the English Lit. lessons last week seems not to make the least impression. Let some fertile brain suggest another!

THE Seniors have petitioned to have "Vincent," under the Doctor, each Saturday during the remainder of the term, as has been the case before.

A NEW horizontal bar has been ordered for the Gym. It is to have an improved steel core, well adapted for the heavy work doubtless to be witnessed at the coming exhibition.

MR. J. E. PEIRSON made the report for Williams at the Yale convention, stating, among other things, that 147 out of 250 men here were Christians. Brown has 150 out of 270.

THE "Camilla Urso" Concert Company will perform in North Adams on Wednesday evening. The well-known merits of this troupe certainly deserve a full attendance of students at the entertainment.

"W. O." says the demand for bath-tickets this term is unprecedented. This is right; Williams has long possessed a reputation for godliness, and if you don't know what is second to this, "ask Unc."

ALLAN FORMAN, a former editor of the ARGO, is winning his spurs in the literary world as a writer of children's stories. His name is often found among the list of contributors to *Harper's Young People*.

THE *Bates Student* editors have been granted by the faculty a release from some required rhetorical work. Their last issue is an improvement over former ones, whether from this cause or not cannot be said.

A PROF. who had approached a group of students with the evident intention of reproving them for snow-balling, suddenly changed his mind after a closer inspection, and turned away with the remark, "They are only freshmen."

The caterwauls from Dartmouth's halls

Arouse a mocking laughter—

They give away themselves, all say,

And then "come tumbling after."

So blow, *Dartmouth*, blow,—we like to hear your crying!

We know that "Winslow's Soothing" can be had *by buying*.

It is to be regretted that the jolly "Tewfe'k" is to turn the "Ex" column of the *Argonaut* over to other hands. He always made it exceedingly interesting, and we doubt if he can be replaced.

FRESHMEN or any others who have not heard the fabulous tale of a cow once having been placed on top of West College, can find a rythmical version of it in a book of poems, by William Pitt Palmer, of the class of '28, in the college library. The volume is entitled, "Echoes of Half a Century," and the poem, "The Anabasis."

LAST Saturday evening a reception was given by the Musical Association, at the Mansion House, to Mr. E. H. Jennings, of the firm of Warner & Jennings, who dined them so enjoyably, and took so much interest in them, during their stay at Buffalo last Christmas vacation. Messrs. F. C. Squier, Talcott, and Ransom, who also entertained the warblers there at that time, shared the honors of the occasion.

C. W. BRUCE, formerly of '85, ex-"Treasurer Carter Literary Society," is now at Dartmouth, and one of the editors of their green-hued college paper. We wonder if he remembers ever having seen in our "one-horse, faculty-ridden college," the chapel used for "examinations, exhibitions, declamations;" if "when he bowed his head there, his eyes fell on the auger-hole through which cribs came up in the last examination,"—as is the case where he is now, according to one of the *Dartmouth's* "communicators."

PERSONALS.

'48. Pres. Chadbourne has been suffering from a fit of illness, which has prevented him from filling some of his numerous engagements to lecture.

'52. Buell has left the *Cleveland Herald*, and is studying law in that city.

'55. "Of Senator Ingalls' eulogy on the late Senator Hill, of Georgia, a very comprehensive report of which was published in the *Post*, the *Gazette* says: 'It seems to us to stamp Senator Ingalls as the most scholarly man in that body. This is an honor which we could hardly look to find accorded to a Senator from an extreme

Western State.' Senator Ingalls graduated in the same class with the late Senator Hitchcock, of Nebraska, and the class just ahead of Pres. Garfield. He has had scholarly associates, and a scholarly training."—*Boston Post*.

'55. Rev. Dr. E. P. Ingersoll, pastor of the Puritan Church of Brooklyn, is giving a series of Sunday evening lectures to young men, under the following heads: "Getting a Right Start," "An Honorable Calling—How to Find It," "The Model Business Man," "Need of Recreation," "Amusements," "Social Habits," "Self-Culture in Business Life," "The Conclusion of the Whole Matter."

'57. Dr. Alexander Hutchins, of Brooklyn, was elected President of the State Medical Society, at Albany, February 8th.

'59. Rev. H. A. Schauffler, eldest son of the late Dr. Schauffler, is at present in charge of the mission of the Plymouth Church, Cleveland, Ohio, and preaches every Sunday in Bohemian.

'62. Edward W. Schauffler, M.D., is practicing medicine in Kansas City, Missouri.

'65. Alfred T. Schauffler is vice-principal of ward schools in New York City.

'67. Rev. T. A. Schauffler is pastor of Olivet Chapel in New York City.

'82. Heath sends us his card, which shows him engaged as assistant shipping-clerk in the wholesale and retail seed warehouse of Albert Dickinson, No. 115 Kinzie street, Chicago, Ill.

'82. Peeke, who has been reporting for some time on the *Chicago Daily News*, has gone to Southern Dakota, where he has purchased six hundred acres of land, and he proposes to go into speculation in land.

'82. Perkins spent the holidays in Chicago with Matz. He is still engaged in his father's office in Cleveland.

JASON'S LOG-BOOK.

DE ALIQUIBUS SCRAP-BOOKIBUS.

JASON remembers hearing once about a professor who showed to a chance visitor in his library a little collection of books set apart from the rest. "These," said he, "represent to

me four years life at college." They doubtless comprised text-books, volumes of the college paper, if any were then published, annuals, class-statistics, and last, but by no means least, his scrap-book or books.

Jason confesses that of all his many hobbies and avocations, none gives him any more delight than his scrap-books. And what is more, he not only takes present pleasure of collecting these memorials of student life, but he anticipates great regard for their contents in the future. For a well-managed scrap-book can be made a true, full, and interesting epitome of a college course, if the owner will but spend a little time upon it. There will be the lists of his class at entrance and at each succeeding year, together with those class groups for which Pach is so famous; there will be groups of his society-men, if he belongs to one, and invitations to their and other receptions attended during the course; there will be programmes of college concerts and dramatics, in which he or friends may have taken part; there will be pieces of Freshmen canes, banners, or beavers, Sophomore "Proclamations," and may be a note or two from that dreaded correspondent, the Secretary of the Faculty; there will be, perchance, bits of verse contributed to college publications; there will be term reports, accounts of college affairs clipped from the outside press, examination papers, literary society bulletins, and a hundred other "scraps" relating to the "ana" of his college days. "Long live King Paste," cries Jason, and in the same breath begs leave to mention that this is *not* a puff for N. F., but meant in sober earnest.

The ARGO has kept a scrap-book ever since it set out on its first voyage, and would suggest the idea, if not already in vogue, to its sister members of the press. In it is placed every mention (excepting credits of verse) of the paper, severe criticism and soothing praise alike; there are the words of the *Bates Student*, and the *Marietta Olio*; there are the comments of the *Courant* and the *Crimson*. Although of course some allowances can be made in cases, such records show with no little degree of accuracy the merits and faults of the course of each succeeding board.

That, together with a file of the paper, forms a complete and entertaining history of its career.

There is still another scrap-book of which Jason would like to speak a moment. To him it seems rather unique, and of it he is not a little proud. It is "a little thing of his own," and contains cartoons and verses clipped from the forty various exchanges of the ARGO within the last year. Few men, of course, have the opportunity of making such a collection, and perhaps would not care to. But as a souvenir of college wit, poetry, and journalism during his student life he prizes it very much. Here the *Acta* and *Dartmouth* lie down together; here the *Athenæum* and the *Nassau Lit* sing their little songs Cupid and bright eyes side by side. The *Acta*, *Courant*, *Crimson*, and *Advocate* are most fully represented in verse, although the *Yale Lit*, *Lampoon*, and especially of late the *Athenæum*, appear on its pages. The cuts comprise the exquisite drawings of the *Spectator*, the humorous satires of *Lampy*, and one or two from the *Tiger* and the *Athenæum*. The grave is mingled with the gay, and the whole is decidedly flattering to the college press of to-day. The latest insertions are the "Valentine" of Mr. Hasbrouck, the "Skeleton in the Closet," contributed by E. E. Hale, Jr., to the last "*Lampy*," and the following neat parody on "*Lex scripta, non scripta*" of the Scribner's, which appeared in the *Courant*.

PROMENADING PSYCHOLOGY.

"The ego, non-ego, the body, the soul :—
I wonder if she has a heart—

The concept, sensorium, body, the whole ;—
I can't keep these meanings apart.

"The ego, non-ego,—such sweet little ways,
And the touch of her hand in the waltz,
A million, cotillion, my mind's in a maze,
'The concept,'—Jack says she is false.

"The concept—the concept—where *did* I leave off !
'Sensorium, body, body, the mind'—
She's a sweet little sinner, for all they may scoff,
'Sensori'—the devil—I'm not near so blind.

"The ego, non-ego—did Prex ever dream
That a waltz lurks concealed in this line ?
'Perception—the sense'—I know she may seem—
'The devil! the clock! well, flunking is fine!'"

LIFE AT OTHER COLLEGES.

PRESIDENT SEELYE of Amherst College spends an interesting hour with the seniors every Monday morning, answering such questions on literary, political, and miscellaneous subjects as they may choose to hand in.

RECENT papers of this State contain an item of news which must interest most college men, to the effect that twenty seniors of Hillsdale College have been suspended for going on a sleigh ride without the permission of the faculty.—*Argonaut*.

THE New York *Post* says that it is owing to the "effectual agitation by the college press" that the authorities at Harvard have been induced to make provisions for better fire-escapes in the dormitories, but as yet nothing of a specially beneficial nature has been effected.

THE *Dartmouth* says that the profs. of that college draw fifty or a hundred books at a time out of the library and keep them for three years. We have done a little grumbling ourselves about that sort of thing, and if the above facts are true, the profs. of the U. of M. had better pass out. They can't compete with their Dartmouth brethren.—*Argonaut*.

ACCORDING to an exchange, twelve sophomores have been expelled or suspended from Bowdoin for interference with the class below them, and the *Yale News* has this comment:

"The late flagrant hazing at Bowdoin consisted in shaving one-half the slow-growing mustaches of the freshmen."

PRINCETON is anticipating a full-blooded Indian in the class of '87. It's also very social. Says the *Princetonian*: "The social event of the season was certainly the 'Senior Cotillion.' It was a grand success. The energetic committee, and its leading members, are to be congratulated in the success of their new departure. Upwards of thirty couples enjoyed the German."

IN an article on the Yale gymnasium the *News* says: "Of all classes the freshmen send the most representatives to this house of physical culture, the juniors next, followed by the sophomores and seniors in order. The chances are about ten to seven that the man you see swinging upon the rings with legs vainly endeavoring to catch at the

unsubstantial air, belongs to the primary class of college. Our excellent custodian of the gymnasium asserts that, during his stay, he can easily distinguish a change for the better among succeeding classes. There is an evident decrease in the roughness of former classes, while hazing is clearly dying out in that quarter."

THE *Sun*, in complaining of a custom prevalent at Cornell, says: "We refer to the habit of applauding by stamping during the course of a lecture. When a professor gets off a so-called joke, or says something particularly pleasing to the class, applause may be either politic or appropriate. But continual stamping at each successful experiment and every accident of speech is not only exceedingly tiresome to the professor but also, owing to the chronic dustiness of the floors, considerably disagreeable to a majority of the class."

PACH is going to give a set of pictures to the Senior who shall be voted the handsomest by the Senior class at Wellesley. He takes up the class photos for them to vote upon.—*Princetonian*.

THERE are even worse chapel systems in vogue than those of Williams. "Religious exercises have a place in Christian institutions of learning, and it is far from our intention to disparage or underrate them, but we do wish to enter a hearty protest against half-past seven chapel, in winter. It is too early. Frequently in the month of December, when days are the shortest, and the weather is dark and stormy, chapel exercises are conducted when it is barely possible to read. In the coldest weather it seems that it is nearly impossible to have the chapel room comfortably warm at half-past seven o'clock in the morning."—*Marietta (O.) Olio*.

Who can wonder that they complain?

AN Intercollegiate Rowing Association was organized during the vacation and a regatta arranged for July 4, 1883, on Lake George. Bowdoin, Cornell, Columbia, University of Penn., and Wesleyan are the members of the association.

A recent *Congregationalist* gives tables showing the number of professing Christians in various colleges. Amherst, according to this authority, leads the list, with Oberlin second, and Harvard last.

THE ARGO.

Vol. II.

WILLIAMS COLLEGE, MARCH 10, 1883.

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THE ARGO.

Published fortnightly during the college year by the students of Williams College.

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Terms, \$2.00 per year in advance. Single copies 15 cents.
Students and graduates of Williams are requested to contribute articles, verses, letters, and Alumni notes.

WE join with all other Williams men in lamenting the loss of Dr. Chadbourne. His career needs no eulogium. His energy, practical ability, concentration, and thorough scholarship won for him a place amongst those who are not soon forgotten. There seems, at present, to be an unusual amount of mortality among college officers. Pennsylvania mourns Dr. Krauth; Princeton, Dr. Atwater; Columbia, Prof. Bateman, as now Williams does its worthy ex-President, Dr. Paul A. Chadbourne.

IT is seriously to be regretted that the directors of the athletic exhibition to be held at the end of the term, are experiencing considerable difficulty in obtaining entries for the various events on the programme of this meeting. Since such a worthy enterprise has been undertaken by some of our energetic spirits, it ought to meet with the heartiest support. Nobody doubts that it is a good thing, and all will gladly attend, but what is needed is that more men should throw off a little of their indolence, leave the ranks of the idle spectators, and join the body of active participants. Come! brace up, and enter!

THE exchange scribbler of the *Wesleyan Argus* charges the Williams papers with exhibiting fulsome gratitude over any action of the authorities in power. Fulsome or not, we are going to say right here that we are glad to see that tablet rests are being placed in some of the recitation rooms. The written work, both in recitations and examination, has lately been continually on the increase here, and the need for this improvement was certainly felt. After a man has spent two hours in trying to invent some posture in which he can sit, hold a tablet, write on it, and enjoy himself at the same time, he begins to feel that he is not in a fit state for the devotional exercises of evening chapel, or any other. Again we fling defiance at the *Argus*, and tickle ourselves with the thought of future ease for the fortunates who will not have to endure the miseries we did.

WE desire to call the attention of the Faculty to a subject which will probably be strongly agitated very soon. For several years the Y. M. C. A. has been at the head of the organized Christian work of the college. But their meetings have been held in the Senior recitation room, and no college man needs to be told of the effect produced by the bare walls mosaiced with blackboards, recalling as often as not, the "flunks" of the week. It is believed that the time has come when the association should have rooms of its own. There is no reason why the literary societies should be thus accommodated, which does not apply with even greater force to an organization whose aim is far higher. We are behind many of the other colleges in this respect.

WE are waiting with eager expectancy the completion of the work on the new method of cataloguing our college library, which has been slowly carried on for many months. Any of the students who have had the pleasure of looking over the immense catalogue of the

Boston Public Library, and have felt the satisfaction of finding easily and speedily any particular book, however lately added, or have seen the utility of a like arrangement in the Harvard Library in expediting the looking up of books, will join us in requesting that the work be rapidly finished. When we consider the number of additions—many of them most important works—which have been made since the last catalogue was published, and the fact that numerous additions are being made constantly, it seems almost imperative that something should be done for the accommodation of the students, and that very soon. And as this new method has been carried so far, and is certainly the best, why not push it rapidly forward by the aid of two or three persons, under the direction of our efficient librarian? His duties call him away from the library much of the time, so that we can look for no greater progress as things now stand. The longer the matter is delayed the more pressing is the necessity that some better arrangement should be made. The labor requisite in attempting to find a work of recent date, under the existing circumstances, is vexatious in the extreme, and calls for immediate relief.

A LATE number of the *Trinity Tablet* contains an editorial on the prospects of tennis during the coming season. It speaks of the great interest taken in it last summer, and advocates the formation of an inter-collegiate association for the promotion of this sport. It closes with the desire that various New England colleges express their views on that subject for comparison and further action. As for Williams, we see not the slightest reason why she should not support and enter such a league. Much interest was shown all last summer in tennis, and we believe the only reason that a regular association was not formed and definite action taken, lay in the lack of a fixed purpose. This, it would seem, will be supplied by the organization of an I. C. T. A., when nothing would remain to hinder at Williams even more interest than ever before, aroused as it would be by the visits of other college clubs. We hardly see how the Faculty can offer the least objection after their exhibitions

of skill last fall on the "private court," of which all our exchanges have spoken in their clippings.

THE growing importance of the college in America, and the interest of the outside world in student affairs, was never greater than at the present day. Sometimes perhaps unpleasant for the authorities, it is nevertheless true that every event of importance in the college is at once heralded to the public at large in the metropolitan dailies, and fully and freely commented upon. But a new phase of the attention paid to college life, and one which has recently sprung up, is that of a "college column," first adopted by the *N. Y. World*, and now in vogue with several other journals. The *Philadelphia Press* and *Boston Advertiser* are the latest additions to the list. The principal value of these features lies in the fact that they take their news direct from the journals of the college of which they treat, and thus a great portion of the glaring inaccuracies and gross exaggerations formerly so prevalent in reports of college events is avoided. This is certainly a point in favor of these columns, and cannot fail to aid in removing from many minds the wild ideas of college life gained from the vivid imagination of an unscrupulous reporter.

IT is our impression that there does not prevail a very distinct idea among the under classmen and the outside world, as to the exact change made in the manner of assigning commencement appointments, the first results of which became evident on Thursday of last week. In the old system the commencement parts were given wholly on basis of rank in scholarship. All those who had obtained a position high enough in their class to command a place on the stage could speak if they chose, no regard at all being paid to literary or oratorical ability. In the new plan, first in practice this year, preliminary appointments are granted on March 1, as before, on basis of rank. Those obtaining such appointments are required to hand in orations by May 15th, and on the literary merit of these, together with the oratorical powers of the authors, the fifteen or sixteen speakers are chosen who will

appear on the stage. The names of these alone, and the titles of their orations alone, will appear on the inside of the programme. On its back will be placed the names of those who obtained appointments by scholarship, and this will be, in fact, a sort of rank list. These may not be the same as those issued in the preliminaries, as, during the last two terms, a man may so raise his whole average rank as to surpass that of one who led him in March. The real essence of it all is that a recognition is now made of the merits of men in speaking and writing, and as such, is decidedly a change for the better.

A NEW class added recently to the species reading-room fiend needs especial attention. It is that of the dead-beat fiend, and although not just discovered perhaps, it is, at the present moment, increasing in size and impudence almost daily. The individual of this class frequents the room whenever he sees fit, and enjoys all privileges of members of the association, but when cordially invited to fulfill his duty as a member he assumes an air of injured innocence, and is greatly surprised to be approached in this way. Such dishonorable action is exceedingly to be despised, and we hope the association will find means to root it out.

THE Junior orations are over, and some are grumbling because they didn't get appointed, while others are thinking of the "Moonlight" and the General Prize.

THE Juniors gave Prof. Perry his annual *surprise* on the 27th of February. The good old professor had his parlors lighted in anticipation, and was all ready to receive them when they "tip-toed" over the veranda. There was the usual fund of wit, the customary poem, and the inevitable presentation speech. But what distinguished this from all previous affairs of a like nature was the magnificence of the gift that accompanied the speech. This was nothing less than a gold stem-winder, of Tiffany's excellent workmanship. A brilliant and witty speech from the professor, and a suitable repast from Sinsabaugh's formed a pleasant finale.

AN OUTLINE STUDY.

I.

THIS delicate gem of outline work is dedicated to Eighty-three's Graves essayists.

ATHENS IN THE DAYS OF PERICLES.

Curtain rises by light of tin moon. Canal boats float gladly over the Ægean. Acropolis is covered with circus bills. Greek youths playing poker in an old barn. Enter Grandfather Snookemon. Exeunt youths. Grandfather picks up ace of clubs, and goes back to the atrium to prepare ditto for grandson Snookemon.—Greek maiden ordering new sandals. Dealer says playfully, "I do not keep a lumber yard."—Target shoot of the "Pride of Pallas Rifle Corps" at the Peiræus. Boötes gets full, and shoots Aeschylus instead of the target. Free fight. Shutter procession back home.—Phidias puts on his best pants, goes up, and sacrifices to Pluto. Priest spills blood on pants. Exit Phidias, praying that some one sacrifice the priest.—Socrates' schoolboys beat the Young Rhetorician eleven at foot-ball. Loud cries of foul play and charges of "Neo-Platonism."—Little dinner given by Aspasia. Hair in the butter. Herodotus gets off the "bald-headed" joke. Consternation among the guests.—Archon Jones defaults. People astonished. He has never been Priest of Apollo yet.—Opening of the Dionysiac for the fall season. Great success of Aristophanes' *Ten "Knights" in a Bar-room*.—Alcibiades and the "Jolly Owls" go on a tear. Images of Mercury (supposed to be thermometers) destroyed. Great uproar. Alcib. hauled up in Jefferson Market Police Court. "Syracuse for four months."—Elopement of Peleus with the youngest Miss Hieron. Pursued by the irate old H. in a chariot. Free chariot race, go-as-you-please 'steen miles. The runaway pair make 2.52 against time and are married in Marathon.—Phidias buries his mother-in-law and gets hung up for a new hat.—Cimon goes out to fight the Modocs. Indian agents send him back. People mad. Pericles opens on him in a stump speech. Cimon gets the G. B.—Ice-cream saloon opened. First appearance of ice-cream joke in *Athens Sunday Bugle*. Terrible plague breaks out.—Old Nicias buys a bull-terrier and young Phormio gets his chlamys patched.

A FAMOUS MASQUERADE.

From merry Arden's breezy world,
 Where banished lords pay Nature court,
 Where lust of power, greed of gold,
 Are both forgot in joyous sport;
 Where through the oaks, rough Druids old,
 Soft blows the wooing summer wind,
 To kiss each shepherdess makes bold,—
 She comes, the ripe, rare Rosalind.

A curtle-axe upon her thigh,
 A boar-spear in her graceful hands,—
 She tries her arts, when men are nigh,
 A swashing manner to command.
 But ah, just catch her laughing eye
 When Touchstone, waggish wight, has grinned,
 And there the brave, wise maiden spy—
 That *riante reine*, rare Rosalind.

She steals coy Phœbe's rustic swain,
 She takes "coz" Celia in her care;
 On "mooning" lovers casts disdain,
 And makes most odd attempts to swear;
 But when she thinks her love is slain
 In saving one who's 'gainst him sinned—
 Ah! then unmasks, the debonnaire,—
 The roguish, real, rare Rosalind.

—H. S.

A SPECTRAL STUDENT.

THE history recitation was about half over when I felt a little rustling beside me. You see I am almost the last man in the class, alphabetically, of course, and among my various privileges is that of ranging all over the back seat. My only companion there had been sick a few days, and you will readily believe that I was somewhat startled at this noise. I turned and saw a ghostly figure seating itself by me. I am naturally rather bold than otherwise, and so was not very much disturbed. I did not remain long in suspense, for the new-comer soon said:

"Ah, I am glad to see that you are not alarmed. There is no cause for it. I am only one of Frank Stockton's ghosts, that flit around through the *Century* once in a while, you know. I belong to the grand class of American ghosts, sub-class, college ghosts, and have just been transferred here from Dartmouth. The old Spanish student, the one who haunted West College so long, has received an appointment to Harvard, and I have his place here. You are poorly off for spectres here."

"But how about the closet-skeletons?"

"They do not belong to our race, at least we never recognize them at all; they are a kind of lower caste."

"You were sorry to get away from Dartmouth, I suppose?"

"On the contrary, it was one of my happiest moments. But I must leave you now and take a look about the place. Ta, ta, my boy!"

I began to feel a little troubled. I feared his evident attempt at friendship with me boded no good, and fervently hoped it would not last. But I was disappointed. He came around twice more that week, and five times the next. He kept boring me about the melancholy time he had had up at Dartmouth, and drawing my attention from the lesson. Twice I had been called up without knowing the place, and once reprimanded. The next day he was a little late. Professor Batt had just called out my name.

"Mr. Lawrence, will you please tell us of Roger Bacon."

The Spectre opened the door and walked in, smiling at me.

"By Jove, if you don't stop bothering me in this recitation, I'll slug you," cried I to him, forgetting, in my anger, that I alone could see him.

He coolly sat down, but the professor grew red with rage.

"Mr. Lawrence! what do you mean? such language to me in my class! Leave the room at once!"

Of course that meant an early invitation to the next Faculty meeting. I sorrowfully went out. Along came the ghost, too. We immediately indulged in a spirited altercation. The persons I met on the street looked at me in amazement.

That afternoon the summons came. What should I do? The faculty would never believe my story. I would have to go. I did not care very much, and thought I would try and see what I could do, any way. So I armed myself with a copy of the *Century*, and went up to the assembly-room of the awful conclave. There was only one case before mine, and I was soon ushered into the dreadful presence. The examination began. Professor Batt was just rising to make his state-

ment, when the Spectre stalked in. I was overcome with anger.

"There he is, the miserable vagabond, the cause of all my trouble," I almost shrieked, pointing at him, and, unfortunately, in the exact direction of Professor Batt himself.

I received an immediate expulsion, of course. There was not the slightest chance to bring up Frank Stockton as evidence. Two or three classmates accompanied me to the train. The ghost came also. They sadly took their farewells, the Spectre among them.

"I am rather sorry it happened," said he, "but on the whole, I think it was the influence of Dartmouth on me."

"Perhaps so, but you ought to be thoroughly ashamed of acting toward me in this way," heard the fellows as a reply to them.

"I guess he *was* a little looney," said one, as they left. And the rest all agreed with him.

TOO VIVID.

'Tis the witching hour of midnight,
When forms the elfin ring,
And mocking sprites, in mystic rites,
Their impish lyrics sing.

'Tis the witching hour of midnight,
When through a maiden's dreams
Flits a vision—robes Parisian,
And tons of chocolate creams.

'Tis the witching hour of midnight,
When beldams bold bestride,
With ghoulish grooms, their snorting brooms,
And round the gallows ride.

'Tis the witching hour of midnight,
When rise the dismal dead,
Who, wrapt in sheets, parade the streets—
I guess I'll go to bed.

THE COLLEGE MEET.

AMHERST, April 4, 1883.

MY DEAR "ARGO:" Remembering that you go to press to-morrow, I will forward you a short account of the bicycle meet to which the Williams delegates were sent. The most of the delegates are staying at the Hampshire house, but you must not suppose that we bicyclists spend much of our time indoors; that is against our

principles. We had a full-dress business meeting this morning, to elect temporary officers, and then a short run was proposed before the session this afternoon.

We were soon in our saddles, and turning westward began the descent of the long hill which leads from the college down to the Connecticut meadows. Every Amherst man as soon as he is acclimated, which process does not take more than a week, is thoroughly acquainted with this road for two reasons. In the first place, it leads to Northampton, a town answering the same purposes to the Amherst men that North Adams does to us. In the second place, and particularly, this is the flowery path to Smith College.

After a short wheel through Old Hadley, we returned, and this afternoon the delegates met, elected permanent officers, and then listened to the reports of the various colleges, seven in all. The general tenor of these reports seemed to indicate that bicycling, in most of the colleges, was not very vigorous, but many of the delegates are very enthusiastic, and think that an inter-collegiate association ought to be as good a stimulus in this matter as in foot-ball or base-ball. The Amherst report was called for first, and the delegate reported as follows: "The interest in bicycling has almost died out here, owing to the rapid rise of tennis, which is at present the popular out-door exercise. A bicycle club has existed for three years, with a present membership of about a dozen, only a small minority of whom take any active interest in the sport. A few years ago there were several exciting contests, but the four or five bicyclists now confine their exertions to road trips for mere amusement. Club runs are a thing of the past, though within the memory of the present senior class several delightful trips were taken up the Connecticut valley, the club being away at one time about three days."

The captain of the Cornell club then reported: "We organized on the 28th of last September, and have at present eight active members, and have prospects of an increase of membership this spring, as there are some unattached riders who have only lately enlisted in the great army

of wheelmen. The club is a very enthusiastic one, and is looked upon with great pride by our fellows. On coming into Ithaca, you would not expect to find a solitary wheelman, on account of the surrounding hills, but they are here nevertheless. We had runs nearly every Saturday afternoon during the fall term, but none last term." He described a trip taken through central New York by two of their number last summer, and said that others had trips laid out for the future.

Brown then reported: "Our bicycle club is yet in its infancy, having been organized at the close of last season, about Thanksgiving. There are twenty members, about equally divided between the classes of '84, '5, and '6, and but one senior. Its organization is complete, but as yet the club, as a whole, has had no regular meets. In all probability, this spring, enthusiasm will be awakened, and the club will be a very active organization."

A delegate from the University of Pennsylvania said: "A club was formed in May last, but has held no runs, and but two or three meetings since. It has a membership of fifteen or twenty. With the approach of spring, and good bicycle weather, we expect interest to revive, and before Commencement a strong and compact organization will no doubt be formed. There are about twenty-five or thirty bicycles in college all together."

The secretary of the Yale club followed: "Yale has had a bicycle club for some years, but it fell to pieces on the graduation of '82. On the 8th of February last, a bicycle meeting was called, a committee appointed to frame a constitution, and at the next meeting officers were appointed. Probably about twenty will join the club. We intend to have two runs a week, on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Our report was then called for, and one of our delegates said that there was an organization at Williams on paper, but none which seemed to have any life or efficiency. There were a dozen riders in college, but no great enthusiasm at present. It was hoped that the coming season some steps would be taken towards forming a permanent association.

The Harvard club was the last one to be heard

from, and their delegate gave by far the most lengthy and enthusiastic report, which I would like to give you in full, but lack of space forbids. Their club was formed in the fall of 1878, has ever since been very popular, and consists, at present, of ninety-two members, the seniors having the most, the freshmen the fewest, with eight from the "Schools." "Hare and Hounds" runs were quite a feature of the sport last fall. A long run, the only one last season, was made to Portsmouth. The interest was reported as being never greater, and the president of the club remarked that bicycling was fairly booming.

All present have expressed themselves satisfied with the attendance at this first intercollegiate meet, and trust that it will be a great impulse to an improvement of the sport among the various colleges. Harvard's invitation to a bicycle meet and race-meeting, to be held at Beacon park on the 23d of next May, was accepted by the association, and many of the delegates said that they hoped their respective clubs would send members to be present, at that meeting, if they did not compete for prizes.

It is time to close, and I will try to give you a fuller report on my return. CIRCULAR.

A DRYAD OF TO-DAY.

As she lay sleeping on the grass
Beside her tree, I chanced to pass.
First thought, "How Spanish!
Oh, no! Well, Pan, I'll wake your lass—
To see her vanish."

To peachy cheek I dared to touch
My lips, though some maids have, for such
An act rebuffed me,—
She slept still—I threw twigs,—wroth much
She woke and—cuffed me.

But shyly said, that very night
(I soon o'ertook her in her flight),
"You are *too* simple!
I waked at first, but—thought—you—might—"
Oh! what a dimple!

—CARL.

WHITMAN, formerly of '84, who, since leaving college, has been engaged in journalism, has bought a share of the *Pittsfield Evening Journal*, and takes possession with his partner in March.

THE COLLEGE SPY.

CHAPTER IV.—THE WRITING ON THE DOOR.

LITTLE Jack Fish, the Sophomore, and his big Senior chum, Reed Oilman, were only too glad to accept the invitation offered them by Bradford and Raynor. They had been "thrown on the cold, cold world, by a warm, warm fire," as Oilman jokingly said, and they were very ready to embrace the opportunity.

"I suppose we might have tried the hotel, or maybe some compassionate and enterprising *materfamilias* might have clutched at us," thought Lee; "but my shekels they are none, and I am well known as an inveterate misogyn. I never fancied Bradford very much, but it is not at all expedient to investigate the age of the gift equine—now, at least."

It was late when they went to bed that night, and late when they rose the next morning. It had been settled by lot, not without some objection on Slink's part, that he should watch the Senior, and Phil, Fishy. Aroused by the excitement of the night, and the near prospect of a detective's career, Phil was unable to sleep, and continued to plot further. Going over the past very carefully, he remembered Slink's words just at the moment of the fire alarm. He pondered them long, and finally decided to change the plan, and, if possible, to take the affair into his own hands. His chum's actions were too ambiguous. He would therefore say nothing more to him about it.

Sunday passed much as usual, except that the spare time was mostly consumed in talking over the fire, visiting the ruins, and speculating about its origin. Finally, in the early dusk, the four inmates of No. 20 E. C. gathered about the Harvard grate, and for probably the twentieth time Fishy told his experience. As if rather wearied of the fire, Phil managed to lead the conversation back to the late rush, and thence to spies. Oilman was very outspoken, and it immediately became evident that he was not the man sought. But now that he was under way, he continued with increasing warmth, and finally wound up with a bitter peroration, at which Phil observed Fishy to grow very nervous. Perhaps Bradford

noticed it also. Scarcely concealing a smile, he said:

"Well, Phil, now that we've had this little treat, hadn't you better show the company your book? It might point the moral."

Fishy looked amazed, and Oilman showed great and evident disgust. Phil looked troubled.

"If you please, Slink, I would rather you would not mention that to any one. I think I'll take it over to-morrow. Never mind, I'll explain it to you sometime."

Fishy looked even more amazed, and Oilman even more disgusted. The conversation flagged, and they all retired early.

During the night strange noises were heard. Any one who had been awake would have seen Phil moving noiselessly about the room, and out into the hall. He was working out his new plan.

Fishy for some reason rose early the next morning. Having performed his toilet, he started to go out. But Phil had waked up.

"Where are you going, youngster?" said he.

"Guess I'll take a walk, it's so pleasant."

"Well, hold on; I'll go with you."

Phil was dressed in a moment, and they went out the door together. Fishy stopped to shut it softly so as not to wake the other two, when he suddenly saw in black letters upon it, "A DEN OF SPIES—BEWARE, ALL!" He stood speechless for a moment.

"Raynor, Phil, come back! See here!"

"By Jove! by Jove! Fishy, we're gone! We are caught at last, young one!"

"What, are you a spy, too? Why didn't Slink tell me?" Phil's face changed a little, but Fishy did not notice it. "What a good scheme for you to room together! But now what shall we all do? I'm going to tell Slink."

"Stop a bit, my boy; Oilman is in there. But then, it is all out, you see. When you tell Bradford, say to him, 'Where shall we send your letters?'"

"What does that mean?"

"Oh! that is a kind of pass word. He'll know what it means."

"Phil," said his firm friend Oilman, two months

after, "why did your chum ever enter that despicable spy business, do you suppose?"

"I think some man must have got such a power over him as he had over Fishy, and compelled him to do it from fear. How he did hate to leave college, poor devil! But he would almost have been lynched, if he'd stayed. I told him so, plainly."

"There was one phase of that whole affair that I guess you don't know yet, Phil, my boy; but you've told so much, I guess I'll let on. Whom do you suppose I thought was the spy all along? nor was I alone in it, by any means."

"Whom?"

"Why, you yourself. Your prowling about and inquiring, after you laid your plan after the rush, created much suspicion, and you know how rapidly that sort of thing grows. Why, I thought so that very Sunday night. I thought Bradford was jeering you on it. But the rest had all ceased to do so."

"Why?"

"Jack Monson saw you steal the literary record book."

—YEW.

POOR PIOUS ABNER.

HE was overwhelmingly pious, my chum Abner Hackett, and he was also a terrible blunderer. His piety and his blunders used to get into a ludicrous tangle sometimes, the one peculiarity helping to show off the other, and their mutual incongruity adding to the richness of the whole. There was something in his long, lank figure, his earnest, kindly face, and impulsive gestures, that told plainly in what particular religious channel the warmth of his piety spent itself. Abner prayed, and strove to be worthy to carry the gospel among his fellow-men, with Wesley for his master and pattern.

But don't think that prayer-meetings and conferences were all that fed Abner's mind. He was a man with a man's instincts, and as such had been taken captive during sophomore year by Deacon Slocum's attractive daughter Sarah. I never shall forget the first night he was invited there to tea. I was included in the invitation, just for the sake of appearances, I suppose.

Thinking that Abner and Sarah would be sufficient unto themselves, while the Deacon and his wife could use their discretion about keeping in the background, I hesitated about breaking in upon the quartette, but Abner dragged me along, saying he wanted me to help him through the evening.

Deacon Slocum—he was, by the way, one of the pillars of the Methodist church—knew of Abner's intentions in regard to a profession; in fact he regarded him as a clergyman in embryo, and as such he thought proper to ask him, when we sat down to tea:

"Mr. Hackett, will you invoke the divine blessing upon our repast?"

Now Abner had just recovered from the awkwardness, and stiffness, and bashfulness that followed our arrival, and had become engaged in a sprightly conversation with Miss Slocum as we went down to tea. He was doing his best to parry some of the latter's sharp thrusts, and to clear himself from a recent hazing scrape, when the above request fell on his ear. He must turn from Sarah's merry, blue eyes, and bend devoutly over the trade-mark on the back of his plate; from Phil Tucker, the poor freshman, whose head the sophomores had shaven as clean as an egg, to the decorous performance of a sacred duty. The transition was too much for him. He had never before been called upon to ask a blessing, and his eyes wandered with a helpless gaze from the spoon-holder to the sugar-bowl, from the sugar-bowl to the cold tongue, and finally, by a superhuman effort, he fixed them on the white expanse of a frosted cake, and began:

"O Lord—our Lord—"

But he had anchored his wandering gaze on an unfortunate object. His mind seemed as blank as that pitiless stretch of frosting. It refused to help him with an idea, but he struggled on:

"O Lord—our Father—have mercy on these victuals, for Christ's sake. Amen."

Let us ring down the curtain on the rest of that wretched evening.

One Sunday Abner was invited to preach at Kimball's Corner, in the absence of the minister. He had never delivered a sermon before, and felt proud of this invitation, so proud that he

drove Sarah Slocum over to hear him. I went over too, devoutly hoping the old fellow wouldn't put his foot into this affair to more than a moderate depth. He marched bravely through the Scripture reading and the long prayer, but when he came to the sermon, which was to be without notes—Abner always persisted in relying on inspiration—he became conscious of the size of his congregation and the greatness of his task. Among the many eyes fixed upon him, he saw those of Miss Slocum, and he felt something decidedly like stage fright. But still he must begin.

"I will speak this morning," he said, "from the twenty-fifth chapter of Genesis, wherein it is related how Esau sold his birthright unto Jacob for a pot of message—"

The audience smiled a little.

"Yes, my dear brethren, sold his birthright for a pot of message—"

Audible giggling now proceeded from the gallery, but still Abner never dreamed of his mistake. I was glad he didn't, for in that case he would probably have changed to "a mess of potash." Seeing, however, that this unseemly levity must be stopped, he rose to the emergency, put on his last pound of gravity and impressiveness, and really hammered out a creditable sermon, though he never knew of his blunder until Sarah told him on the way back.

The way he popped the question I heard from Sarah herself, years after their marriage. Small was his hope when he screwed up his courage for the undertaking one evening shortly before his graduation. He knew he was ill at ease, and he saw that Sarah saw that he was ill at ease, and this mutual understanding of the situation made matters worse. Still he must know his fate.

"Miss Slocum," he began, "there is something weighing on my mind, and I must speak." He leaned forward and proceeded earnestly, "Forgive me if I am abrupt, but as long as I live I shall never cease to—cease to—"

But here he became frightened at the mere thought that he was actually proposing to Sarah Slocum, actually courting a refusal, as he thought. He imagined she was laughing at him. Oh! he

would rather remain in uncertainty; and he continued:

"Until my dying day I shall never cease to—that is to say, it is a physiological truth interesting to consider, that until my dying day I shall never cease to breathe."

"Oh!" exclaimed Sarah involuntarily, and there was the most ravishing combination of dimples, and blushes, and merriment in her face, as she added, in spite of herself, "I was expecting something rather of a psychological than a physiological nature."

"Sarah, you know all, and I am a fool. But be merciful; don't laugh at me; tell me quick to get out of the house, and I will go."

But she wouldn't let him go.

BALLADE OF THE GRIND.

When weary with toiling, and gloomy with care,
When your brain's in a whirl, and the overtaxed mind
Refuses to work and gives up in despair—

O a rusty old life is the life of the grind!

Then fie on you! cast idle care to the wind!

All hail to old winter! a glorious boon!

Be Plautus and Physics to Pluto consigned;

And hurrah! for a coast by the light of the moon!

When wits go a-wandering Heaven knows where,

And cobwebs of fancies diseased slyly wind

Their insidious meshes, and reason ensnare—

O a rusty old life is the life of the grind!

And fie on the man who would be so inclined!

Away with dull toiling! life ends all too soon.

To the hill-side! where pleasure and health are combined;

And hurrah! for a coast by the light of the moon!

When credit is failing, and creditors swear,

When you meditate death, but don't feel quite resigned,

When your lamp-chimney smokes and you gasp for fresh air,

O a rusty old life is the life of the grind!

Hang care! take your ease! trust to luck! go it blind!

Hurrah! for the sport that turns night into noon?

The bobs are all ready, come! jump on behind!

And hurrah! for a coast by the light of the moon!

ENVOY.

For a life of dull routine man wasn't designed.

O a rusty old life is the life of the grind!

Life's psalm should be sung to a merrier tune,

Then hurrah! for a coast by the light of the moon!

THE *Athenæum* elections will occur in about a week and a half.

A FORESHADOWING.

He is of ebon hue—he sprung
From Ham's swart race; his ready tongue
Will run for hours on any theme,
Assisted by both brain and lung.

Once he was huge, his monstrous size
Was cynosure of countless eyes;
But now he fails to tip the beam
At e'en one hundred, I surmise.

O'er this he can not cease to fret,
And daily smaller grows his "net;"
He'll soon become—hard fate—I deem,
A talking silhouette.

OBSEQUIES OF DR. CHADBOURNE.

THE funeral services of the late Ex-President of this college were held at Amherst on Sunday, February 25th. The sermon was preached by Vice-President Stockbridge of the Agricultural College, after which remarks were made by Pres. Seelye of Amherst, and Prof. Griffin of Williams. On Monday afternoon the remains arrived at Williamstown on the 1.19 train, and were escorted to the Congregational Church by a body of students. At 3 P. M. a college meeting was held in the chapel, where the following resolutions were adopted:

"The students of Williams College, having learned of the death of Ex-President Chadbourne, desire to give expression to their sorrow at their loss. It is therefore

"Resolved, That we regret most deeply the death of our lamented Ex-President, whose life of continued usefulness as an educator was adorned by the highest scholarly attainments; and whose attachment to his Alma Mater displayed itself in untiring exertions in her behalf.

"Resolved, That we appreciate the self-sacrificing devotion to the best interests of our college which, during his Presidency, he so persistently manifested, and which contributed so materially to our prosperity

"Resolved, That we express to his family and to the Alumni of Williams College our sincerest sympathy with their deep bereavement.

"Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, and be printed in full in the college papers."

At 3.30 P. M. the funeral services were held in the Congregational Church, and consisted of Scripture reading by Rev. Mr. Sewall, a sermon by Dr. Carter, and remarks by Prof. Bassett of Amherst Agricultural, Prof. Bradley of Albany High School, Trustee James White, Prof. Griffin, and Dr. Hopkins. The remains were then escorted to the tomb at the lower end of the town.

PRELIMINARY APPOINTMENTS.

ON Thursday morning, March 1st, President Carter read the names of the following twenty-four Seniors who have received preliminary Commencement appointments.

H. E. Adriance,	F. L. Luce,
W. S. Andrews,	G. N. Makely,
C. M. Brown,	L. J. Muchmore,
R. T. Downs,	J. E. Peirson,
W. W. Doyle,	C. B. Penrose,
Fred. Geller,	F. V. Pike,
F. M. Herrick,	D. B. Pratt,
S. V. V. Holmes,	F. M. Rice,
J. P. Hubbard,	L. G. Rogers,
W. N. Hubbard,	F. D. Smith,
W. H. Lee,	S. A. Smith,
Henry Lefavour,	H. S. Underwood.

The orations, on which the finals will be made are due May 15th.

The following are the eleven Sophomores who received preliminary rhetorical appointments:

H. J. Bailey,	J. F. Huckel,
H. G. Dunham,	R. M. Kemp,
F. B. Faitoute,	C. F. Kent,
H. A. Garfield,	F. S. Talcott,
A. D. Hanley,	H. H. Wentworth,
	T. S. Wheeler.

The speaking for final appointments will place in the "Congo," March 22d.

AMONG the several papers that have reopened a college column is the *Journal*, of cinnati, which has adopted this plan, and opened a correspondence with Williams. the long-felt need of having our college represented in the West seems in a fair be gratified.

COLLEGE NOTES.

DRAMATICS are progressing finely. Albany parties have built a stage, and arranged the scenery.

STUDIES of a head :—Physics, Constitution, and French.

"I SHOULD feel ill, gentlemen, if I had intended that pun."

PROFANE History.—Nine pages of J. R. Green's *Shorter* every day.

GRIFFIN, formerly of '84, has taken a high stand at Yale in literary work.

AN evening examination is the latest novelty in the Senior Elective in History.

It is said that no men who receive college aid will be allowed to room in Morgan Hall.

The New York *Graphic* of February 27th contained a very good picture of the late Dr. Chadbourne.

PROF. WRIGHT of Yale delivered the third lecture of S. N. H. course upon the subject "Solar corona."

DR. HOPKINS left this week for Princeton, where he will deliver a course of lectures to the Senior class.

It is feared that H. J. Brown, lately injured in coasting, will be inflicted with a permanent stiffness in the knee.

WILL the Sophomore who lost his hat please call at Prof. Fernald's and prove property? No charge for storage.

THE Juniors enjoyed the unusual treat of three examinations in four days, last week; in the middle of the term, too.

It is now found shorter and easier to assign the English Literature lessons by stating the authors to be *omitted*.

PROF. HEWITT will hear the Sophomores in the Latin optional of Spring term, and Prof. Fernald, probably, in the Greek.

THE roof of the Congo has been undergoing recent repairs, and sinners may now attend Divine service there without being racked with the momentary fear of having their "iniquities" visited upon their heads."

THE recent christening of the coon, belonging to J. W. Bott, is said to cause some ambiguity in conversation at the Alpha Delta Phi House.

POCH says the Yale faculty have abolished Sunday A. M. chapel because it interfered with the Saturday evening games of poker and whist.

"I DOUBT if anything short of a (Dewey-)decimal system will be sufficient to mark your recitation this evening!" said the well-known Free-Trader.

THE last *Bates Student* contains a "pome" entitled "Rootletts;" it is supposed that the author was "rooting" in a small-sized way when he wrote it.

A CHANCE visitor at a dramatic rehearsal last week was somewhat astonished at seeing the can-can performed on the stage by a figure in female costume.

OUR bicyclist has dated his letter a little ahead of time, but for a prophecy his remarks are very accurate, being gained direct from members of the various clubs.

AND now they grow weary with watching the mails. Slowly and relentlessly the truth forces itself upon them that their tickets to G—field were wasted in vain.

AN orchestra rehearsal: "Brace up, boys; get in tune there! Cork up that trombone till I get A! All ready? One, two, three, play!! (*Light goes out. Exit orchestra.*)

PROF. SOUTHWORTH, recently instructor in chemistry here, came up from Springfield to attend the funeral of Dr. Chadbourne. He was entertained by Prof. Rice.

PROF. C. H. HITCHCOCK, of Dartmouth, whom no '83 man will ever forget, has gone to the Sandwich Islands to investigate volcanoes there. What if "Tipe" should fall in!

CAN it be that the Junior, who so freely comments on the cut of any and every one's hair, is kept under pay by the genial Dick? or is it only a way they have down at Troy?

PROFESSOR of History: "The framers of the constitution were perfectly acquainted with all the Roman precedents." Intelligent Junior: "I thought Rome was governed by *consuls*."

SEVERAL members of the Sigma Phi Fraternity from different colleges paid a short visit to their Williams Chapter last Saturday.

It is feared that a German essay may be required in the Senior elective on Williamstown board, when all hope will be lost, no Dutch adjectives being equal to the description of hash-house fodder.

THE oratorical exercises of both the Sophomore and Junior classes have been unusually well attended this winter. No doubt the new system of "elevens" has much to do with the increased interest.

THE *Courant* refers to the Willimantic mill-girls as protection *Peris*. This sounds rather peculiar in Williams ears, accustomed as they are to hearing all *Peris* referred to the opposite pole of the tariff battery.

As a proof of the new impulse that laboratory work has received under the management of Prof. Mears, more Juniors have already made application for a Senior Chemical Elective than can be accommodated.

THE profession would sneer at the bungling work of the Williamstown amateur who recently opened Mr. Leake's mails, extracted several checks, failed to appreciate them, and gave them away. Tough, but not sly.

THE recent sickness which W. W. Doyle, '83, has suffered, left him in such a weak condition that he was obliged to leave for home last Thursday. He will not return this term, at least, his address being 240 Washington street, Boston.

THE Intercollegiate Base-ball Association met last Saturday at Springfield. The resignation of Dartmouth was accepted, and this year's "league" rules adopted, those of the association concerning high and low balls, foul bound, and umpire, however, being retained.

WHEN the chapel organ was opened for repairs not long since, it was found that some one had kindly left a seat cushion and a dozen hymn-books inside to improve the tone of the old wind-bags. Strange to say, the presence of these unusual articles had not perceptibly changed the character of the music, probably because *bad* could not be made *worse*.

PROF. PERRY was unexpectedly called away last Monday to attend a wedding, and the Juniors "met" Prof. Mears twice on that morning.

CALENDAR for remainder of month: March 15th, meeting of cat friends for future protection of cats; March 20th, meeting of mule friends for future protection of mules; March 25th, meeting of hen friends for future protection of hens; March 29th, meeting of Freshmen's friends for future protection of Freshmen. "What a great blaze this small fire kindleth!"

"I WISH I could disabuse your mind of the idea that the sun rises in the freshman, and sets in the senior class-rooms, and that when we don't see it it is in Prexy's pocket. Your astronomy and geography are at fault. Look at the map; this college does not occupy a large portion of the globe, in fact it is not put down at all. Yet you fellows here seem to think it is the centre round which the universe revolves."—From "*My Chum's Pupil*," by Allan Forman.

PERSONALS.

'48. Dr. P. A. Chadbourne died at the house of a relative on Fifth avenue, New York City, at a quarter before twelve, Friday noon, February 23d. Dr. Chadbourne was in his sixtieth year, sixty years filled with unceasing, tireless work. More fittingly than to most so-called men could be applied to him the honorable adjective, self-made. Every step of his preparation for a life work, his boyhood on the farm and in the drug-store, his course in preparation for college at Phillips, Exeter, his college course crowned with the highest honor, his after years of study and teaching till he was appointed professor of natural history and chemistry in his *alma mater*, all testify to indomitable energy and unremitting labor. As no other man beside Dr. Hopkins and Prof. Hopkins, has he worked in and for his chosen college, and nearly the whole thirty years subsequent to his first appointment to a professorship have been years of closest connection with the many generations of students who have passed out from our halls. This professorship Dr. Chadbourne held for fourteen years, though he was at

the same time connected with Bowdoin College, Berkshire Medical College, and delivered courses of lectures before the Lowell Institute, the Smithsonian Institute, and Mt. Holyoke Seminary. Hundreds of graduates can testify to his peculiar ability and enthusiasm in his chosen branch, and to his unusually fitting adaptation in the capacity of an instructor of young men. He was himself not only an original and acute student, but also had that mysterious power of imbuing others with the same qualities. As an instructor, there were few men who were his equals, and the loss to the cause of education is almost irreparable. From this stage of his life he passed—yet by no means wholly giving up his duties as an instructor—to executive work, when, in 1866, he was appointed first president of the Massachusetts Agricultural College. On account of ill-health he resigned this position, and was appointed president of the Wisconsin State University in the following year, and was mainly instrumental in putting this institution in a sound condition. He was forced again to seek good health in Utah, and from this trip returned to assume the control of his *alma mater*, following Dr. Hopkins' thirty-six years of most efficient management. With characteristic energy he infused new and vigorous life into the college, gave it a new impetus, attracting all the students who could be accommodated, and carried the college safely and flourishingly through the tremendous financial depression of the years 1874-78, a work which was fully as much to his credit as though in ordinary times he had attracted to it hundreds of thousands of dollars for endowment and buildings. His administration, though comparatively short, was one of steady improvement, and it is coming to be felt that he laid good foundations for succeeding presidents to build upon. He resigned this position in 1881, and was soon reappointed president of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, which position he held at his death.

Of Dr. Chadbourne as a business man, as an author, as a politician, we have not room to speak. He was prominent in each and all of these lines, and became widely known through them in the circles of the world outside of those which were purely educational.

JASON'S LOG-BOOK.

PREPARATORY SCHOOL PAPERS.

THE discussion at present taking place at Phillips Andover Academy as to the change of their paper, the *Phillippian*, from a bi-weekly to a weekly, brings to Jason's notice the three "school" papers with which the ARGO exchanges. These are the *Exonian*, *Phillippian*, and *Willistonian*, of which the first and last are weeklies. When one considers the praise which has been accorded the *Crimson* for its energy in publishing weekly, and the way in which this and the *Era* are looked upon as somewhat phenomenal, it certainly speaks well for the students of these three academies that they produce such bright little sheets, and two of them so often. They are all very well managed, and if any preference for either one is present in Jason's mind, it is for the *Willistonian*; perhaps rather from the fact that Williston sends more men to Williams than the others. Still it cannot be denied that in some respects the others are superior. While the *Willistonian* gives much space to news from colleges, the others devote themselves more to the news of their own academy. The *Phillippian* excels in editorials, and the *Exonian* in short literary articles. The former seems very much to doubt its ability to run a weekly successfully, despite the wishes and arguments of many of its supporters that it be attempted. On the whole, Jason would not advise such an action, unless the financial success is fully assured.

LIFE AT OTHER COLLEGES.

MUCH as we may complain of our compulsory chapel service, we must acknowledge that more confidence is placed in our word than the following extract from the *Advance* indicates the case to be at Kenyon:

"The reports of absence are given to the President every day, and he forthwith starts out on a scouting expedition. Woe to the boy who is not found in bed, or at least in his room! It is amusing to see a student tumble into bed with all his clothes on when the President heaves in sight coming down the path. Before the President is in the room, a most severe illness has

been discovered, and with an injunction to take care of himself the President leaves him. The plan does not work well, if we can judge by the results. We suggest that some other means be tried to *force* attendance."

The *Oberlin Review* treats the subject of co-education from a society standpoint, and regrets that, while social ease is secured to "rustic lads and lassies," the standard of conversation between the sexes is low, and that their chief object in seeking each other's company is to have a good time. The *Cornell Era's* views differ slightly from the above, unless physical danger is "social ease;" witness its advice:

"If the Co-eds would only exercise a little more care when they remove their rubbers there would be less cause for profanity on the part of the Co-eds. It is reported that one young man nearly lost his life from being struck on the head by a rubber carelessly kicked from a Freshman Co-ed's foot. Under the circumstances it is not surprising that the victim should use some very strong language."

Harvard is earnestly protesting against a proposed reduction in the number of the corps of professors in Political Economy, while Yale is indignant at the attacks made by the daily press upon Prof. Sumner, and the *News* says editorially of the discussion:

"With some care, we have sounded the sentiment of the class as to the popularity of Professor Sumner as an instructor in Political Economy. We are convinced that there could not be found ten men to go against him were the question of his retention to be put to vote. This year, for example, he has talked in the class-room very little about free trade; the chapter on that subject in the text book was passed by with much less attention than most of the others."

At conservative Brown three professors are reported to be opposed to the marking system, and, if we may judge from the *Herald*, the system is on its last legs at Harvard:

"That Harvard will soon find it necessary to move in the matter seems to be an idea that is daily gaining ground. Whether the outcome of any reform will result in the adoption of some

modification of the 'Amherst system,' or in some totally new system, it is useless to conjecture; but that a system of ranking and of examination so stuffed with evil as the present one, and so universally condemned by both faculty and students, must soon be done away with is tolerably evident.

CLIPPINGS.

EXTRACT from a letter by a nine-year-old young lady to her brother in college—"Dicky-bird laid an egg yesterday. I guess we'll call him Jenny now."—*Courant*.

The Senior Arts were in the Astronomy room, and G—, who had been pondering for a long time, suddenly turned to his neighbor, and said: "Say, old man, what's the difference between you and the subject we are studying?" "I don't know, Billy—what?" "Tronomy."—*Chaff*.

A Vassar girl is a very neat arrangement to have around during astronomy, but when she gets talking about Kant, then it's time to light out. Give an undergraduate of that beautiful seminary a box of United States caramels, and get her talking on the Geological Formation of the Twenty-second Ward, and death is sure, if a little hard. Suicides please take notice.—*Bangs in Acta*.

PHYSICS.

Foul Physics is my theme, sir;
Its lover I esteem, sir,
The biggest crank that ever drank
The milk and left the cream, sir.

It downs me with velocity,
And opens my porosity;
Division rules my molecules
With clinical ferocity.

Work and acceleration
Keep me in forced vibration,
The 'ometers and 'mometers
Bring mental aberration.

With prisms and with lenses
My distracted sight it frenzies;
The spectral curse blights me far worse
Than mumps or influenzas.

—*Argonaut*.

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PAUL A. CHADBOURNE, D.D., LL.D.

THE ARGO.

Published fortnightly during the college year by the students of Williams College.

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Terms, \$2.00 per year in advance. Single copies 15 cents.
 Students and graduates of Williams are requested to contribute articles, verses, letters, and Alumni notes.

THE unfortunate individual who handed in a valedictory editorial has not been able to attend recitation since. Ta-ta!

AS the majority of the present ARGO board belongs to the three lower classes, there will be little change in its composition for next year. The two Senior members withdrawing, Messrs. I. W. Allen, '84, J. F. Huckel, '85, and H. D. Rockwell, '85, will occupy positions on the board, which will then be as follows:

ROBERT RAMSEY, *Editor-in-Chief*.
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As most of these men are well acquainted with the ways and by-ways of college journalism, we feel not the slightest hesitation in entrusting the pilotage of the vessel to them, feeling assured that volume third will sustain what reputation has thus far been gained.

WITH its usual sagacity, the *Yale News*, on reading a college note in a late issue of this paper, which stated that the Delta Psi house had been sold, drew therefrom the ingenious conclusion that the Williams chapter of this society was defunct, and exclaimed, "Another one gone!"

We are sorry to disappoint the *News*, but feel it incumbent upon us to correct this impression and prevent its further spread. The society house was sold only after a new lot had been purchased and arrangements had been made for a handsome new house. The society still lives.

IT seems a pity that the Juniors will not be able to present their drama, "Fouché, the Duke of Otranto," this term. It will break up a custom which was well under way, and which we had hoped to see continued, of having an annual dramatic exhibition some time during the second term. We are informed that it is by no means through lack of effort on the part of the actors or managers of the affair that it has fallen through, for the stage was all erected, and the play fully learned by all the participants. But the danger to the performers, not only from presenting the play, but also from rehearsing, in the glacial atmosphere of Goodrich Upper Hall, was what debarred them from fulfilling their plan. Thus it always is. Each year at the recurrence of the winter dramatic season, the possibilities, and present uselessness, of Goodrich Upper come prominently to view. With the foundation for such an excellent public hall, it seems unreasonable that the few improvements necessary for transforming it should not be made. A thin sheathing along the rafters, a storm door at the head of the stairs, a tightening of the windows, and two good stoves, would almost make an Eden of it. We hope to see Paradise regained before another year.

TO the article on religious discipline in other colleges, in our "Life at Other Colleges," we desire to call the especial attention of every one. It is a careful compilation of statistics first published by the *Harvard Herald*, and obtained directly from the institutions themselves, to avoid all mistakes. As is seen at once, Williams is burdened with far a greater burden of attendance on prayers than any one of the colleges mentioned, and indeed the *Herald* picks us out in its editorial on the subject as exemplifying the extreme case. As we are given to understand that there is no hope of any change in the future,

we make no special remarks upon the article, leaving every one to draw his own conclusions, wishing each, however, always to bear in mind the fact that, despite her monastic aspect, Williams does not seem to profit by the system to any great degree, by no means approximating the greatest percentage of Christian men.

THE past few weeks here have been marked by the usual petty disturbances between the lower classes. There have been the usual proclamations, only perhaps more than usual, and the usual cane-rush. At the present time of writing, the Faculty have taken no measures to detect or punish those engaged in them. This seems, on the whole, altogether the best way of treating them. They are but trifling affairs, and, through a policy of forbearance on the part of the authorities, bid fair to lose much of their interest. Indeed, it is not at all improbable that they might cease wholly. But there is one phase matters have taken which we highly deprecate. It is that of the disgusting daubing of paste all over town, upon all sorts of buildings, and in all imaginable places. This, together with the so-called "decorating" of the monument, seems entirely unnecessary, and to be severely censured. If it seem fit to classes to vent their abusive powers in "proclamations," let them be tacked up; they will stay just as long, and as for attacks upon upper classmen in a document of this sort, they cannot fail to excite the contempt of the whole college for the authors of them.

FOR the second time the invitation to compete for the Rice prizes has been issued, and the term, when a great portion of the work is probably done, is nearly over. Yet so far as is known, only one man in '84 is reading the prescribed authors at all. Considering the value of the prizes, the largest, with one exception, offered during the course, this seems surprising. We cannot believe that there is any lack of inducement in that direction, nor are the authors and passages selected lacking in attraction. We must look elsewhere to account for this evident reluctance to compete. The requirement to take

the Senior year electives in Latin and Greek may, and doubtless does, have some bearing on the question, but it seems to us that there is a deeper reason than this. The chief reason appears to be the unfitness which even the best classical scholars in the class feel for entering on the work of obtaining a "full and accurate knowledge of certain Latin and Greek authors." Even to the end of the required course in these studies the student is ever kept at work on his daily stint of a page or two, of which he is expected to have a microscopic knowledge of the derivation of words to the fourth and fifth generation, the numerous particles in their regular and exceptional uses, and quantity of syllables without number, while he knows little or nothing of the author's style, thoughts, and beauties of expression. In a word, it has become second nature to the student to "grub," and he has never been taught to read with any other idea in view. One or two terms of Freshman year are perhaps well spent in this way, but for the first division at least, to be instructed in such methods through the first two years, seems eminently fitted to kill all true interest in further study of the classics.

WE have learned, contrary to our expectations, that the formal valedictory and salutatory orations on Commencement day have not been abandoned. As the final appointments cannot, according to the laws of the college, be announced until after the Senior examinations, and as this obviously would not give sufficient time to those who are to write the above-mentioned orations, the Faculty have decided to make these appointments some time during the spring term. In most cases probably no difficulty will arise from so doing, but should there be but little difference in the standing of the first three men, either the final mark of the appointees must be considered determined, or their future marks may have to be regulated to meet the exigencies of the case,—either of which procedures is irregular. But why is it necessary to have these orations at all? Why not allow the appointments to be indications of rank, and nothing else, as the terms "philosophical oration," "dis-

sertation," etc., have already become? Especially can little be said in support of the continuance of a Latin oration. Being merely introductory, the thought involved is no index of the writer's attainments; written in a dead language which, when spoken, can be understood by scarcely a dozen of the audience, it can be of no interest to them other than as a curiosity, and until more attention shall be given to the Latin language and to Latin composition, it is a misrepresentation of the knowledge of the class. It may be added, as a subsidiary reason, that unless the appointment is announced at the beginning of the term, it obliges the student receiving it to write an English oration in addition, in accordance with his preliminary appointment. This salutatory oration has been abolished by many of the larger American colleges, whose example we wish Williams would follow. In fact, it is one of those few traces of scholasticism which still may be found in this country, but which we are thankful are gradually disappearing.

THE opening of Morgan Hall at the beginning of next term will be an important event in the annals of Williams College. The princely munificence of its donor has enabled it to be made one of the finest college dormitories in this country, and, judging from the parietal regulations recently issued by the Faculty, it is the intention of the authorities to keep it always in the fine condition in which it is at the present time. The rents of rooms are moderate, the majority being \$105 or \$120 per year, the rest ranging up to \$180 for the best ones, while two, which are intended for occupation by only one person each, are \$50. These rents, considering the facts that all the bed-rooms are light and airy, and that heat is furnished by the college, thus obviating the necessity of stoves and all the attendant inconveniences, are, as we have said, moderate and able to bear comparison with those in similar buildings elsewhere. The necessity of coal closets for each room being obviated, a large amount of room which would otherwise be consumed by these usually necessary compartments is thrown into the space occupied by the sitting-rooms. Most of the regulations are such

as will commend themselves to all, but in the case of the clause regarding the disposal of rooms when there are two or more applications for the same one, we must take exception. It may be perfectly just in a commercial sense to assign the room "to the student or students offering the highest premium for the same," but, looked at in another and more reasonable light, it will tend to the establishment of a plutocracy, who will enjoy the possession of the finest rooms to the exclusion of other students, who, though able and willing to pay the stated rent, cannot command sufficient resources to outbid their more wealthy competitors. In our judgment, it would be far more just and acceptable to a great majority of the students, in consideration of the fact of a stated rent being given, to award the room in such a case either by priority of application, or by lot in a manner somewhat analagous to that which has been in vogue heretofore.

ON A PLATE

USED AT COLLEGE HALL.

OLD china disc, upon whose sides appear
The scars of conflict fierce with fork and knife,
Whose days with bloody skirmishes are rife,
But ever seeming all devoid of fear,
E'er chargest at thy foes, and cheer on cheer,
A paltry farthing's value placest on thy life—
I love not thus to see thy marks of strife,
Thy cracks, and nicks, thy burns that ape the smear.

But e'en despite this scurvy smirk of thine,
Despite thy banded-by-waiters countenance,
Despite thy wretched grin of gnawing grief,
For once I pardon all, and think thee fine,—
For once I gaze not on thy face askance,
But wreak revenge upon thy cast-iron beef.

—BERCT.

ON THE BOUNDARY LINE

AS I stepped from the smoking-car of the Spoon-bill Air Line's fast express train that afternoon, I found the little town of Squawville evidently very much disturbed over something. Indeed, matters had just come to a crisis. For the past fortnight the subject of a smuggling camp in the neighborhood of the village had been the universal topic of conversation. The old maids

had consumed several canisters of tea over it; the various youngsters had spent all their spare time in paternal barns speculating on the mystery, while the consumption of plug tobacco at the four little groceries that the hamlet boasted had been quite fearful; and just at the moment that I strolled up the main boulevard, in one of these same stores a hot discussion was being terminated by a fight. One disputant had slung a salt bag at the head of his opponent, in hope of supporting somewhat faulty logic, and was in return being slung around the sidewalk outside in a very promiscuous manner.

This sport growing somewhat laborious after a few moments, the muscular debater ceased, and glared around for further antagonists. Observing my beaming countenance peering curiously at the scene, and not recognizing me, although I had often visited my aunt here in Squawville, he yelled:

"Hello, bubby; p'raps you think I dasn't, either."

I, as many of you already know, was then a Sophomore, and nothing could have galled me worse than this diminutive. My anger was at once aroused, but attempting to assume indifference, I replied, giving him the straight horse translation:

"My dear sir, were I aware of the extension of your project, I might be better prepared to answer your interrogation; as it is, the ambiguities contained therein render an immediate solution of the problem so highly improbable as to make it almost impossible."

"Yer mizzable little dixyunary, be yew guffin' me?"

"You would do me great injustice, my dear sir, to regard my words in any such light; to come down to ordinary American, I do not catch your racket."

"Waal, waal! Yew see we think there's sum smugglers up in Deakin Jones' wood, fer a suspicious lot of critters come up there a fortnit ago, an' ever sense hev been sendin' about boxes an' boxes to parties in New York. Yew see they're camped raight on the line 'twixt us an' Canady, an' we all agree they had ought to be smoked out. The revernoo men are having a

little vacation, an' I sed I was willin' to go, when this mule, says he, 'Yew dasen't.' And he pointed to the individual now just recovering from his street-cleaning experience.

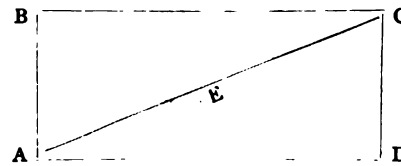
"Well, sir, to use an agricultural expression, I am your bumble-bee. I am from Willyums, am a Soph, and have some ability as a detective, gained from perusing the ARGO. I will take command of you, and in fourteen hours we shall have the desperadoes, alive or dead."

He seemed staggered. He had thought that I would quail like the rest. The crowd took in the scene, and began to support me. I saw that I was the hero of the hour. Now for success. Turning to my nearest neighbor, I asked:

"Where are Deacon Jones' woods, at present?"

"In the northeast corner of the town."

"Ah," said I, "that suits our plan admirably. Pay attention for a moment. This is the diagram:



"Let us suppose the rascals at A, we being at E. Let us still continue to suppose them at A until they send their next box along the road A C. We will seize the bandit who brings the goods, and make him our hostage. He will then be forced to reveal their hiding-place, when we will move on them in three bodies, from B, A, and D. Supposing them still to remain at A, we shall attack in front, and on the two flanks, armed to the teeth."

I paused. The rustics, charmed with my logic, cheered me to the echo, and refusing to allow me to go to my aunt's, took me to the tavern to supper. I did not demur very strongly. "Prefer my kindred to my country? Never!" thought I, as I munched a piece of fried ham with a secret-service air. Not long did my soliloquy last, however, as one of the men whom I had appointed to watch for the wagon rushed in, announcing that it had come. We hurried out. The driver had already been put in a safe place, and the captured goods were awaiting my

disposal. It was too dark to read the address card, and in a voice trembling with excitement I ordered the men to open the case. All now hung on a thread. Either my future glory was secure, or I was a blighted being. The lid was lifted.

"Why! Snodkins!" said Prof. Blarke to me an hour afterwards, "I thought you knew we were coming up here! So they took us for smugglers! Ha! ha! Very good! By the way, how did those dead raccoons smell?"

"Sir," said I, pathetically, "jest me no jests. My flush was only bob-tail, after all."

IN SUNNY SPAIN.

DOWN the street rides the bold caballero,
Scarce touching his steed with the rein;
From under his shady sombrero
Is floating a merry refrain,
A snatch of last evening's bolero,
A ditty of long-ago Spain.

"Alcalde, alguazil, Alhambra,
Boabdil,"—it told of the reign
Of the Moors, when to *viol di gamba*,
The king with his richly-clad train,
All danced in the sinuous zambra,
In the castles of long ago Spain.

Down the street rides the gay caballero,
Still humming the musical strain
From under his shady sombrero,—
Along with it floats through his brain,
A face from last evening's bolero,
A face—not of long-ago Spain.

WHAT MAY BE EXPECTED.

JOHN JAALAAM BROWN entered the class of 1888, at Williams college. Desiring a quiet life and wishing to devote himself to study, he secured a room on the top story of West College and there dwelt in peace and retirement. In the following year his younger brother, James Jereboam Brown, entered the class of 1889 at Williams College, and happening to come with a fellow-townsmen decided to room in Morgan Hall. Engaging one of these aristocratic and millionairish apartments, they lived regally on, year after year, until the commencement season of 1888. John had made one call on James, but

had felt such a sense of being out of place that he had not come again. James had called on John once, but said on returning that he did not see how a man could get so low as to room so high up. This paradoxical remark served as the standing joke of aristocratic Morgan for many months.

The commencement season of 1888 was at hand; in fact, it was commencement day. James and a few others, college "dudes," walked into the hall just as the valedictorian stepped on the stage.

"I believe it's-aw, the cowwect thing, my deah fellah, isn't it," said he, to a companion, "to come in and heah the pwizes, ah, and valedictow. It's a kind of boah, aw, any-way! Aw! there's the lucky boy; who is he? Ah, yes, Bwown; wondah if he's any welation? Ah, ha; lets see your pwogwamme. Why, yes, certainly, John Jaalaam Bwown, brother of mine, I believe." "Feel quite pwoud?" "Rather, but then, aw, you know, he was a beastly low cad; never roomed in Morgan Hall once, and spent most of his life on the top story of West College. Howwible, aw!"

And then James repeated his one joke concerning the lowness of living so high up, and retired to bed again, exhausted with his exertions.

HIGH TEA.

O H! light and sweetly sings my love,
And merrily singeth she,
As she sits by the fire
In her quaint attire,
And makes my evening tea.

Some laud the sky-lark's morning song,
And some the thrush's glee,
But sweeter still
My true love's trill,
As she makes my evening tea.

Timid and shy, is my modest love,
And sometimes cold to me;
But she's blithe and gay
As the month of May,
When she makes my evening tea.

Her bright face beams with a ruddy glow
She hums in upper C,
Her cheeks so fair—
Britannia ware;
'Tis a *kettle* that makes my tea.

AN UNSOLVED MYSTERY.

"THERE, I think that will do the business," said Oscar Blake, as he threw down his pen and stretched his cramped limbs after an hour or two of most concentrated application over his geometry. But all the apparent results of this hour's work were compressed within the limits of a small white card. We know that the Declaration of Independence has been written on a piece of card no larger than a cent-piece; who can tell what may have been the accumulated wisdom on this bit of paste-board? It contained the essential points required for demonstrating the ninth proposition of the sixth book, and the nineteenth of the seventh book, together with figures and mnemonics covering all points of any difficulty in the four books on which Oscar and his unfortunate classmates were to be examined on the morrow. When his companions should be racking their brains to recall a forgotten figure, to catch a fleeting idea, or to win back an errant corollary, Oscar would simply consult this card as it lay well concealed in the palm of his hand.

Of course Oscar was a bad boy, but as such I must be faithful to his genius, his fertility of resource, his brilliancy even, in devising "labor-saving appliances," as he called those short cuts to a diploma in which so few are ultimately successful. At the last annual examinations he secured the assistance of a clever, good-natured classmate to help him through the struggle. He procured two parabolic reflectors of such a size that each could be placed in the crown of a good-sized straw-hat, gave one to his assistant and kept the other himself. This assistant sat across the aisle from his seat in the examination. June weather is fortunately rather warm and oppressive, so that under the pretense of using their hats as fans, Oscar would occasionally hold his ear in the focus of his reflector, while his neighbor gave the merest whisper in the focus of his; and thus a conversation as intelligible as that conveyed by telephone could be carried on, inaudible to every one else, and unsuspected by the professor so long as he occupied his desk. But professors have a perverse fondness for exercising the crural muscles on such occasions, so that certain

positions of the professor in attendance necessitated frequent and long-continued suspensions of communication. Accordingly the hazards and imperfections of this scheme led Oscar to adopt the card system, or mnemonic system, as he called it.

But our hero was not going to leave any stone unturned to secure a good mark in the coming examination. Alas! he was not above "boot-licking," very properly thinking the means worthy of the end. He always managed to keep on the right side of the professors. On this evening, preceding the geometry examination, he thought fit to make one of his friendly calls on his dear Professor Shaw, his instructor in mathematics. The professor was out, however, and Oscar had to content himself with leaving his card, hoping even that might do something toward paving the way to a good per cent. on the morrow.

Strangely pale and distraught was Oscar Blake as he proceeded to the class-room the next morning. What was the reason? Had his confidence in that little card left him? Not only his confidence, but the card itself had left him. Those aids to memory had been written on the back of a visiting-card, and he had just discovered that it was the identical card that he had left at Professor Shaw's. As he was walking in dejection and despair to his doom, as he imagined it, he was greeted by a cheery "Good morning." Looking round, he saw the professor himself.

"Now I'm in for it," he groaned.

"Mr. Blake," began the other in the most amiable tone, "I am glad to recognize the marks of genius and the signs of a tireless industry wherever I find them. Stephenson taught himself arithmetic and mensuration while working as an engine-man. His pencil was always with him, ready to take advantage of a spare moment, and a stray scrap of paper. Nothing was safe from that busy pencil. Stephenson invented the locomotive. And you, with your restless mathematical propensities that impress into their service even the backs of visiting-cards,—I wait with interest to see what you will do."

Oscar made his way manfully through the examination on the strength of his own unaided wits, which the reader will readily believe were

none of the poorest. Even after he learned that he had gained a creditable per cent.; even after he had firmly resolved to drop mnemonics, parabolic reflectors, and other questionable devices; even after he had finished an honorable and creditable college course, and become a successful inventor, he often wondered:

"Did I really pull the wool over old Shaw's eyes, or did he intentionally take just the right course to save me?"

B.

A RISING SPIRITUALIST.

THE glowing coals light up the room,
E'en while the dusk grows thicker,
'Til half is gleam, and half is gloom,
Half night, half gay flame-flicker.
'Tis just the mystic twilight time
When from their frames old pictures
Step down, brush off the dust and grime,
Vent ancient jokes and strictures.

When whole ancestral lines descend
To take a pleasure ramble,
When stiff old baronets unbend,
As through the halls they amble;
When sage old uncles stalk around
And lecture some wild stripling;
When tales of spectral sights abound,—
And chills up spines go rippling.

'Tis true, I vow, of portraits all,
'Tis no mere dreamer's fable,
Down from their frames my friends I'll call,
And seat them round my table.
Ah, from thy dainty velvet case
Descend, thou charming ghostess,
We'll have a "phantom party," Grace,
And you shall be the hostess.

JUGGLERY.

NICODEMUS NACK was a Senior. Moreover, he was a member of the famous *Rho Pinn* fraternity, having joined it, or slangily, having been "rhoped inn" during his Freshman year. But, ah, that was far in the past. "Knick-nack," as he was familiarly termed, had loafed away three years of precious time, and skinned through three annual examinations.

Despite all this he was rather green. Some men attributed this to the fact that he went with Arabella Sneezer, but here he was only carrying out one of the traditions of the *Rho Pinn*s, for

ever since Arabella had become mashable some Senior of this noble fraternity had been arduously devoted to the duty of mashing her. Yes, as several perspicuous readers have no doubt ascertained by this time, she was a college widow.

Well, matters had progressed finely. Knick-knack was, as the inevitable has it, "head over ears in love." The few imperfections of her divine person were easily overlooked, and he was happy. One day he rushed into a group of *Rho Pinn*s, shouting and yelling:

"Grat him, boys; he's been off on a bāt!"

"No, no, sir! no bats here! Only turtle doves and cooing pigeons for me hereafter."

"What is the matter, then?"

"Look-a-here, see what my Arabella gave me. Look at this 'little brown jug.' If that don't mean I-am-completely-gone-on-you, I am but poorly read in the handbook of crockery."

"Come up stairs a moment."

He came, he saw—in a secret cupboard forty-four other little brown jugs, with names and dates, all just like his.

He added his grass-widower's mite to the collection.

WHIST, OR BUMBLEPUPPY.

RECENTLY published by Messrs. Roberts Bros. A delightful treatise, called "Whist, or Bumblepuppy."

—Ex.

When swart and sable spades are trumps,
The men with red suits feel the dumps,
And when a deuce their face-card jumps,
The odds grow large, their humor slumps,
When swart and sable spades are trumps.

When blushing, happy hearts are trumps,
The gloomy colors "man the pumps,"
The sombre cards break out in "umphs,"
And sadly hide diminished humps,
When blushing, happy hearts are trumps.

When clubs are thick, and clubs are trumps,
Arrange your clubs in careful clumps,
But are your's thin, beware of bumps
Against their gnarled and blackened stumps,
When clubs are thick, and clubs are trumps.

When diamonds, bright, rose-hued, are trumps,
The clubs and spades complain of mumps,
The dusky queens are "jades" and "frumps,"
But lucky *Rouge* the black pack thumps,
When diamonds, bright, rose-hued, are trumps.

JASON.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

ON RECENT OCCURRENCES ABOUT COLLEGE.

"THE recent so-called 'proclamation' posted about town, is an unjustifiable document. It is signed, we see, by '86, and, if emanating from there is a blot on the fair name of a class hitherto unblemished. If designed by upperclassmen to arouse a disturbance, they must be dealt with, and summarily."—*Whitehouse Every Wednesday Night* (conservative).

"We are glad to see some signs of spirit in the Freshman class, if only to know that they are alive. Things will soon be lively, if the Sophs have any sand."—*Cole's Block Daily Tin Horn* (Mch. 10).

"The customary signs of spring—the mud, the poet, and the rush, seem to be bursting their buds. Several fine proclamations bloomed last night. We are waiting further developments."—*East college Musician* (On-the-fence).

"We are sorry to see the monument decorated again; it is a low trick, and doubtless comes from the same source as the poster."—*Hash House Bulletin* (Mch. 12).

"We hereby offer a reward of fifteen cents (\$0.15) for the capture, alive or dead, of the animal (supposed to belong to the genus *Simia*) who adorned the soldiers' monument last week. We wish to add to our collection all valuable specimens."—*L.N.H. Monthly Lecturer* (Mch. 15).

"We deeply regret to be obliged to chronicle the rush of last evening; it was disgraceful to all concerned, and we cannot sympathize with the wounded. It is said that the Freshmen won the victory."—*South College Snuffler* (Missionary Magazine).

"'Did you attend the rush,' is now the great question of the day; times are whooping again, and rushing reminiscences are the sole topic of conversation. We smile, but can't help thinking of the consequences."—*Kellogg Hall Weekly Winker* (Mch. 16).

"We congratulated ourselves last week on the good crop of proclamations, but to-day's returns from the Faculty Exchange make it evident that the market is glutted. Two cargoes which arrived this morning, scarcely excited any interest at all. Messrs. Sophs & Co. and Verdant

Greene & Brothers had them in charge, and it is feared, lost heavily on them."—*Williamstown Trade Journal* (Mch. 16).

"The whole thing is kind of silly, and fresh, naturally enough."—*Glen. Fem. Sem. Hairpin* (Woman's Right's).

"In case of any inmate of this building indulging in class disturbances, the baths will be closed for one week."—*Morgan Hall Regulations* (monopolist).

"It is believed that all is now over, and that nothing else will be done. The Faculty seem to treat it as beneath their notice."—*Williams correspondence Troy Budget*.

"Bill to improve the customs in regard to canes and proclamations."—*Calendar of the House*.

STORM FANCIES.

THE raw winds blow, the driving snow
Beats on my window pane,
Thy rhythmic beat of fairy feet
Trips fast across my brain.

Thoughts half divine and fancies fine
Are in my waking dream,
Yet when I seek to make them speak,
How pitiful they seem!

'Tis ever so; the thoughts that go
And come, but ne'er remain,
Are but the snow, and winds that blow,—
My mind, the window pane. —JACQUES.

ELECTIONS.

THE Juniors held *Athenæum* elections last Wednesday, choosing H. H. Brigham, L. Y. Gardiner, Jr., E. P. Hill, and A. W. Underwood, as editors. The Sophomores elected on the same day, as their representatives, H. J. Brown, H. A. Garfield, W. W. Ranney, P. C. Richardson. On Thursday, the *Athenæum* board chose as their officers, President, A. W. Underwood; Vice-President, L. Y. Gardiner, Jr.; Secretary, H. J. Brown. They also chose at large for Business Manager, H. J. Rogers, '84, and Assistant, F. S. Talcott, '85.

At their *Gul* elections last Wednesday P. M., the Sophomores failed to elect but three men, F. B. Harlow, F. S. Talcott, and W. W. Wilcox, Jr. On last Saturday B. E. Hall and J. G. Jones were chosen to fill the other two places.

COLLEGE NOTES.

ELEVEN Seniors handed in Graves essays last week, Thursday. The decision will be rendered if possible, by the close of the term.

W. H. MARTIN, '84, has at length rejoined his class.

PROF. GRIFFIN preached at Bennington last Sunday.

ARTHUR PERRY of '85 has been ill at his father's house.

RUSH! Rush!! '86! Rah! Rah! Ho! Rah! Nenikaka! '85!

W. H. JOHNSTON, formerly of '83, was in town recently on a short visit.

G. S. DUNCAN, '85, has been confined to his room by quite severe illness.

THE mere mention of *Rose* metal arouses a volley of cheers from the Juniors.

WHERE is our prophesied Athletic Exhibition? Have we a second Wiggins in our midst?

PROF. LEWIS BOSS, of the Dudley Observatory at Albany, visited Prof. Safford last week.

E. S. VAN ZILE, editor-in-chief of the *Trinity Tablet*, was in town the first week in March.

THE Seniors have finished Flint's "Theism," and are now diligently at work on "Butler's Analogy."

THE picture of Dr. Chadbourne presented in this issue, we intended to present last time, but were unable.

THE Senior German elective finished Wallenstein's "Tod" on Tuesday and are now reading the Prologue.

PRESIDENT CARTER is said to have been on the side of the pro-billiard-table party at the recent town meeting.

PROF. CLARK delivered the fourth and last lecture of the Lyceum Course on the subject of "Deep Sea Life."

A constable attempting to arrest two classes squabbling over a cane, was a feature of the Hash House rush.

THE first lecture of the Polit. Course was recently delivered to the Sophomores. Subject: "Woolen Blankets."

IF there is enough of our exhibition to allow it, would not a "Lady's Day," *a la* Yale and Harvard, be in order?

WE desire to correct the address of Mr. Doyle, as given in our last issue. The right one is 340 Washington St., Boston.

SINCE the introduction of the last radiators, the amphitheatre seems at last in a fair way to keep its occupants comfortable.

THE new Spring hats are beginning to bloom; our society editor calls them a cross between a bushel basket and a coffin.

Chaff's artist has the thanks of the ARGO board for the cheerful looking individual that he has drawn as representing it.

THE Senior Chemics have been having quite an easy time lately, owing to Prof. Mears' absence, and lack of gas to work with.

A granite slab with the words "Morgan Hall" in large letters on it has been lately inserted in the face of the new dormitory.

AT present writing C. R. Hayden, '86, is very low, and fears are entertained as to his recovery. He is suffering from pneumonia.

WESTERN journals are at present busily occupied in giving the particulars of their various inter-collegiate oratorical contests.

WE specially request that all unpaid subscriptions to the volume of the ARGO completed with this number, be settled immediately.

The Junior preliminary eleven are, Bollinger, Bull, Dewey, Gest, Greenman, Hill, Knight, Livingston, McKenna, and Seymour.

SINCE our last issue, the name of Mr. Bruce, formerly of Williams, '85, has disappeared from the editorial board of the *Dartmouth*.

JUDGE THOMAS NELSON, father of Nelson, '83, and himself a graduate of '36, paid his son a flying visit on Thursday of last week.

THE new boards of the *Athenæum* and ARGO will make an agreement in regard to times of publishing, similar to that of this year.

IN behalf of Jason be it said that his "Log-Book" of this issue was all planned out before the arrival of J. K. B's. poetic ex. column.

PROF. CHASE of Bates College was in town last week, and was present at several recitations.

THE Sophomore preliminary rhetorical contest takes place to-night at the Congregational Church. The Juniors will probably hold theirs a week hence.

AN interesting feature of the Sophomore elections was the attempt made by three Juniors to lock the class in the room where they were assembled.

THE 'Logians have chosen F. V. Pike, President; Fred. Geller, Vice; C. W. Wood, Secretary; C. C. Richardson, Treasurer; and J. J. Thomas, Doorkeeper.

THE duet rendered by R. S. Smith, '83, and Miss May Mather, increased the audience at the Methodist church last Sunday night by about fifty students.

AT the Technian elections G. N. Makely was chosen President; J. E. Peirson, Vice-President; T. S. Holmes, Secretary; and William Tolman, Reading Clerk.

THE enormous capacity for self-sacrifice recently developed in the Junior class under trying circumstances in Prof. Perry's room, is really quite surprising.

IT is but a melancholy satisfaction at best to contemplate the case of the Williams student, regularly driven to two chapel services a day.—*Harvard Herald*.

R. S. SMITH, '83, the college organist, is to take part in an Easter praise service in North Adams, on Sunday. H. C. Vanderbeek, '86, will fill his place here.

A Senior recently said, in describing the Ptolemaic system of Dante, that the Inferno was in the form of an inverted cone, to which you went down by stages.

A prominent Junior was lately heard to say that he should shave off his full beard before entering the rhetorical, that it might not prevent entire freedom of delivery.

WHAT with class-elections and cane-rushes, '85 is more stirred up than ever before, even more than when the watchword along the lines was "The Three Sophs must Go!"

THE appetites of Freshmen seemed uncommonly poor at supper on the evening of March 15th.

FROM the list of speakers proposed as speakers at the Adelphic Union meeting, during Commencement week, the Faculty have stricken the names of Beecher, Talmage, and Ingersoll.

THE rhythm and metre of the "Long Owed to '84,"—the Sophomore "pool," was not the most perfect ever written; still, it was quite consonant with the whole tone of the document.

MR. BLISS PERRY was absent most of last week at Springfield, attending his brother Arthur, who was very ill there. The vocal exercises under his charge were suspended meanwhile.

WE see that *Harper's Young People* has been placed in the library presumably for the benefit of the Freshmen. Make use of your opportunities, children, or it may be taken away.

A copy of the first set of proclamations was pasted on the sign of Mr. A. H. Rheinlander, our excellent tailor, doing it no little injury. He was justly angered at the bill-posters.

DURING the progress of the *Gul* elections, Mr. F. B. Harlow gave exhibitions of his skill on the blackboard. His caricatures of the Faculty, singularly enough, received great applause.

ANOTHER weekly seems likely to be added to the present small party consisting of the *Era* and *Crimson*. The *Princetonian* is the new candidate; it has always had, in, fact, more of the character of a weekly than a bi-weekly.

OUR Glee Club will probably not make any trip abroad during the Spring vacation; that of Brown has already arranged theirs, taking in Saxton's River and Bellows Falls, Vt., Walpole, Keene, and Claremont, N. H.

A late number of the N. Y. *Observer* contains a noticeable article on the last words of Dr. Chadbourne; Prof. William H. Brewer, the well-known specialist on agriculture, is suggested by the *Advertiser* as his successor.

THE 'Logians have just invested in forty new books for their library. The bowling alley still continues to hold its own as a source of exercise and amusement. It seems to be patronized more largely this winter than ever before.

W. O. ADAMS announces that he will have new and better arrangements for bathing next term. He evidently intends to compete with the "Morgan Hall Bath-Tub Co.," and should be supported

PRESIDENT and Mrs. Carter gave a very pleasant reception to the members of the Senior class, last Wednesday evening. Quite a number of young ladies were present, and the occasion proved very enjoyable to all concerned.

MR. ALLAN FORMAN, formerly on the staff of this paper, and who since leaving it has been busily engaged, both as associate editor of the *Brooklyn Advance*, and in outside work, intends soon to start a new humorous paper called *Gas*, much after the style of *Life*, whose popularity has increased so much lately. We wish him all possible success.

THE new bard of the board was set down by the sonnet machine the other day, and allowed to toy with the crank for a little while. Taking naturally to French form, he produced the following:

This is a *triolet*—
 So says the *Rhymester*.
 Easy to write? You bet!
 This is a *triolet*:
 "Eight lines to rhymes set."
 Write 'em like time sir!
 This is a *triolet*—
 So says the *Rhymester*.

PERSONALS.

'38. Dr. Henry M. Field, of the *New York Evangelist*, has recently published a description, in his well-known style, of his experiences in Egypt and among the Arabs, tent life in the Sinaitic peninsula, and scenes in and about Jerusalem, under the title "On the Desert, with a Brief Review of Recent Events in Egypt." His sentiments on the last subject are on the side of the British ironclads and against the unfortunate Egyptians.

'48. The Massachusetts Historical Society, at a meeting held March 8th, passed a series of resolutions on the death of President Chadbourne, and ordered a memorial prepared for future publication. The Trustees of Massachusetts Agricultural College have also taken suitable action on the death of their late President.

'56. "James Gilfillan, Treasurer of the United States since the retirement of the famous Spinner, tenders his resignation to take effect April 1st, next, having accepted the position of treasurer and manager of the Mutual Trust Company of New York City, at a higher salary. He has proved worthy of the public trust, and goes out with a high reputation as a fiduciary officer."—*Springfield Republican*.

'62. The Normal and Agricultural School at Hampton, Virginia, under Gen. S. C. Armstrong, has now in attendance more than 600 negroes and 100 Indians. The most of the Indians belong to the Sioux.

'71. Wilhelmus Mynderse is to be married Thursday, March 29th, to Miss Mary S. Swaine, at Rosehill, Geneva, New York.

'79. C. N. Dowd was in town for a short time recently.

'82. M. J. Nelligan is reported to have been married early in February last to Miss Matie C. Reardon of Connecticut. He is at present in the employ of a New York book firm.

'82. L. M. Thompson was present at the annual dinner of the General Committee of the Y. M. C. A., held at No. 22 West Twenty-third street in New York City, Thursday, March 8th.

'83. C. K. Ober, Assistant State Secretary, read a paper on "Duties of active members of Associations" before the fifty-fifth quarterly convention of the Y. M. C. Associations of eastern Massachusetts, held at Jamaica Plain, March 14th.

'84. The name of G. C. Choate appears on the list of "middle-weight" wrestlers at the first winter meeting of the Harvard Athletic Association. In the first round he was slightly injured.

T. S. Fagan is now First Assistant in the Troy High School, with a salary of \$1500.

T. J. Demond has gone to Montana on Y. M. C. A. business.

"PA, is it right to call a man born in Poland a Pole?" "Of course, my child." "Well, then, if a man is born in Holland, is he a Hole?" "Tut, tut, I'll answer no more of your silly questions."—*Ex*.

JASON'S LOG-BOOK.

ANOTHER year is finished; here endeth volume two;
And as we kick the old board out, and welcome in
the new,

Let Jason come the good old game, the annual review,
Since full four weeks will pass away, before our jolly crew
Will sail again on college seas, this little galley blue;
And since the jingle of his verse has always seemed to go
well,

Let J. adopt the rhyme and style of worthy J. R. Lowell.

To begin with fair Harvard, there is the *Lampoon*,
That joking "Prince Carnival"—witty gossoon;
Bright, merriest sprite of the whole college press,
May thy wit never cease, nor thy shadow grow less.
There, too, is the *Crimson*, whose old time repute,
When once in two weeks it waited about tut-
Ors and Faculty, nine and the crew,
Has gone, since weekly it's tried that to do.
While *Advocate*, barring some rows with the *Crim-*
Son, in which, to speak truly, it does get the jim-
Jams, holds to the fame it thus far has won,
And yanks, spite its extras, the bi-weekly bun,
As does in its line, its live daily brother
The *Herald*, and now all four sons of one mother,
J. cries "adieu," jerks anchor, hoists sail,
Metaphorically floats to thy enemy Yale,
Where first is discovered the garrulous *News*,
Whose printer's mistakes gives its editors blues,
But which, on the whole, has quite taken a brace
Since the latest new board settled down to its pace.
There's *Courant*, brown-covered, whose mash-musky tales
Delight Vassar hearts—whose board never fails
To print in their columns the slugs that they get,
With feeble replies, which arouse one's regret
That blessed St. Elihu, who rules the old *Lit*
(Which is, by the way, the best that is writ),
Don't drop on the—stop, a new board's just come in,
And things may be better than since they have been.
The *Record*, each time that it comes through the mails,
Brings along a most wonderful cargo of tales;
And what is still better, they are, almost all,
Very good, but in verse the *Record* is quite small.
Leaving Yale, come to Princeton, where, in his gay cage,
The *Tiger* is dying, though not of old age;
They say that the sickness called Cholera Fac-
Ultatis is laying the beast on his back;
But the poor fellow's malady don't seem to grieve
Princetonian much, for he laughs in his sleeve;
A paper, in summer, full of rowing and ball,
In winter, full of—well—not filled much at all.
While *Nassau Lit* sober, shows writers of skill,
And vigorous, too; can endure, through strong will,
The mud and miasma, malarious Jersey;
Yes, grow strong and hale, and sometimes quite pursy.
Two papers appear at the Univ. of Penn.,
The *Magazine*, newsy, too slow, yet again,

Whose medium course, J. prefers much to *Chaff*,
Who strains far too hard to give patrons a laugh.
In Colum. the *Spectator* presents handsome cuts,
While Carlsbad jogs on in exactly three ruts.
The *Acta* is High-Mucky-Muck of all slang,
Who says what it pleases, and don't care a hang
For what is replied, and eternally Bangs
Away at the *Dartmouth*, which no more shows pangs
Of grief at attacks, since just now at home,
The Faculty's giving the eds. a short comb.
There's the *Era*, Cornell-ian, a dear little thing,
Whose contents have always a bucolic ring,
Whose sonnet machine, to judge from the past,
Can manage for only twelve sad lines to last;
But bad as it is, 'tis still far ahead
Of the *Sun*, which still lives, but is—paradox—dead.
Here's *Argonaut* bold, who from Michigan hails,
May favoring winds e'er fill his brown sails,
May Tewfik continue to fill him with fun;
Brave Seaman, so skillful, may thy voyage just begun,
Be finished with honor, as surely 'twill be,
If your pilot continues his course S. S. E.
While the *Chronicle* hardly comes up to the mark,
And still shows a leaning to ways of the dark
Ages, while surely their triolet singer
Should return, and perform on his mother's clothes-wringer.
The *Trinity Tablet*, a bright little sheet,
Would come very well as "not gaudy, but neat,"
Though it shouldn't attempt more'n one inter-colle-
Giate league at a time; so let your I. C.
Valentine 'Sociation quick drop *Letty* dear,
And of I. T. A.'s prospects you need have no fear.
From Bowdoin comes down to us oft the wee *Ori-*
Ent, common-sensical and never gory,
There's *Argus* of Wesleyan, journal e'er dreary;
Editorials, locals, and alumni notes weary;
Whose hundreds of eyes see nought worthy of mention,
But personal jokes, or Greek-letter convention.
The *Vassar Misc.*, too, with its slumbersome essays,
Its conjectures, and riddles, "I think sos," "I dessays."
The *Magnet* of Buffalo Female Acad.,
Who sometimes seems merry, and often acts mad
At the maids of Poughkeepsie, though no one knows why,
Unless, maybe, jealousy's thumb's in the pie.
Is that all. Oh, certainly not; I'd forgotten
That monarch of straw, that image of cotton,
That Faculty's football, the *Student* of Amherst.
But no more, else in spleen fits, 'twill cry "You be—first."

TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

When all the ground with slush is spread,
And Spring with muddy aspect comes,
The maiden laughing shows her teeth,
And hunts about to find her "gums."
But when the course of time rolls on,
And faded is the youthful wreath,
The antique maiden shows her gums,
And hunts about to find her teeth.

—*Advocate.*

LIFE AT OTHER COLLEGES.

THE following article, condensed from the *Harvard Herald*, may supply our readers with matter for fruitful comparisons:

At Columbia, attendance on chapel exercises at 9.30 A. M. is compulsory for all students residing on Manhattan Island. Students are allowed "cuts" to the number of one-fourth of the total number of exercises. If this limit is exceeded, the student, *ipso facto*, ceases to be a candidate for a degree, and can only be excused from this penalty by vote of the faculty, and this not unless every absence is satisfactorily accounted for. The faculty make a point of being particular in regard to chapel, and seem to be growing more so, as the elective system affords a method of avoiding attendance.

At Princeton, evening chapel (formerly at 5 P. M. and compulsory) has been abolished, except on the Sabbath. Morning chapel at 8.15 A. M. on week days, and at 11 A. M. on the Sabbath is still compulsory. A chapel absence counts exactly as an absence from a recitation or lecture, and only such excuses as are valid for one are valid for the other. Twenty absences a term (making fifty a year) are allowed, and are expected to cover all other cases. A Sabbath morning absence from chapel counts as three. If a student accumulates his *quota* of twenty absences, a notice is sent to his parents, and he is warned. If he receives thirty he is suspended from college for two or four weeks. If he received over twenty the whole number "count off his grade"—two-tenths for each absence.

At Brown all students are required to be present at chapel exercises at 8.30 A. M. every morning (except Sabbath). Almost any reasonable excuse is allowed, but an excessive absence is not allowed. The unexcused absences carry certain demerits. Chapel exercise is regarded as one of the regular college exercises, and is marked as such. Compulsory Sunday attendance at church is a mere farce. A great number of students have never signified what church they attended, nor, indeed, if they attended church at all. As Brown has no college church, it is next to an impossibility to enforce such a rule.

The compulsory church system at Amherst

consists of attendance at chapel at 8 A. M. every day in the week, except Sunday, and at two church services on the Sabbath. The new system allows the student to cut one-tenth of the required exercises. The afternoon church is in great disfavor among the students, it being the general opinion that the only object of its existence is to keep the men in town. Efforts are continually being made to have it abolished, and it is thought that in a few years it will be done away with.

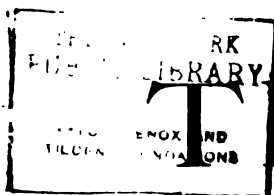
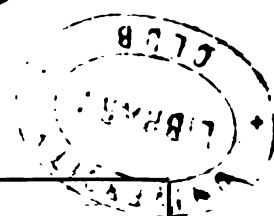
Vassar students are compelled to attend a short chapel service every evening, with Bible class, full service and sermon on Sundays. Theoretically each student reports her own absence; practically the presence or absence of students, other than seniors, is noted by teachers distributed through the congregation. Excuses from these exercises may be obtained from the resident physician on health grounds, in rare cases from the lady principal on the plea of great inconvenience. Seniors may absent themselves at discretion, merely reporting that they did so on a given date.

Great dissatisfaction is felt with a recent rule by which only communicants are ever allowed to substitute attendance on a Poughkeepsie church for Sunday morning chapel, and then only on the communion Sundays of their respective denominations.

There is no system of church attendance at the University of Pennsylvania, but there are chapel services every week-day, Saturdays excepted, at 10 A. M. The students read, study, talk and do anything they may please, until some few are selected and made an example of. Then there is a lull for a few days, but soon the disorder becomes worse than ever. Every student must be in chapel every morning. If he is not, a deduction is made from his average, unless he has a good excuse. The excuses required are the same as those for absence from lecture or recitation.

MUCH to the regret of the Sophomores, Prof. Hewitt was unable to conduct his Latin Recitations last week on account of a badly inflamed eye. Prof. Dodd met the class morning and afternoon.

Impressed in East no.



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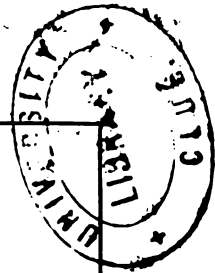
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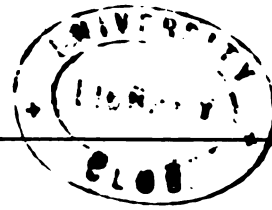
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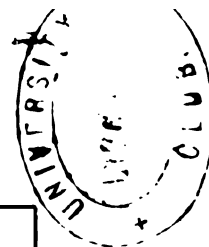
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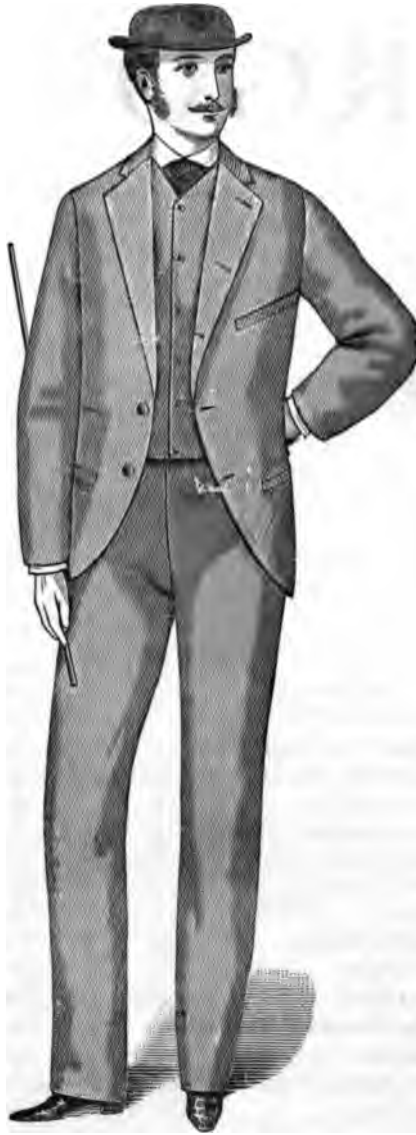
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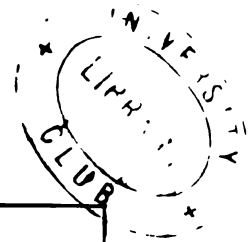
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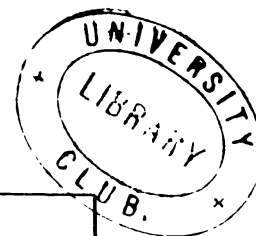
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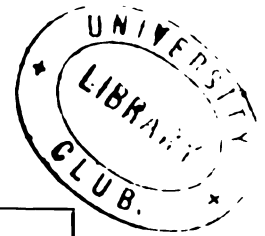
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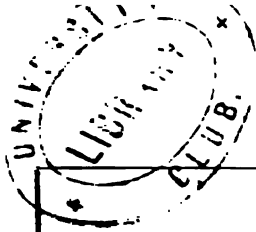
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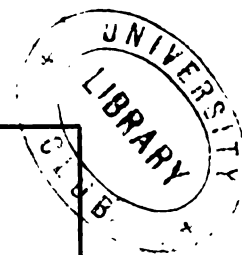
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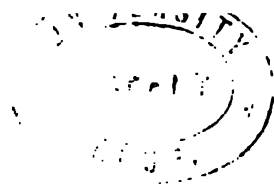
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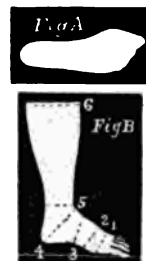
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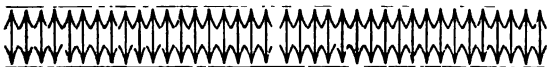
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